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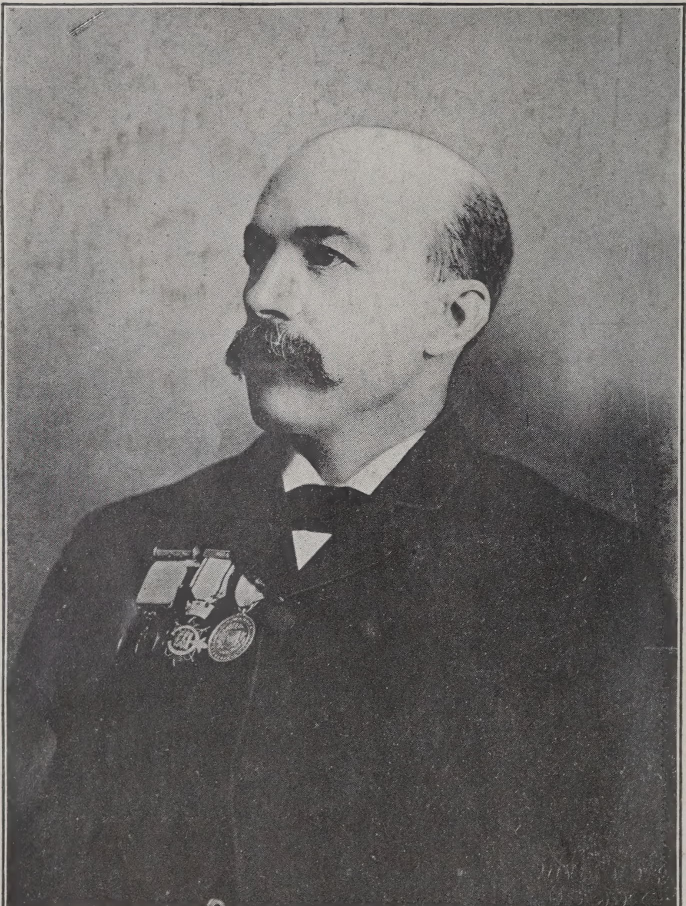

Yours Truly
Nap. A. Comeau

LIFE AND SPORT

ON

THE NORTH SHORE

OF

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE
AND GULF

CONTAINING CHAPTERS ON SALMON FISHING, TRAPPING, THE
FOLK-LORE OF THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS AND TALES
OF ADVENTURE ON THE FRINGE OF THE
LABRADOR PENINSULA.

By

NAPOLEON A. COMEAU

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Registered according to Act of Parliament in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, in the year 1909, by N. A. Comeau.

Dedicated

To my son James

With the hope that he may find herein some useful lesson.

> "Mon fils, écoutes-moi, et apprends
> la règle de l'esprit, et sois attentif
> à mes paroles dans ton cœur."
>
> L'Ecclésiastique XVI. 24.

Introduction

WE were a group of tourists, pleasure seekers and anglers, enjoying the cooling breezes of the Lower St. Lawrence on the deck of a North Shore trading steamer approaching the River Godbout.

A small canoe had shot out from the shore, less than a mile away, in response to the steamer's whistle, and the captain had raised his binoculars to examine its approach and occupant.

We were discussing the Deep Sea Mission to the fishermen of the Newfoundland Labrador, when the captain interrupted the conversation with the remark, "Well, here comes the Grenfell of the Canadian Labrador."

I was the only one of the group, outside of the captain, who needed no introduction to the author of this book. Amongst his readers there will be many who will require no introduction, for Mr. Napoléon A. Comeau is personally known to travellers, sportsmen, scientists and explorers in every part of the American continent, and by reputation to a still wider circle of acquaintances.

To those to whom his name is new I might say, with the captain of the steamer "Here comes the

Grenfell of the Canadian Labrador," for though, strictly speaking, even the Canadian Labrador does not extend so far to the west as the sphere of Mr. Comeau's chief activities, the entire coast line below Pointe des Monts is not infrequently referred to as the Labrador shore.

Unlike Dr. Grenfell, Mr. Comeau is not a professional physician. Nevertheless, he has been the means of saving many a life, and had done much humanitarian work long before Dr. Grenfell had even been heard of in America. For years and years he was the only man with any knowledge of medicine along a coastline of many hundreds of miles. In the families of the scattered residents in the various fishing settlements along the coast, "the Stork" has invoked Mr. Comeau's assistance over 230 times, and without a single fatality. The surgical skill which he has acquired by years of practice, following a hospital course of only one month,—the medical knowledge which is his by virtue of the private study and reading of a lifetime,—his surgical instruments, dental and other forceps, stock of drugs, and the diphtheria and other serum supplied by the Government in times of epidemic, are always freely at the disposal, not only of the people of his immediate territory, but also of all those whom he may claim as neighbors for hundreds of miles around.

This introductory chapter cannot be made long enough to contain a reference to all of Mr. Comeau's many activities. At Godbout, where he resides, he is postmaster, telegrapher, deputy coroner, Dominion Government fishery overseer, and guardian of the salmon fishing. He has served as agent for the Hudson Bay Company, and speaks the language of the Montagnais Indians as well as he does English and French. Having practically lived all his life upon the coast, his knowledge of many tragic scenes and incidents has been acquired at first hand, and some of these are described in the following pages, and in the native simplicity of language and manner characteristic of the author.

Special urging has been necessary to induce Mr. Comeau to tell of his heroic crossing of the Lower St. Lawrence, with his brother, in an open canoe in midwinter, through forty miles of ice, exposed to a temperature of many degrees below zero, for two days and a night, in the successful effort to save the lives of two of his friends. Only for the purpose of correcting earlier and erroneous reports of this dramatic event, has Mr. Comeau consented to tell it, as he has done in the chapters modestly entitled ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE *and* OUR RETURN JOURNEY; *notwithstanding that all the newspapers of Canada and the United States sounded the praises of the rescuers, and that the Governor-General,* *the Lieut.-Governor, the Royal Humane Society, the Government of the Dominion, and the Société des Chevaliers Sauveteurs des Alpes Maritime of Nice, vied with each other in showering honors upon them.*

To the cause of science the author of this book has rendered signal service. His text-book has been that of Nature. Other works—of which his library at Godbout contains a useful selection—and occasional visits to museums, have aided him in his studies of comparative anatomy. In original research he has done much good work for which he has received the thanks of officials of the Smithsonian Institution and members of various learned societies. His list of the birds of the North Shore, published at the end of the present volume, is a scientific work of permanent value.

The chapters devoted to the natural history of the North Shore, and especially to trapping and salmon fishing, are the work of an expert, and there is scarcely an angler anywhere who will not be interested in Mr. Comeau's description of the salmon rivers of the North Shore, and of the various salmon problems which he discusses out of the fulness of a life-long experience. What salmon fisherman will not be attracted by the scores—faithfully preserved for the last fifty years—of the salmon killed by rod and line in the Godbout river, and by the extraordinary kill of 57 salmon in one day, to Mr. Comeau's own rod, on the 9th July, 1874?

The life story of the trapper and the folk-lore of the Indian hunters of the North Shore are contributions to our national literature that are destined to live, and not the least charm of Mr. Comeau's volume lies in the fact that it is a sane and instructive book, conveying a graphic yet modest recital of fifty years' work for humanity and science in one of the least known but most interesting sections of Northern Canada.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Preface

FOR many years past, my friends and acquaintances have urged me to write an account of my trapping, fishing and hunting experiences; in other words a more or less connected story of my life and adventures. Sometimes I have half promised to do so, but as often deferred action. One reason for this was that the subject was distasteful to me. It seemed to me that to accede to my friends' demands would savour of boasting of the small things one might have done,—blowing one's own trumpet as it were,—a thing which I have always hated. Latterly, however, my own boys have insisted that I should write this book, and for their sake and their benefit, I now place this small volume before the public. Those who know me best will be quite satisfied that I have no desire for notoriety or boasting, and for those who do not know me, I suppose it matters very little what they may think. They may be certain of one thing,—that all the statements contained in this book are those of actual facts and without any exaggeration. I have no blood-curdling adventures to relate, but just common, every-day facts, such as enter into the ordinary life of a trapper. Young men fond of life in the woods and its attendant pleasures may find herein some hints that may prove useful. To older sportsmen, the book will, I hope, recall pleasant remembrances of days gone by. The few words of family history in the opening chapter, entitled Early Life, have been deemed necessary in order to avoid explanations and repetitions later on.

Napoleon A. Comeau.

Early Life

My father was a fur trader. When sixteen years old he entered the service of the Northwest Company. In 1821, when the union of the Northwest Company and the Hudson Bay Company took place, my father, like many others, entered the service of the H. B. Company, remaining with it for forty years. During that period he had charge of numerous posts, from the St. Maurice region to Ungava, since it was a sort of rule or custom with the Company to move its agents from post to post every four or five years. It thus happened that I was born at one of the small Hudson Bay posts, at Jeremie Islands, long since abandoned. Northwest River, Hamilton Inlet, was one of the posts where we made the longest stay, having lived there for seven years. I was the oldest of a family of twelve children, eight boys and four girls. My good mother used to tell me, when I was a child, that they had found me on the beach alongside of a salmon. (The stork had no chance so far north). There was something prophetic in her words, because I have been closely associated with salmon all my life. The present season (1923) will complete my sixty-third year as private guardian of the Godbout, one of the best salmon rivers, for angling purposes, in the Dominion of Canada. Through the courtesy of the proprietors, Messrs. Law & Manuel, I append elsewhere the synopsis of a complete record of the angling scores from 1859 to the present day. In 1879 I was appointed by the Federal Government a Fishery Officer for the Division of Godbout, which position I still hold. Previous to this appointment I had the lease of several net fishing stations, the average yield of which was about ten thousand pounds of salmon, so that in my days I have seen and handled thousands of these fish. But more of this anon, as I am digressing.

I presume that up to the age of four or five years I grew up like the majority of boys, but after that period my life was out of the ordinary routine of most white children. The members of the Agent's family at a Hudson's Bay post, especially in the days when I was a child, were the only whites in the neighborhood, and sometimes they were not entirely of that color, for not infrequently the agent was married to a half-breed or pure Indian woman. Naturally, therefore, I had no other playmates than the Esquimaux, Nascapie, or Montagnais boys, just as we happened to be located. Our principal amusement was running about in the puddles left at low tides. spearing fish. The spears we made ourselves with nails, bones, and sometimes entirely of wood. These last were very much like the grains used on vessels. A hard piece of wood was selected, the end split into four or six pieces, small wedges inserted to open out the points, and these afterwards sharpened. They were very deadly on small fish like caplin or sand-eels, frequently impaling three or four in one throw. We used the iron pointed ones to kill such fish as flounders, lump fish, sculpins and rock-eels, and sometimes crabs and an odd lobster. We did not care much for the two latter, as we were afraid of the claws. Other favorite sports were setting snares for small game, making dead falls and chasing birds with the bow and arrow. This sort of thing continued till I was seven years old when a big event took place. For my birthday gift my father gave me a gun; not a wooden or tin toy gun, but a real gun that could be loaded with powder and shot! How delighted I was! Never shall I forget that day! I had no appetite for the good things my mother had prepared for me, but thought only of the gun. That night I hardly slept at all, and when I did sleep, would dream of that fine gun, a description of which may interest my readers. It was what was usually called a Hudson Bay trade gun, a flint lock of 28 bore, with a stock of good strong hard wood which extended the whole length of the barrel. Every part of the gun was as strong as possible, and it was a very rare thing to see one of them broken or out of order. They used to be made by the firm of Parket, Field & Son, of Sheffield, England. This particular one of mine was nearly new. It had been used by an Indian on a caribou hunt, and had burst, through a bullet sticking half way down the barrel. My father had filed off the end, which left the barrel only about fifteen inches long. Up to fifteen yards the pattern was fairly good, but beyond that distance it scattered very much. It had good penetration, because the shot then in use on the coast was very large,—BB and AAA; and even to this day some old hunters will not use anything smaller than BB shot. Fifteen to twenty pellets was a fair load. With such an outfit it was surprising to see the quantity of birds of all kinds that I managed to bring home; many of them, however, not on the game list. They were all killed by pot shots and by dint of crawling on hands and knees, and lying in watch for hours at a time. Many an anxious moment did my poor mother have on my account, thinking me lost in the woods or the victim of some accident. Very often my father, or some one else would be sent to hunt me up. I am thankful to say that I never met with an accident, thanks, probably, to the very good training I had received from my father, who was a good shot himself, and fond of shooting and fishing. Several places where he used to fish and shoot still bear his name.

When I was about nine years old we moved to Mingan. There I met Mr. Peter McKenzie, who was then junior clerk at the post; a most ardent sportsman, and who grew to be a crack shot. Many were the outings we had together. In winter there were thousands of ptarmigan, within two miles of the place, especially at the entrance of the river and around the island near Mingan Falls. There were ruffed grouse also, though these were rather scarce. Spruce partridges and hares (common American hare) which we both shot and snared, were abundant. During the spring and fall migrations, game birds, such as geese, black ducks, pintails, golden eye, teal, curlews and various kinds of plovers were there in abundance. Around the islands off the coast, were numberless sea birds, many varieties of which bred on the islands, notably the eider duck, gullimots, murres and gulls. On the Perriquet group were two immense colonies of the "Solan geese" or "gannet" *Sula Bassana*, and the common puffin, *Fratercula Artica*. On approaching the islands, these puffins would rise in such numbers as to look like a cloud, and to actually obscure the sun. When the weather was suitable, Peter McKenzie and I went out to the islands to collect eggs and shoot ducks for the use of the Post. It was no unusual thing for us to bring back two or three barrels of eggs in one trip. Although we collected all kinds indiscriminately, those most sought after and preferred were the puffins' and eiders' eggs. The puffins' nests were easy to find, as they are merely burrows, two or three feet long in the soft soil or guano. Only one egg was laid in each burrow. The eiders' nests were more difficult to find, being built in the thick scrub or dense patches of black spruces of stunted growth, with long branches right down to the ground. They seldom built on the outskirts, but had little runways resembling those of the rabbit, leading to the nest, twenty-five or thirty yards further. When alarmed they never took flight from the nest, but they would run along those paths till they reached open ground. They lie very close, and by crawling along cautiously, I frequently caught them with my hands just as they would attempt to leave the nest. From five to seven fine large eggs was the average number to each nest, but in some few cases there were more ; ten is the largest number I ever found. I was very successful in this kind of sport, as owing to my small size I could crawl about with ease in the thick underbrush. When we tired of this egg collecting, we would go and have a shoot. All we had to do was to sit quiet on the end of a point of rocks near the seashore and the birds would fly past us and over us in hundreds. If we wanted pot shots it was also easy to approach the large flocks that were sitting either on the rocks or in the water. Even with the small loads that we were forced to use in such small bores we frequently got twenty or more birds in one shot. There were always a lot of spare guns at the Post, and as they were all single barrelled flint locks, we would take out three or four each, re-loading as fast as we could in the moments between shots. Whenever one of the guns got too dirty to use, which we generally found out by the ramrod beginning to stick in the barrel, it would be laid aside until we had the whole lot dirty. Then we would boil a large kettle full of fresh water, clean up the whole outfit and begin over again. Half a boat load full of birds was about the usual quantity we brought in. This would be about four to five hundred birds, eiders, scooters, puffins, murres, gulls, &c. Nothing of all this mass of birds was ever lost. What would not be used at the Post was given away to the Indians; the feathers being returned to the Agent to pay for the ammunition. Peter and I used such an awful quantity that I do not think the H. B. Co. ever made much money from the proceeds of our shooting.

In the proper season there was also some fine salmon and trout fishing in the Mingan river, but my father and his visitors, or officers from the men-of-war on the station were about the only ones who could indulge in salmon fishing. I was not allowed to touch his salmon rod or flies, and considered myself lucky when I got even trout flies, so I had to be satisfied with trout and bait fishing. On the Manitou, a branch of the Mingan, there was excellent trout fishing, with trout of large size.

I had a very narrow escape from drowning in the Mingan river. I was ten years old, and having always lived so far north there had been little opportunity of learning how to swim, owing to the water being so cold at all seasons of the year. In fact, for this same reason, very few of the natives or whites born on the coast learn to swim. At Mingan, however, we found an improvement in this respect, for the water in the river would become fairly warm in July and August, and I made the most of it. One day we had a visit from Mr. Richard Nettle, Inspector of Fisheries, accompanied by his son, at that time a lad of about fourteen years. We made friends together and I proposed that we should go in for a swim; so we repaired to the river. There was a short portage behind the Post, which led to a point on the bank where it was very steep with deep water close in to it. It was not a very suitable place for beginners, but we never thought of the danger. Young Nettle could not swim much more than I did, and that was just about sufficient to keep myself afloat for a couple of minutes. After one of these attempts at a swim, and being tired out, I let my feet down to gain bottom, which I reached, but with two feet or more of water over my head. I gave a push on the bottom and came to the surface, but only for a a moment, and went down again. Then I realized that I was apparently going to be drowned, and the thought occurred to me of trying to reach shore by moving along the bottom on all fours, which I did, as I could see the shelving banks within a few feet of me. My life was thus saved. In the meantime, Nettle, who saw that I was in danger of drowning, had been running around on the beach trying to find something to throw out to me or to drag me ashore with; but unluckily there was nothing at hand, and I would certainly have drowned had I not thought of the expedient above described. It was a lesson that I never forgot, and I was careful afterwards in selecting the places where I went in to bathe. In the course of time I grew to be a very strong swimmer and a good diver, of which I shall have occasion to speak in some future chapter.

And so time wore on until I was eleven years old, shooting, fishing and canoeing, with not a care on my brow, and free as the air that I breathed. Those were happy days, indeed, but like all good things of this world they could not last forever. For me they came to a very abrupt ending. It was in the month of June. A large schooner bound to Quebec with a load of fish, oil and furs had entered the harbour. Captain Kennedy, the owner, had come ashore, and arrangements had been made for my passage on board. I was roaming around as usual, and being sent for, on entering the room I was saluted by these words from my father, "Alex, you must go to school." This sentence kept ringing in my ears all day. The schooner was to sail that same night. My things were hurriedly packed, and after wishing good-bye to all, with many kisses and recommendations from my mother to be a good boy, I was sent on board. The captain gave me a comfortable berth in the cabin and told me to turn in and have a good sleep. About midnight we got under weigh. I could not sleep a wink all night. I did not cry either, but I was feeling very dejected; it was all so sudden. Here I was amongst utter strangers, rough sailors, with a five hundred miles trip ahead of me and all alone, and this question in my mind all the time, what would school be like? Up to that time I had never seen the inside of a school book and could not speak a word of English, and I was being sent to an English school, and to board in an English family. It was enough to make an older head than mine ponder. For two or three days I was very quiet, and then I began to take an interest in the sailing of the schooner and watching the sailors do their work. The captain was very kind, and did his best to encourage and cheer me up, and pretty soon my boyish spirits returned. Our trip was long but uneventful; we were delayed by calms and at other times head winds, and passed several days at anchor, but eventually reached Quebec, sixteen days after leaving Mingan. My destination was Three Rivers, and the Captain had orders to see me off and pay my passage, &c., which he did on the day after our arrival at Quebec. In the meantime I had taken advantage of this delay to run around and see the sights;—my first glimpse of a city. Many were the wonderful things that I saw on that first day, not the least of which were the big guns on the Ramparts, the gates with the guards, and the sentinels on duty, with their gaudy red uniforms. Their guns were especially interesting, as they were the first percussion cap guns that I had seen;—great big caps, like a miniature beaver. How I longed to have a look at them! But I was too shy to ask. In due time I reached Three Rivers, where I had some relatives and a letter of introduction to the school master, Mr. G. W. Lawler, who kept a Commercial Academy. This was open all the year round, with only a week's vacation at Christmas, and an odd holiday or half-holiday on certain occasions. I arrived on the 5th of July, and entered school the next day, and left on the 30th of April the next spring—ten months' schooling, which was all I ever had the chance to get. Our family was pretty large, with three of the girls at a convent, which about absorbed the whole of my father's income. I was thankful for the little that I got, and had made pretty good use of my time, as when I left school I could read, write, and speak pretty fair English. I had learned a good many other things also, outside of Lawler's, some of which were more or less useful. I will give one instance. Several people of the wealthier class owned large lots of ground, portions of which were not built upon, and had planted these with fruit-bearing trees, cherries, plums, and apples, while in some few places were large walnut trees. Others had vegetable gardens, bordered with smaller fruits and melon patches. It was a regular thing for the pupils of Lawler's class as we were called, to raid these plots, and carry off a lot of fruit, which was afterwards divided among the boys at some convenient point. Some of the boys had been caught and punished, and in one case had been brought into court and damages paid by the parents. This only made matters worse, however, as the whole class vowed vengeance, which was exercised in many ways, such as breaking down trees, smashing glass, &c. I was soon initiated into all these little details, the place of meeting, and so on, and I learned these things quite as fast, and even faster than my lessons. Generally, only three or four of us went out together. A couple would pick the fruit and the others stand guard and give a signal on the least appearance of danger. Dark nights were selected for our operations, and as the streets were poorly illuminated, (there were no electric lights in those days), the chances of escape were in our favor. Lots were always drawn as to who should lead in these raids, and I believe the wily little "city chaps" took advantage of my being a "tender foot" at their game to arrange it so that the lot fell on me oftener than was my turn.

It was in September and the melons were ripening, when it was agreed that we should take a look around and find out where the best could be got. After due deliberation the Rev. Dr. Wood's patch was chosen, but the place was surrounded with difficulties in the shape of a high stone wall, surmounted by a piece of wood into which a row of long and sharp iron nails had been driven. The Rectory formed the southern portion of the square, and some of its windows faced the garden. About fifteen feet from the house, on the inside of the wall, and quite close to it, there was a large walnut tree, the heavy branches of which extended over the wall and part of the street. This was where my experience on boating and the handling of ropes came in handy. Sufficient rope was procured to make a sort of ladder with knots, one end of which we threw over the limb by attaching a stone. Once on the heavy branch it was plain sailing. The rope was secured, dropped inside, and a run made for the melon patch. Four were broken, there was a hurried retreat to the tree, in the branches of which one of us always kept watch, and was also ready to help in handing the melons over. We had been very successful and escaped detection the first two nights, but in the interval the gardener had discovered where we had entered, and so he and the doctor lay in wait for us. It was my time to lead that third time, together with Alexander L. (two Alexanders). We got in as usual and were just breaking off the melons when a sharp whistle was heard, and looking up we saw two men coming along the western wall. Our line of retreat was thus cut off. The east side, however, was apparently clear, so taking to our heels we fairly flew over the ground, when suddenly,—my goodness! what was that? We had both been tripped and come down head foremost. We were up and off in a second, only to come down again. By this time the gardener was upon us and the game was up. All the alleys of the east side had been staked over with clothes' lines about a foot high. The old Doctor had been a boy at one time, and had guessed exactly how we would act.

"What are you boys doing in my garden?" was his first greeting. "Young folks like you should be in bed at this hour." (It was about 10 p.m.) "What do you want? Who are you?"

To all these questions we gave no answer.

"Come along with me," he said, "I want to see your faces in the light."

There were no means of escape and so we followed and were ushered into his drawing room where his good lady and two of his daughters were sitting. We were in a sorry plight; our clothes, hands and faces covered with dirt, in our two successive falls in the garden.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "here are two nice boys I wish to introduce to you, but I don't know their names," and turning to us he said "Will you please give them?"

We picked up a little courage, and muttered our names.

"Ha! Ha! Thanks. Now let me ask you again what were you looking for in my garden?" We had to confess that the melon patch was the centre of attraction.

"Why, my dear boys, if that is all you want, why don't you come and ask me for some. I will supply you with all you can eat, and your friends also," and to make us feel sure of his good intentions towards us, addressing one of his daughters, he said: "Martha, go and get a nice melon for these young gentlemen." She soon returned with a fine ripe melon and two beautiful porcelain plates, and helped us each to a good large slice. "Now boys," said the Doctor, "Don't be bashful, eat all you wish, we have lots to spare."

We made an attempt to eat, but somehow our appetite for melons had waned, and most of the slice remained on the plate. We were asked many questions, our age, what school we attended and so on, and in this way the old doctor kept us on live coals for over an hour. He also told us to advise all our friends to come and see him, that he would be pleased to make their acquaintance, that he objected to our coming over the wall at night, not because we ate his melons, but on account of treading down some of his flowers in the dark. Then conducting us to the door, he bade us "good night!"

The next day, after school hours, there was a grand meeting of the Society, where we related all the details of our capture, and it was "Resolved unanimously: That the Reverend Dr. Woods is a gentlemen, and that his property is to be respected from this day on."

None of us ever called on him for any melons.

My Return From School

However obnoxious I might have made myself to the good citizens of Three Rivers, I had earned by my attention and diligence in my studies the good will of the school master. On the day that I left school, he complimented me on my application before the whole class and as a mark of esteem, and with his best wishes, presented me with six fine books, five of which I have kept to this day.

They were—"History of the World," 2 vols., by Samuel Mounder, 1855. "Comstock's Physiology," 1853. The "Works of Dean Swift," by the Rev. John Mitford, 1850. "Chronicles of the Bastille," a work just published, 1859, and a Compilation of Natural History, which I unfortunately lost through the burning of one of my trapping camps.

On the 2nd of May I left Three Rivers to return home. I was to meet the family at Trinity Bay, where my father had decided to settle. He had left the H. B. Co.'s service owing to some difference that had arisen between himself and another chief trader, and to the desire of the company to send him back to Northwest River, where he would not go. I had a long and tedious trip down. On arriving in Quebec I was informed that there would be no vessels sailing for the North Shore before the 20th of the month, but that if I was willing to go down to Rivière Ouelle I might have a chance to find a passage, as a Mr. Tetu who owned some porpoise fisheries on the North Shore, was to leave shortly for that coast. I accordingly made my way thither, where I was most hospitably received by the Tetu family. I was told by Mr. David Tetu, the owner of the vessel, a sloop of about thirty tons, that he would be glad to oblige me with a free passage, provided I would wait a day or two while they finished loading, and would in the meantime, make myself at home with them. There was a large general store connected with the establishment, which I think was owned by Mr. Tetu, sr., where I spent most of my time, watching the "habitants" bringing in their produce, and exchanging it for store goods.

The sailing was postponed from day to day, and it was two weeks before we finally got started. Our first place of call was *Pointe a la Cariole*, where the porpoise fishery was being inaugurated. There we remained a whole week, unloading anchors, chains, ropes, nets, and other gear and setting the fishery. Although there were hundreds of porpoises around every day, only two were taken during our stay. Thence we went to Escoumains, where we lay in harbour four days, delayed by a strong easterly gale.

Here we had a good time. I found that Mr. Tetu was a sport and a good shot, and the owner of a fine cap gun of 8 bore, a close and hard hitter and so heavy that I could not put it up to my shoulder. Mr. Tetu had some relative, a cousin, I believe, living there, from whom he got the loan of a light gun for me, and together we went every day at low tides, on the eastern reefs, and always came back loaded with game, black duck, teal and plovers, and on one day two fine geese, which Mr. T. had brought down at an enormous range with his big gun. The weather having cleared up, with expectations of a fair wind, we left Escoumains, and after making about twenty-five miles had to seek shelter at Laval Islands. The sloop was light and a poor sailer, and we could do little or nothing with head winds. All things must come to an end, however, and so did my trip down, finally reaching Trinity Bay on the 14th of June, six weeks from Three Rivers. The trading schooner that had left Quebec about the 20th of May had long since passed down. They had brought the news of my having left early in May, so at home they had nearly given up all hopes of ever seeing me, thinking that we had been wrecked on the way; consequently there was great rejoicing on my safe return.

My father's object in settling at Trinity Bay was to continue in the fur trade on his own account, and to operate a couple of salmon net fishing stations which he had leased. At that date there was nothing else to be done on the coast, as it was called (which meant all the North Shore of the St. Lawrence from Tadousac to Belle Isle), but trading, hunting and fishing. Of the first the H. B. Co. had the monopoly, and no one had ever succeeded in offering them any serious opposition, the attempt generally ending in loss to all who made it. Hunting and fishing paid well in some years, but there was a great deal of uncertainty about it. Shortly after my return home I was given to understand all this by my father. He advised me that he could not afford to send me back to school, that if I chose to work I could stay at home and help in the fishing and in the winter go out trapping. If not, I had better return to Quebec or Three Rivers and try to find some work there that would suit me. It was a serious proposition for a boy of thirteen, who knew little or nothing of city life, beyond what I had seen while at school. I elected to stay and try trapping, which I followed afterwards for fifteen years as a professional. Previous to this I had never worked, more than for my amusement, or sometimes helping in the store at Mingan during trading times, and that was an easy job, my principal work being to measure out Jamaica rum, huge puncheons of which were sold to the crews of sealing schooners when they returned from their trips. For a couple of years the Hudson Bay Company bought all or most of the seals that were captured by the Esquimaux Point sealing vessels, and this amounted to several thousands, each of which was worth at that time, about four dollars. The skinning, salting the skins, cutting up the blubber and rendering the oil, all done by hand, required much labor, and for four or five weeks the Post had a very animated appearance. I found salmon fishing pretty hard work compared to these times. I had to rise at daybreak and begin the work of visiting and cleaning the nets, carrying the fish up to the curing house, splitting and washing them carefully, and then salting them down in big vats, where they were left to cure in the pickle for four weeks and then packed in barrels. Two or more visits were made carefully according to the quantity of fish running, and rain or shine, this had to be done. Whenever any gale threatened we had to raise the nets and bring them ashore to prevent them from being torn to pieces by the heavy sea, and we were frequently swamped by the surf on landing. The beach was a fine sandy one, and we did not mind that much. To help me in this work I had one of my brothers, nine years old, and a lad of sixteen, named Simard, whom we had hired for the season.

It was during this, my first year at Trinity Bay, that I killed one of the largest hooded seals that I ever saw. It happened in this way. We kept a cow for the needs of the family, and as there was very little grass in the vicinity, the house being on a rocky point, she would sometimes stray quite a distance either in the woods or along the beach. Simard being a stranger with no experience in the woods, the task of hunting her up devolved upon me. On that particular morning I found her tracks led along the beach where there were some small coves and good feed. I was going along carelessly when, on jumping down from a small cliff, I nearly did so on top of a huge seal that was lying alongside the rock. It reared at me and let out an awful bellow that made me jump out of its way. I had no gun with me or any other weapon, but there were lots of small stones near, with which I began to pelt it. I kept this up for some minutes without any perceptible effect other than irritating it, and causing it to attempt to move down towards the sea. The tide was nearly low and the rocks dry for about a hundred yards out, and I noticed that it seemed to move with difficulty over them. I was not very far from the house, so I thought I had better run for the gun. To my sorrow I found it was not there. My father, having had occasion to go out with my brother and Simard, had taken it with him. Answering my mother's questions as to the cause of this hurry, I rushed to the wood pile for an axe and hurried back. The seal had moved down about half way to the water, but was still on the dry rocks. There was no sea weed, otherwise it would have got the better of me. I tackled it immediately. It was very furious, raising on its four flippers, and making vicious lunges at me by extending its long neck. Its hood was inflated, giving it a fierce appearance, and it turned to face me whenever I tried to get near it. Now and then I would get in a whack on its head with the sharp edge of the axe, until I finally stunned it, and then it was quick work to finish it. I very much regret that I did not know enough then to have kept measurements of this specimen. It was certainly twelve feet long, and though not very fat, the blubber alone weighed six hundred pounds, equal to forty-five gallons of rendered oil. From what I have learned about seals since, this would represent a total weight of about fourteen hundred pounds. It had been slightly wounded by large shot, and later on attacked by "Greenland sharks," as the flippers bore marks of their teeth. It had then probably sought to escape them by getting on shore, where it had remained since high water that night. On cutting its stomach open I found some remnants of fish, principally small halibut or large flounders, and a bucketful of stones, all about the size of ordinary potatoes. These he had swallowed after being ashore, as they were similar to those in the vicinity.

"Unaccountables" and Other Shots

At the rifle range and elsewhere a bad miss is generally put down as an "unaccountable." In my experience, and I am sure in that of others also, many hits might well go under the same heading. It is of these particular shots that I wish to write, citing only such as I have made personally, or have seen fired.

While out trapping with one of my brothers, about the end of September, we had occasion to cross a small lake. My brother was steering the birch bark canoe. When within about three hundred yards of the shore I noticed a solitary black duck swimming back and forth near the edge of the lake, which was fringed with a dense growth of willows. These birds are very shy and can rarely be approached within range in the open. We had no blind in our canoe, but seeing that the bird did not appear to notice us, I took in my paddle and allowed my brother to work the canoe towards him quietly. I had a single barrel Hudson Bay Co. gun of 28 bore, loaded with half an ounce of BB shot. I was out for meat and not for sport, and I only fired when about 25 yards off. All this time the bird had never paid the slightest attention to us. After picking up the duck, and while turning the canoe, we heard some rustling in the clump of willows some thirty yards further. On going in to investigate, I found a red fox kicking around in his death struggles. One pellet of shot only had struck it near the eye. The fox was probably what had drawn the duck's attention, but we had not seen it.

Pointe des Monts, Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a favorite place for seal hunting. The season begins about the 10th of December and ends in April, when the ice disappears. For many years I devoted a good deal of time to this sport, which was very interesting and remunerative. One day late in March I was out as usual. The day had been very fine, but seals were scarce, and what few we had seen, very shy. All the seal hunters in those days used shot guns, loaded with treble A or SSG. shot. I was the only one there who owned a rifle, a Kentucky Ballard, of 46 bore, rim fire cartridges, sighted up to 500 yards. The cartridge was a short one, with a rather heavy bullet, which, though very accurate at short range, gave it a very high trajectory at long ones, making it exceedingly difficult to hit any small object, if there was any error in judging distance. We had just decided to return ashore, when Mr. F. Poulin, who was out shooting also, come alongside of us to enquire about our luck. While chatting together a seal bobbed up at about 600 yards. “Look at that beggar,” said Poulin; “give him a shot to make him show his flippers.”

I told him the distance was too great to come anywhere close to him, but that he would hear the bullet whiz anyway. Without bothering with the sights at all, I raised the rifle and fired. Poulin, who was watching for the splash of the bullet, suddenly exclaimed, "you have hit it!" And sure enough, when we paddled up to it, there it lay stone dead, with the bullet hole fair in the middle of the head. It was a two years old Greenland seal, the skull of which would give a target of three inches in diameter. Shot offhand, and from a moving canoe, such a shot might not be repeated in a hundred thousand rounds.

Most Quebec sportsmen will remember an old man named Morasse, who lived at St. Raymond, now a considerable village on the Lake St. John R.R. The old chap was farmer and trapper combined. He kept some very fine and good cocker spaniels, and many were the ruffed grouse they found and treed for him. Parties used to come and stay with him, going out along the Ste. Anne River and in the surrounding mountains. They never came back empty-handed. In September, 1880, I think it was, I was invited by two of my Quebec friends, Messrs. E. N. Chinic and L. Noel, to join such a shooting party. As there was a possibility of our coming across some very big game, I was told to bring my rifle, as well as a gun. We drove up in a buckboard, and in some way during the trip, the hammer of Mr. Noel's gun, a single-barrelled one, dropped off and was lost. As I really preferred carrying a rifle I forced him to accept the use of my gun. We had good sport, getting over a dozen fine grouse the first day and as many more during the remaining two days we spent there. We used to shoot turn about, and whenever it was my turn, old Morasse took great delight in watching me cut the bird's heads off with the rifle, and just for amusement would often request me to shoot at anything he could sight. We had to cross the Ste. Anne's River, and just opposite his residence there was a short stretch of dead water, where the old man had a scow. Coming over, on the second day, a king-fisher flew past us, and alighted on an overhanging branch some distance up. "Quick, shoot," said Morasse, "kill that poacher." "All right," I answered, "just watch him. I will put the bullet through his eye," and very strange to say, it was exactly what happened. The bullet had gone quite through both eyes. On measuring the distance we found it was ninety-two yards. "He must be linked with the Evil one," exclaimed Morasse, when he saw where the bird was hit. I imagined he looked upon me with dread after that, and he told that story many times. Poor old man, I was extremely sorry to hear that some few years later he had accidentally killed himself in taking his gun out of his scow. Reading the above, no one must imagine that I aimed for the bird's eye, for hitting it anywhere at that range would have been a creditable shot. It was simply an "unaccountable."

What I consider as the most extraordinary shot that I ever saw, was made by Francis Labrie, a fisherman and hunter of this locality. The rifle used was a Winchester Express of 50 cal., with hollow pointed bullets, the shells loaded by himself, and as he had no copper tubes to fill the hollow points, he had filled these with common tallow. I give these details, as they may have been responsible to some extent for the peculiar shot.

There were two loons, (Great Northern divers) sitting on the water some distance off shore. Labrie was decoying them in by calling and waving a white rag. No amount of coaxing, however, could bring them in closer than about one hundred yards. One of them turned and began swimming out until it was separated about fifteen or twenty yards seawards, and half that distance to the right. Labrie was near the water's edge, and seeing that he could not get them closer, fired at the nearest one. I was standing near by watching him. The shot was too low, the bullet striking the water four or five yards from the loon, richotted and struck the first loon on the head, was deviated to the right and cut the neck of the second loon. A most wonderful combination of circumstances, from what was originally a “miss.” Slosson, the champion billiard player, is not in it with Labrie!

The late Col. Allan Gilmour, of Ottawa, was very much devoted to rifle shooting, and was a good shot himself. When coming down to their salmon fishing on the Godbout, he and his partner in the preserve, Mr. David Law, of Montreal, would each bring down a rifle, and when the fish were not taking, they would get up a friendly rifle match. On one of those occasions, some of the men had placed on the rock, a white china jug that had been partly broken. Although there was a regular target put up, most of the shooting was done at unknown ranges, at cans, bottles, stones, tree tops, etc. The range of the jug was about 275 yards, and as all the shooting was off hand, it was a very small mark. Mr. Gilmour, the guests and I had each taken five shots, and the jug was still standing, when Mr. David Law, who very seldom took part in the shooting, said, “Let me have one shot.” Without any attention to the elevation of the sights, he raised the rifle and fired, and to the astonishment of all present, the jug was smashed to atoms. I believe this was the last shot he ever fired, but it was a fine one, though I class it too among the “unaccountable” hits.

As it would not be fair to mention the hits only, I wish to put on record also two unaccountable “misses.”

Early in May, 1882, I happened to be at Pointe des Monts, detained there by a strong south-east wind. The spring migration of ducks was at its height, and they were passing in thousands, principally three varieties of the scooter family the surf, velvet and white wing. Wherever food was abundant huge flocks would congregate and sit and watch for hours, diving and feeding. Just opposite the Pointe des Monts lighthouse there was one such flock, which at a very low estimate, must have contained from twelve to fifteen thousand birds. It looked like an immense raft of sea weed, rising and falling with an undulating motion in the heavy swell. My host, Mr. L. F. Fafard, who was the lighthouse keeper then, said, "Comeau, why don't you take a shot?" I told him it was out of range for my gun, and besides that I had only No. 4 and 6 shot, which at that distance, a little over two hundred yards, would be absolutely useless. He pondered for a while, and apparently a bright idea struck him: "Why don't we try the big gun?" What he meant by this, was a 9-pounder cannon, used at the station as a signal gun. I have a bag of S.S. G. shot here, he said, which you can have, and you must try a shot. So the big gun was loaded. I put in two pounds of powder, an immense wad of oakum, and then about half the bag of shot, 12½ pounds, and a light wad. Sighting the gun carefully about the middle of the mass of ducks, I fired and rushed out of the gun house to see the execution. There was a cloud of birds rising and a roar of wings and whistling, but not a feather remained on the water. Perhaps some one versed in the science of gunnery could tell me why, but I could never account for that miss.

Trapping one winter on the head waters of the Trinity River, I located three caribou not very far from one of our camps. It was early in January, and there was not very much snow on the ground, a couple of feet or so, and that little was too hard for good hunting. The caribou were feeding on a small range of barren mountains, where it was almost impossible to stalk them. Rifles were unknown on the coast in those days, and I had only a flint lock Hudson Bay Co. gun of 28 bore. fairly reliable for short ranges, but requiring too many allowances at long ones. For rapid firing we used to have the touch hole of these guns pretty large, and by using fine powder, generally FFF, on pouring the load in, the gun would prime itself. When after caribou or other large game we carried a few bullets in the mouth. Immediately after firing a shot, the gun was put at half-cock, the pan closed, a charge of powder poured in, then the muzzle brought to the mouth, a wet bullet dropped in, and we were ready. No wadding was used at all, the wet bullet being sufficient to make it hold in place. Once in a while a gun would burst from the ball sticking along the barrel, but considering the number of these guns in use and the quantity of shots fired, it is surprising that this did not happen oftener. An Indian family was camped in our vicinity, and as we were all short of meat, I got the old man and his two sons to join in the hunt. There was a small lake near the mountain where the caribou were, with a long narrow gorge leading down to the main river. It was decided that I was to take my stand at the entrance of this *coulée*, my brother and the three Indians were to surround them on the opposite side, and if possible, get a shot or drive them on to the lake in my direction. Guns were cleaned, snowshoe strings examined, and everything got ready for an early start. I had a long detour to make, so started early in order to take my position, before the game was started. I selected a good place, about ten yards from the middle of the gorge, tramping the snow down carefully so as to have a secure footing. After a time I heard two shots; then three more. "Confound them," I thought, "there won't be any left for me." I was soon re-assured, however, as I saw the three caribou coming at full speed on the lake. I had loaded my gun, as described, made sure the priming was good, and stood ready. The big male was leading with a yearling right alongside of him. I waited until they were both in line, aimed for the shoulders and fired. My! what was the matter? They did not drop, but went on, apparently untouched. I was so taken aback by this, that I never thought of reloading my gun till they were out of range. I had shot and missed two caribou at ten yards distance. It was not buck fever either, as I had passed that stage long before. I examined the snow on the opposite side of the gorge, but could find no trace of the bullet. Where it went to has always been a mystery to me. My brother and the Indians soon arrived, and I told them what had happened. They said nothing, but I could see by their looks that my reputation as a good shot had suffered considerably. They had killed nothing either. There were only three caribou in the band, and they had got wind of them at a long distance. They had shot more to drive them down to the lake than anything else. Not discouraged, Old Crepo, such was the Indian's name, started on their trail, followed them all day and part of the night, when he took a short rest, started again, and came up with them early in the morning and killed the whole three. There was no trace of my shot in them. There is a possibility that the ball may have dropped out of my gun before I fired. Who knows? Of course, in a lifetime, I have had many other strange and lucky shots, some of which I may mention in other portions of this book, but those reported above, I consider remarkable ones—and deserving of special notice.

Shooting Accidents

NOT a single hunting season closes without the occurence of a number of fatal accidents. Some of them, no doubt, may be classed as unavoidable, such as might arise, for instance, by the glancing of a bullet from a branch or tree and consequent deviation from the original line of flight. But fully two-thirds of them happen through carelessness or from insufficient knowledge of the use and range of fire arms. Coming down on the Saguenay boat in September, 1899, I was watching a tourist firing, with a high-power rifle, at all sorts of objects on the water, without any regard to the direction, and twice I called his attention to the fact that he was aiming in the direction of some settlements, not more than a thousand yards distant. He did not appear to have the slightest idea of the range of one of these modern rifles. Whether this was due to ignorance or to some defect of vision on his part I cannot say, but there certainly was danger to those in the vicinity of such a man. I have seen others handling loaded guns and rifles just as if they were broomsticks, shifting them around all the points of the compass, without seeming to know that they were a menace to the life of their friends.

In the old muzzle-loading days there was some excuse for carrying a loaded weapon back to camp or house as the case might be, on account of the trouble of extracting loads, especially bullets, but now, with breech loaders, they are so quickly loaded and unloaded, that really there is no excuse for handling any loaded fire arms in camp or in any other such place, unless actually necessary at the moment. When out shooting in a canoe, the gun should always be unloaded previous to landing. The few fatal accidents that have occured on the coast have been due to neglect of this precaution, or to taking hold of the gun by the muzzle, or near it, and dragging it out. Nervous or excitable persons should refrain from joining a hunting party, and in fact should not be permitted to form part of it. On one occasion, at Seal Reef, near L'Islet, one of our party of five had that failing, and as it had been commented upon, every one gave him a wide berth, at which he seemed offended. The sequel proved that we were right, because in the first morning's shooting his gun went off accidentally four times. A careful sportsman can avoid nearly all the above dangers, because he can soon size up his companions and act accordingly. Once in a while the careless or nervous sport will manage to kill himself, but as a rule it is his companions who suffer. I was reading some years ago that the hunting casualties in Michigan and Wisconsin amounted to one hundred and seventeen, nearly half of which were fatal. Now, from what little experience I have in hunting, I would assuredly put down one hundred of the above to carelessness and recklessness in shooting or handling fire arms. On the North Shore here, say from Bersimis to Natashquan, I estimate that we have about two thousand five hundred persons handling fire arms, six months out of the twelve, with an average percentage of one fatal accident in five years. Of those that I know of, one was killed by falling with his loaded gun, two were killed in pulling a muzzle-loading gun out of a canoe, one was killed while loading his gun, a double barrelled one, the stock of which was resting on his snowshoes and slipping off struck the hammer on the frame of the shoe, causing the explosion. One was killed by his brother going over a fence with his loaded gun. Some few minor accidents have occurred through the bursting of cheap guns, and from stray pellets of shot while shooting seals, ducks, or ptarmigan. But in fifty years I have heard of only one case, that of the Indian Chief "Natsishuk," where a man was shot at by mistake for game, and as he was wrapped up in the skin of a *seal* there was some excuse. But in my opinion there is none for the — what shall I call him? The fool who shoots at anything he sees moving, without first ascertaining what it is. I have hunted all my life, and with the exception of the musk ox and polar bear, have shot about every other kind of mammal that we have in the temperate zone of North America, from a whale down to a shrew, and I do not remember ever having lost one single opportunity for a shot, by waiting to make sure of what I was going to shoot at.

Surely there must be some means of putting a stop to, or at least of lessening this yearly sacrifice of human life. The sportsman that knows that he is too excitable and nervous to control himself should stay at home. I would suggest that placards in big type, pretty much in the same style as "Fire Notices", be put up by game wardens and bush rangers in the most conspicuous places in the woods, and at railway stations, all over the country. Something like the following might be printed on them by the Government:

"NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN

"Remember that you have a dangerous weapon in your hands and not a broomstick."

"Don't forget that there are others in the woods and around you whom you may kill or wound by your carelessness."

"Because you are out in the wilds, don't blaze away at everything you see. If you want target practice go to the proper place for it. Don't shoot anything before being positively certain what it is."

"Leave other sportsmen's weapons alone."

"Leave the whiskey bottle at home."

"Always remove the shells from your gun or rifle as soon as they are not wanted."

If some simple rules like the above were observed, many a life would be saved, and if what I write can save even one life I shall have been well repaid.

Appointed Guardian of "Godbout"

About the 10th of July, 1860, a special messenger arrived at Trinity Bay. He was the bearer of a message to my father from the Rev. Dr. W. Agar Adamson, who was then with some friends salmon fishing on the Godbout river. He explained that trouble had occurred between the party and a few Indians, who insisted on spearing fish in the river, and his presence was urgently requested. My father was a Justice of the Peace, and being an ex-officer of the Hudson Bay Company, had considerable influence over the Indians. He was also a personal friend of the Doctor's, whom he frequently met on his angling trips. I was ordered to prepare the canoe and some little provisions, kettle and axe, and to get ready to accompany him, as our net fishing was then over. We had fifteen miles to paddle along a very bold and rocky shore, where even a moderate wind might delay us. Luck favored us that day and we reached Godbout in five hours. Some of the Indians came to meet us on our arrival, and it was decided to hold a "pow-wow" at the anglers' camp, a mile and a half up the river that same afternoon. We then proceeded to "Camp," where the Doctor and his friends had their tents, with a small British flag waving over them. There were four in the party, the Doctor and three English officers: Captain Holyoake, Colonel Charteris and Major Howard. They complained of poor sport on account of the Indians having netted the best "pool," and having speared at night in some of the others. My father then told them that he had seen the offenders and that they were to be there shortly. They came at the appointed time, and explained that they were short of food, and that the Hudson Bay Company, whose post had recently been closed, had always allowed them to fish, &c. They promised good behaviour if some food was given them, and a promise that no proceedings would be taken against them. This was agreed to by the Doctor. A barrel of pork and some other things were given them, a shaking of hands took place all round, and the matter was so well adjusted that with one exception no more trouble has occurred there to this day. "Now," said the Doctor, addressing my father, "there is another thing that I wish to ask you, and that is to try and find us a guardian for the river." He explained it would only be for a short time each season, from the 15th of July to the end of August, which covered the period the Indians would be on the sea coast, as after that date they would be inland, hunting. For the six weeks guardianship he was willing to pay forty dollars, with the use of the Hudson Bay Company's deserted house as a residence. "Forty dollars," I thought to myself, "that would buy me a cap gun and some steel traps and ammunition." "Papa," I said, "Will you let me stay?" The kind doctor looked at me astonished. Why, he said, a little lad like you, stay here alone. Are you not afraid the Indians will scalp you?" I answered that I was not afraid, that I knew the Indians, had been with them all my life, and did not think there would be any trouble. So I was appointed guardian, which position I have filled uninterruptedly till now. My duties did not entail any hard work, and were just of the kind that suited my fancy,—to be out in the woods and canoeing. I had a mile and a half of river to paddle or pole up, and then a walk of two miles to reach the furthest "pool." I had been given some lines and flies by the doctor, with permission to fish as much as I pleased. There was an abundance of sea birds about, and plovers and sand larks. There would be fine shooting. These were very brilliant prospects to my young fancy, and I did have a good time. Most of the day I would be on the river, fishing for trout, of which there were many, or else shooting on the sand bar. I was alone in a great big house, and had to do my own cooking, bake my bread, etc. In the evenings or on stormy days I would sit and read some of the books Mr. Lawler had given me, or any others that I could lay my hands on. I was very fond of reading, and this practice I continued on my trapping trips, always having a book or two with me. My father had a good supply of books, and from these I selected whatever I fancied, to which he never made any objection. Books on travel, natural history and medicine were my favorites. It was during these months of my guardianship that I learned how to swim and dive. The water was much warmer than at any place I had hitherto been living at, excepting Three Rivers, and I therefore took advantage of it, so much so that the natives used to say that I was half seal. Some ridiculous stories were told of my aquatic feats, such as being able to remain under water for half an hour or more without breathing. There are many fishermen who still believe this story, which I, of course, never contradicted, and the origin of which was as follows: "Godbout Bay" was then a great resort for cod, especially for what was designated as the fall cod fishing. This would begin about the 15th of August, and continue in some years to October and November. Boats from Matane, Green Island and other parts would congregate here, and sometimes an occasional fishing schooner from the States. One day a young fellow, while washing his hands over the side of his boat dropped what was to him a valuable gold ring. It was one of those old-fashioned flat rings, en-

Bird's-Eye View of the Lower Godbout

Falls at the Upper Pool of the Godbout

graved on the outside, which he said had cost him twelve dollars. He was very sorry about it and lamenting his loss, some of the residents advised him to come and see me, and that I could dive for it. So he came, and I went out to his boat with him. I took soundings with a cod line and found twenty-one feet of water. I thought that was easy enough and went in and got the ring on the second dive. The next day it spread around among the fishermen that I had brought up that ring in six fathoms of water, and the more the story was repeated, the deeper it got! An old fisherman from Matane, named Creuset, took great interest in watching me swim, dive and play tricks in the water, such as upsetting my canoe and getting back into it, pulling off my boots in the water. He used to relate these things to his friends. One Sunday afternoon, shortly after the ring episode, I went down to the river for my usual swim. Creuset, who saw me going, called out to a lot of other fishermen to come and watch me play my usual pranks. There were about eight or ten fishing boats anchored in the river, with sufficient distance between each to allow them to swing clear. I was swimming leisurely when one of the men called out, "Let's see you take a dive." I immediately thought of playing them a trick, and answered, "all right, here goes," and diving, headed for one of the boats. Coming quietly up to the surface on the offside of the boat, I held on to one of the side leg pins. After being there for two or three minutes I made for another of the boats further down, to which I clung again for a while. By this time several of the men were getting quite anxious. I could hear their exclamations. Some said: "he is drowned, sure!" Others thought I had been hurt on some anchor or fouled in one of the ropes. Creuset, however, was maintaining that I was all right. At last some of them could stand it no longer in spite of Creuset's assurance, and said, "let us hurry down and look for him." As soon as I heard them get into the small boat, I let go and made as good a dive as I could towards the western side of the river (they were on the east side.) On coming up I turned on my back and began singing a Canadian boat song, "C'est la belle Françoise." I never saw anyone more astonished than those fellows were. They simply stood there gaping, and old Creuset was exclaiming, "Didn't I tell you so? He's a regular seal!"

While on this subject I will relate another experience of mine that occurred some years later. Mr. Allan Gilmour, one of the former proprietors of the Godbout, had brought down with him a copy of the London "Field," the date of which I have forgotten. It contained an article, stating that an angler, with salmon rod and tackle, could land a strong swimmer; play him out like a fish, in a certain number of minutes. I think it said twenty. One evening after dinner there was some discussion on the subject between Dr. Campbell and Mr. Gilmour, when the latter addressing me, said: "What do you think of this? I told him I believed it could not be done.

"Well, are you willing to try?"

I said certainly, provided I was given eight or ten yards of line to start. A woollen sash was got and put over the back of my neck, then under the arm pits and back again over my shoulders, where it was knoted. The fly was stuck in the part that covered my neck. Mr. Gilmour had a heavy 18-foot salmon rod with thick plaited silk line, treble and single gut. I did not go far before the single parted. I think he was trying to handle his fish too roughly. The treble gut was then fastened, but fared no better. A third trial was made with the silk line. This stood a little longer, but on his trying to give me the butt his line parted, without my feeling any heavy strain. So I don't believe it can be done, unless the swimmer was followed around in a boat where, of course he would be bound to tire in time, even if he had no line on him.

A fancy struck me one day of trying to get hold of a salmon swimming. In the "Upper Pool," of the Godbout, large numbers of salmon congregate at the foot of the falls, waiting for a suitable pitch of water to enable them to get over. At such times they appear restless, will not look at a fly, but keep looking around, sometimes coming to the surface and at others going to the bottom, or taking a sudden leap. Near the western corner of the fall there is a steep cliff, with deep and comparatively still water. By standing on the edge of this rock I could see their movements plainly, and watching for one of them to come near the surface would take a header and try and get hold of him. I did not have much success at first, though sometimes I would feel one—but after some practice I managed to grasp one occasionally by the tail, though I never succeeded in keeping them more than a second or two. I once repeated this performance at the request of Mr. Charles Hallock, at that time editor of "Forest and Stream."

I Commence Trapping

On the first of September I returned home to Trinity Bay, to begin the necessary preparations for my winter hunt. An inexperienced boy such as I then was could not go alone. I had to seek some one with the necessary experience, and who at the same time was willing to teach me and give me a fair share of the profit we might make. This partner and teacher I found in the person of a young Indian named Ashini,—"The Rock." He was a tall fellow of over six feet, a fine walker on snowshoes and a pretty good hunter. He agreed to divide his catch with me and do his best to give me lessons in trapping, providing I advanced all the outfit, his share of which he would repay in the spring, with the exception of the bark canoe, which I was to furnish at my expense. I thought this was a pretty fair arrangement, and agreed to it. We were to make what is called in trapper language, a fall hunt, that is to say, start in September and come back in November, before the heavy snowfalls; then in December to begin the winter hunt, which ends according to the trapper's fancy; some returning late in June. Our outfit was not very expensive, flour, pork, lard, soda, salt, tea and sugar, were the principal items. Neither of us smoked nor touched liquor, so that was a saving in weight, and money also. Tents and camp stoves were unknown. We carried for use in bad weather a strip or ordinary unbleached cotton, five or six feet wide, and twelve feet long. This we put up in a semi-circle on poles, and built a fire in front. In fair weather we slept in the open air. This was the method while travelling. Whenever we reached a suitable hunting ground we built a permanent camp. These were of various kinds, log huts of round timber, split huts, that is to say, of logs split into boards and erected on a frame work, and pole huts, made of small trees covered with earth and branches. This last is a dangerous kind of camp, and often catches fire, as many a trapper has found to his cost. Then there was the ordinary bark tepee, a very comfortable kind of camp, and specially suitable for the earlier part of the season. In winter travelling we always used the cotton strip to shelter us from the wind and cold. When the snow was deep this camping was tedious work, as we had to remove the snow from a space sufficiently large for our camp and for the fire. Then there was the cutting of the fire wood and collecting branches of the Canada Balsam or spruce to make our beds and pillows. Altogether it required over two hours of hard work. Much of our comfort—the little there was of it—depended on a judicious selection of the site. Hollows were always to be avoided, and the fire place made higher than the back of the camp, as it always settles down in burning, unless it happens to be on rock. Smoke is a great nuisance on windy nights if proper attention is not given to the position of the fire. On northern rivers the wind is nearly always down stream at night, but whether on a lake or river, it is always best to have the back of your camp toward the water. With the tent and stove of the present day this is not quite so important, but it is still useful in avoiding sparks from dropping on the tent. Some kinds of cotton will ignite very easily, and as fire spreads fast, tents of that kind can be made fairly fire proof by soaking them in a weak solution of alum and salt. A spark falling on cotton so treated may burn a hole in it, but it will not spread.

Then there were steel traps to take, a few of different sizes. We could not carry many, owing to their weight, but each year we would add to their number by leaving the first ones *cached*. A good many other things were so left, such as spare axes, knives, awls and camp kit, taking down in the spring only what was absolutely required for our return. When all our things were collected together we generally found that it required two canoe loads to carry them. This meant a double trip all over with the canoe, and four or five loads over the portages. I soon found out that trapping wasn't all fun, especially in bad weather, coming into camp dead tired and soaking wet. Some river was selected which we ascended until we found a favorable locality for hunting. Although we left early in September, the time consumed in those double trips and carries was so great that it was often well on in October before any trapping was begun. I suppose game laws existed then, but we never heard anything about them, and killed whatever game and fish we wanted for food or bait, at any time. Bear, otter and beaver were the earliest to get prime, and to these we gave our first attention. I shall never forget the day I killed my first otter with Ashini that fall. I had been shown on our way up many other signs and their slides and landings, on which dead falls or traps are usually set, but had never come across the live animal itself. One morning Ashini had found some beaver cuttings in the entrance of a small brook. He said that they were pretty sure to be on the brook or some of the lakes, so it was decided to try and find them. We were out all day, and had gone over several lakes and portages without finding the beavers and as it was getting late, made up our minds to camp near a lake we had just reached and resume the search the next day. As Ashini was acquainted with the landing places and portages he steered the canoe, and I was ready to do the shooting in the bow, whenever any offered. While crossing this last lake three otters came into view, and catching sight of us began to stretch their necks and rise out of the water upon their fore paws. Ashini shook the canoe quietly, and whispered *intink*—otter—and made a sign to get the gun ready. They were about a hundred yards off, and began to circle around to get wind of us, and then dived. Ashini quickly told me to watch in the opposite direction and began to turn the canoe around. Before this could be done they were up again and down like a flash, one of them about ten feet from the stern of the canoe. I had not had time to put my gun up to my shoulder. I was awfully sorry to have lost this chance for a shot. We waited some minutes more, but they did not reappear, so we made for shore and began preparations for our camp. A suitable spot was chosen about forty yards from the lake, and while the Indian was getting some dry wood and birch bark I had broken some balsam branches and undone our small pack to get the tin kettle for water. I went down to the lake to fill it, as it was getting dusk. Our canoe and some of our kit was still there, including the gun. I was standing near, looking out on the lake, thinking of the fine otters we had seen. There was no wind, and everything was perfectly still. All at once I heard some splashing in the water, not very far from me and near the edge. I grasped the gun and went in that direction. The ground was low and covered with a short scrub, which made a scratching noise as I went through. About fifty yards walking brought me to a small mound, an old decayed beaver hut. I sat down on it to listen. I was not certain of what had caused this splashing, but had expectations that it was the otters again, and sure enough I had not been there two minutes before one of them rose, and then the other two. They were only about fifteen feet from me, evidently trying to make out what was sitting there. I hardly breathed, and very slowly brought the gun up and fired at what appeared the biggest one. For a moment I could not see anything. There was a big splash in the water, but when it all subsided I saw a black object floating. I shouted to the Indian to come with the canoe. He had already started down on hearing the report. He soon joined me, and I picked up, my first otter. How proud I felt of that shot! At the camp fire I looked it all over and stroked it, and looked again, and I think I dreamt of it all night. Since then I have shot about fifty more, and on one occasion killed three in one shot, but never felt prouder than I did of that first one. It was the female I had killed that night, and subsequently we trapped the two young ones. The next day we found the beaver lodge we were seeking. The methods of capturing the occupants will be found in the next chapter.

Trapping Lynx

About the middle of October we reached what was to be our first permanent camp. It was a section of country bordering on one of the branches of the Manicouagan River, one of the largest streams on the North Shore, and the highway of many families of Indians and trappers. As a general rule an Indian will hunt any kind of game he comes across, but as in the higher callings, there are specialists in trapping. My partner, Ashini, was a specialist on lynx hunting; this was his hobby. During the many years that I knew him he more than doubled the catch of other Indians around. The tract of land he had selected was specially adapted to this, old burned ground, covered with a growth of birch, poplar, balsam and black spruce. In such sections the Northern hare, squirrel, ruffed grouse and spruce partridge abound, and these are the natural food of the lynx. This second growth, that follows a large bush fire, will grow in patches. Near the moisture portions, in gullies, around lakes or at the edge of rivers, it will be balsam and spruce; on the higher plateaus, birch, poplar and mountain ash, and the summit of the mountains will frequently remain bare or grow small shrubs and mosses. Through such country a trail is blazed from ten to twelve miles long or less, according to what the trapper cares to visit in one day's walking, as he has to return to his camp to rest. Along this trail at intervals, a snare, trap, or dead-fall is set, about five or six to the mile. Setting twenty snares between two partners is considered a fair day's work. Three or four such lines of traps are made, radiating from the permanent camp. At other times if the country is suitable, one continuous line is built forty to fifty miles long, with a camp to sleep in about every ten miles. This may appear a very short distance for one day, but it must be remembered that the trapper has to look at each trap each time he passes, see that it is properly baited, scented and cleared of any snow that may be in the way. After a heavy fall of snow the track has to be broken which is hard work, and sometimes with the addition of a pack to carry. For bait, a portion of hare, a squirrel, or the wings of grouse are used. The skin of a hare, with the head left on, makes the best of all baits, placed in the bottom of the little hut-like enclosure it looks like a live hare. The oil glands of the beaver, with the pounded leaves of the cat-mint (*nepeta*) makes one of the most attractive scent-baits. Snares are chiefly used to save carrying steel traps. They are made of three strands of strong twine, cap-

Lynx in Trap

THE LATE JOHN BROWN,
One of the Earliest Anglers on the Moisie River

Glacier Bed at St. Pancras Cove

able of standing a combined dead weight of two hundred pounds. Copper or brass wire is of no use. The place being selected, a small enclosure, about a foot wide and two deep is built with small trees or dead wood. A cross bar is made by cutting a long sapling about two inches in diameter, and driving the thick end in the snow. This bar should be about eighteen inches above the snow where it crosses the enclosure. The bait is then put in the bottom of the enclosure with some scent, and the snare set by tying to the bar. The snare should hang about eight inches off the ground or snow, and be about six inches in diameter. The surrounding open portion of the enclosure is then filled up with light green branches and the snare is ready. A steel trap is set in the same way, leaving the front of the enclosure entirely open. When a lynx is caught in a steel trap he will make one desperate effort to break loose. If he does not succeed in that one jump he quietly returns to the enclosure and lies down in it, coiling himself up as comfortably as he can, and there he will remain without attempting to move until he dies of starvation. In all my experience I have never seen them act otherwise, and they can remain alive about four weeks, without food or water. An occasional one can be shot by following the fresh track in soft snow and imitating the barking of a dog or the howl of the wolf. He will then climb the largest tree he can find, or crawl into a rocky crevice, from which last it is very difficult to extract him after being shot.

Going over my line of traps one day I crossed the fresh tracks of a large lynx. I had one of my brothers with me on his first year at trapping and had told him of how the lynx could be run down and shot. The track we were following was fresh, and my brother was very anxious that we should try conclusions with the animal. So we laid down our packs, and taking only the gun and one axe we started after our game. We went about a mile or so before we "raised" him. We knew this by the way he jumped in the soft snow. We then began to howl and bark to frighten him into climbing some tree. He did not take kindly to our proposition, however, the surrounding trees being too small. He had tried a couple and come down again, making for the side of a steep mountain, where he managed to crawl in under some large boulders. After making sure he had not come out elsewhere, I set my brother to watch with the gun in case he might yet do so, and I started to work to try locate him. I had to remove quite a lot of snow to reach the level of the hole, and after about two hours' work finally saw him. He had turned around, facing me, and his eye-balls were the first objects I saw in the opening. The hole was about fifteen feet deep and very narrow, and I could not get at him from behind to make him come out, so I decided to shoot him there. I was in a very cramped position and partly lying down, with the muzzle of the gun very close to the hole, and thus I fired. The hole shot back on me, and I was covered with dirt, smoke and snow. After a while the smoke cleared away, but no eyes were visible. I felt sure that he was dead, but the trouble now was how to get him out. We had no hook or any wire that we could use to make one. I cut a tree, long enough to reach the bottom of the hole. The small end I cut off, leaving it one inch or so in diameter. Taking the axe I split the end into eight or ten pieces, leaving the points jagged. I then pushed that point into the hole until I felt it resting on the soft body of the lynx. Then I began to twist the stick round and round until I began to feel it getting harder. I then drew it out. The jagged split end had got fastened in the soft hair and skin by the rotary motion and held the lynx fast. It was night before we reached our camp, very hungry, but pleased at our success.

In my first winter with Ashini we trapped and shot fifty-seven lynx. Three years later, with one of my brothers, I got sixty-nine in one winter. In the spring I sold them to a trader, Mr. D. Turgeon, for $70.00. To-day that same lot would bring $1,400.00.

Beaver

ALTHOUGH I have seen thousands of beaver skins at the Hudson Bay Posts, and a few live animals brought down at times by the Indians, I had never, previous to our finding this lodge, seen them in the wild state. In the book on natural history that Mr. Lawler had given me, I had read many statements about the beaver, which I afterwards found were most absurd. Some of them were that the animal could not live out of water, and that when it did have to land to cut its food, the tail was always kept immersed in water; that the upper part of the body when cooked tasted like meat and the lower portion of tail like fish; that it used its tail like a trowel to build its mud hut; that a medicinal oil was obtained by boiling the tail, and many other ridiculous stories. I need not tell my readers that all this was imaginary. The flesh has been described by some more recent authors as bitter and disagreeable. I dare say this was perfectly true of the specimens they tasted. One might say the same, or worse, of the ox or sheep, if he was eating some of the flesh after it had lain a week or more with the offal in it. The meat of the beaver is delicate and palatable when in proper condition. The bark of most of the trees it feeds on and the root of the water lily are very bitter, and if the intestines remain in the animal for a day or more, as when caught in traps, the flesh will then acquire the bitter taste. The same may also be said of the scent glands (castoreum.) The parts surrounding it will taste of castoreum. It is the same with other animals or birds feeding on strongly scented herbs or vegetables. I remember that when shooting sage grouse in the Western States, we had to remove the entrails of the birds immediately, and when so treated they made good eating, but if left unopened over-night the flesh would be strong and unpalatable. The tail of the beaver is never used for plastering as described, but as a powerful propellor in swimming, and as a prop when sitting on its haunches, while cutting trees, feeding, or at other work. In a very recent publication that I have read, the author describes the mode of setting steel traps for beaver, though I am afraid he would get small reward for his trapping if he followed his own directions. To meet with success, a trap, number three or four, the latter preferable, should be set near deep water. A jutting point on the lake, near the side of the lodge, and at the dam, are the best places. Your site having been chosen, remove carefully all the small twigs in the vicinity, as also any dead sticks there may be near or on the bottom. Most trappers prefer to place the trap deep, say in nine inches of water, and to get the beaver by the hind paw, which more than doubles his chances of remaining in the trap. A beaver approaching a landing will always do so swimming and not walking. As they seldom use the forepaws in swimming, if the trap is set in shallow water, say four inches or less, the trap will very often be sprung by the breast of the animal, where, of course, it cannot get a proper hold, and a few hairs only are what the trapper finds next day. If by chance he should be secured by the forepaw, he will frequently not move the trap immediately, but will amputate his paw with his sharp teeth. If he does not do this he will make an effort to get rid of the trap by swimming away, and it is just here that the important point comes in. The trap has to be weighted. A stone of five or six pounds weight is attached by two or three strands of strong twine, or better still by a piece of wire, to the iron cross-bar forming the under portion of the trap. Going out, the beaver has no trouble in dragging this into deep water till the full length of the chain and string is reached. He will then attempt to return to land, but as it is uphill work, he is retained by the weight and drowns. If the trap is not weighted, the odds are fifty to one he will get rid of it in some way, and the chances are that you will never see that trap again. I have seen a three-year-old beaver, caught in a large No. 4 trap, the chain of which had been fastened with a staple to a tree nine or ten feet long, drag the whole away out into the lake 150 yards before it drowned. In setting traps in winter under the ice, no weight is needed. The use of castoreum, as scent bait, is very useful in the spring, but not much required at other seasons. A nice young birch of poplar tree stuck in the bank near the trap and somewhat leaning towards it, is all that is required. Cleanliness is essential in handling traps and baits.

Dead-falls are very sure for trapping beaver, and are set in their paths or runways and on the dam, but they require experience and skill in handling, also an approximate idea of the size of the animal to be trapped. The cuttings serve as a guide for this. Shooting is a very nice and quick way of securing beaver when a lodge is found, but only practicable in the fall and spring. The afternoon is the best time, but they are to be met with at any hour of the day, especially when working at their dam or lodge. Large sized shot is required, as the bones of the head are very hard. AAA is the kind preferred by most trappers. Personally, I used much smaller, BB being my favorite, but I never fired at more than eight or ten yards' range, often much closer, unless the animal was on land. In shooting beyond that distance, one is apt to only wound it, when it will dive and seldom be recovered. If you do happen to kill one there is danger of it sinking before you can reach it, as about twenty per cent will do that if killed stone dead. When shot in salt water, as happens now and then in the spring, they never sink. Chiselling or trenching beaver should never be resorted to unless in a case of necessity, or where one wishes to secure them alive. Wherever this is practiced to any extent, it has proved more injurious than any other mode of trapping. Where a lake has been trenched it will take years before it is again occupied. At least this is my experience. Twenty-five years ago I wrote for "Forest and Stream" an article on "Chiselling beaver." Sensible trappers who resort to the same tract of country year after year, never trench beaver, or trap or shoot the young ones, except if necessary for food. They trap the old ones by placing the trap deep under water and using larger trees for the bait. As soon as that is accomplished the traps are removed and the others left undisturbed. The next season the probabilities are they will be found in the same place. By doing this I have had beaver occupy the same lake six or seven years in succession. When we consider that a full grown beaver is worth from ten to twenty-five dollars and a young one only abour five, it is worth while giving some thought to the subject. The meat is of the greatest value to Indians and trappers, being fat and very nutritious, and is therefore very much sought after. Beavers are not at all shy and will often come within a few feet of one if he keeps still. Their sense of hearing is very acute, and seems to be that upon which they most rely to warn them of danger. About forty is considered a good catch for two trappers (partners) or for one family of Indians, though sometimes as many as a hundred are killed in the season from October to June. In the section of the county of Saguenay with which I am familiar, I have observed no decrease in their numbers from what they were over sixty years ago when I first started trapping.

Marten and Other Small Mammals

SOME trappers claim that there are three varieties of marten on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence. First, the pine marten, found in the heavily wooded sections, secondly the rock marten, found in hilly and rocky country with stunted growth of trees, and lastly the swamp marten, inhabiting lowlands and marshes and short black spruce country. I must confess that I could never see any difference in them, except sometimes in the color of the fur, those caught in the low, swampy places being, as a rule, lighter in color than the others, though I do not think this enough to justify a distinction of species. In any case, I will leave this question open, as for present purposes it makes no difference whether there be one or three species, as they are all trapped alike. To trap marten with success, one has to specially select the ground, viz, thick woods and heavy timber, such as spruce or balsam. This sort of growth will generally be found in the bottoms of foothills of large streams or near large lakes. No other fur of any consequence will be found in such localities. The ground having been chosen, a path is blazed through the forest, and a line of traps built, generally about fifteen traps to the mile, until one has about four or five hundred traps. This is about as much as two men can keep in good order. There are many ways of building these marten traps, all depending upon the season and the duration of one's trapping. If a man wants to keep the same line of traps going for several seasons, he will make all his line of stump traps.

These are built as follows: a large tree of ten inches or more in diameter is cut down, care being taken to have the cut level and deep enough from one side to reach within two inches of being cut clear through. Then from the opposite side mark a cut ten inches higher up on the tree. The latter then falls easily on the side of the big cutting, leaving a level stump with one projecting side. From the fallen tree small pieces resembling shingles are split and sharpened at one end and driven into the stump so as to form a small enclosure of nine or ten inches deep and about seven wide. A small piece of wood is fitted in between the projection and the enclosure to hold the pin and latch bait holder. The strangling piece is then fitted over this, and a weight, a small log of wood—put on the strangler. To set the trap, have a pin of three inches in length and half an inch thick; then a latch of eight inches long and of the same diameter as the pin. Fasten the bait to one end of the latch, then lift the strangling piece, insert the latch, place one end of the pin on it and the strangling piece rests on the other end, and your trap is ready. When an animal pulls on the baited latch the pin slips off and out, and the trap falls. This is on the figure of four principle, with only two pieces instead of three. The above kind of trap is generally built in mid-winter, and the stump cut three feet above snow level, so that it is scarcely ever out of order on account of being under the snow. A well built trap, such as here described, will last from ten to fifteen years. The principle for building on the ground or snow is exactly the same and for all small mammals is one of the best kind of dead falls. Steel traps, No. 1, the best, are often used and set in the same way. For bait, fish is much used, especially near the coast line. Long strips of dog fish flesh are often dried for this purpose, and it is very oily and tough and not liable to be eaten by vermin, mice, &c. When flesh is used for bait, hare and squirrel meat is preferred, being the natural food. Marten are not at all shy, and will frequently come near a camp, and even into it. I have caught several by leaving a baited steel trap inside of my camp when we had occasion to leave it. They are nocturnal in their habits, but now and then one is seen in the day time.

Ermine are very often caught in marten traps, as they have very similar habits, and inhabit the same kind of country.

Mink are often captured with the same kind of dead falls, but these must be set in the vicinity of water as much as possible. The inlet and outlet of small lakes are favorite places, and also where small streams meet larger ones, in fact, any place where small fish are to be found. Spawning beds of trout and salmon are very much frequented and great destruction caused on them. Although small animals, mink will chase and kill fish of twice their weight. They are very inquisitive, and not at all shy, and will frequently come within a few feet of a person, if one keeps quiet. They are very often shot by trappers, but this is very wasteful, as the skin and fur is always more or less injured. Steel traps are preferable to any others for trapping mink, as they can be set in, or very near to water, and when the animal is caught it drops into the water and is drowned immediately. In this way the fur is not damaged at all.

Pennant's Marten (Mustella Pennanti)

AMONG the fur-bearing animals that we also trapped was the above, or as sometimes called "Fisher," though why he should be so called I cannot imagine, as I never saw nor heard of the animal catching any fish. I know, however, that he will eat fish, because we often had some of our mink and marten traps robbed by him of the fish bait. His natural food is meat, and when he can get it, chiefly that of the porcupine, of which he is the most deadly enemy. A very strange thing is that the porcupine quills do not seem to affect this animal at all. Some years after I began trapping, I caught a large fisher—a male—that I am sure had over two hundred quills in its body, without apparently suffering any inconvenience from them. I examined it carefully—it appeared so extraordinary—for signs of pus or swelling, but there was none. The animal was fat and in fine condition. I was not satisfied with this particular case, but resolved to continue this examination with every specimen I should get hold of. Since that time I have trapped and shot about forty fishers, every one of which had quills in the body, but with no bad effect. I have occasionally related these facts to some of my friends, but have always thought that I detected a smile, which seemed to say "This is a fish-(er) story."

In order that these statements should be corroborated by a competent authority, I sent, many years ago, several specimens in the flesh to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, a celebrated naturalist, and to-day * Chief of Biology, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C., and he also, found the condition above described **. The animals are gregarious in their migrations, but once located they are generally found singly. They prefer mountainous regions and gullies, with thickly wooded slopes, just such places as are usually preferred by porcupine. Prior to 1865, in the range of mountains known as the Ste. Anne Mountains, South Shore of the St. Lawrence, between Gaspé and the town of Rimouski, porcupines were found in abundance, and formed part of the winter supply of fresh meat to many of the scattered inhabitants of that region. One trapper and farmer combined, named Dugas, told me that he frequently killed six or seven porcupines in a day's hunt, and from one hundred to one hundred and thirty in a season. In 1865 there was a migration of fisher into that region, and two years later all the porcupine had been exterminated. The very same thing had occurred on the North Shore in recent years. In my early days of trapping the capture of a fisher was rare, and I have known old trappers who had never seen the animal alive. At that time porcupines were found in great numbers, principally in that section of the country east of the Manicouagan River to the headwaters of the Ste. Marguerite. I mention this fact from personal observation. It was no unusual thing for an Indian family to capture from one hundred and fifty to two hundred porcupines in a winter. We could easily have done the same ourselves had we so desired, but as we generally had more meat than we could use we left them unmolested. I have crossed in one day's walking, over thirty fresh yards or winter quarters of the porcupine. A very low estimate of the numbers killed each year in the above limits would be about five or six thousand. This continued during the fifteen years that I trapped in that region and until about 1880, when a large migration of fisher occurred and the poor porcupine were doomed. In two years they were completely destroyed. During these two years every trapper got a few fisher, some getting as many as ten or twelve in one season. I myself trapped eight one winter in this immediate vicinity, although I could only devote a small portion of my time to trapping. This abundance of fisher lasted only three seasons; after that they disappeared. Since then only an accidental one is trapped. As for the porcupine, I suppose they will increase again in time, but for my part I have not seen one around here for some years. In 1897, I saw along the banks of the Big Romaine River in Labrador, two porcupine, which shows that there are still a few in that locality. Fishers are not shy or very wary of man, and they are easily trapped; that is to say, it is easy to get one in your trap, though it is hard to keep him in it. They are very powerful and active, closely resembling the carcajou in this respect, and once in the trap they work incessantly with claws and teeth, until they either cut their foot or drag the trap away. On two occasions I followed up a fisher many miles before overtaking him although hampered by a large steel trap and dragging chain. The only safe way to set steel traps for fisher is to have the chain secured to the end of a lifting pole. This must be balanced on a forked tree sufficiently high and strong enough to lift the animal clear off the ground. Care must also be taken that no trees are left in the vicinity, or else the animal will climb them and get the pole down. Fish or meat of any kind will do for bait, but the most certain and deadly is a piece of porcupine with the quills on, part of which have been singed in the fire. This will attract them for miles around. Some trappers prefer dead-falls for catching fishers. When these are used they have to be made extra strong with a deadweight on the strangling part, of at least two hundred pounds. Going through the woods one day I came on a fisher that had killed three porcupine, only a small part of each of which he had eaten, and that near the throat. He was hard at work on the third one, when I shot him.

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* 1909.
** See Mammals of the Adirondacks, Merriam 1884, page 49.

Bear Stories

OUR common black bear is looked upon, by most people in Canada, as a very dangerous animal. This dread is even shared by our Indians, and when bears are spoken of it is always with great respect. In fact, the name is seldom mentioned, but the bear is referred to as "the black beast" or simply "the animal." When caught in a steel trap or seen at a distance, he is spoken to and asked that vengeance be not taken for his death. Even the bones are held in respect. They are never thrown to the dogs like other refuse, but placed in the fire and burned. The skulls are hung up in a tree. Some parts of the animal, like the paws and head, are never allowed to be eaten by women or children. These last if by some accident they eat any meat from the paws, are supposed to be liable to suffer all their lives from cold feet. At certain times bear feasts used to be held, at which no women were allowed to be present, and special wigwams were built wherein to hold the feast. At these feasts nothing else but bear's meat was allowed to be eaten. This was prepared in various ways; either roasted on the spit, boiled or stewed. Blood pudding, fat pudding, and pure fat of the bear are other dishes prepared from parts of the animal. "Fat pudding" is prepared in this way: About three or four feet of the large intestine is cut off with all the fat adhering to it. A ramrod or thin stick of suitable size is then inserted in the gut, and one end tied to it. It is then pulled inside out and cleaned. Berries are sometimes stuffed inside with the fat. The ends are then tied, and the gut put to boil for about an hour and then laid aside to cool, as it is always eaten cold. It is served up in its full length on a birch bark platter, and each guest cuts off with his knife whatever length he is able to manage; the more he can stow away the greater being the honor he is paying to his host.

Being in luck one day, I chanced to supply the necessary viands for a feast in the shape of two bears, and of course had to be invited. Outside of the Hudson's Bay Company's agents, few whites have ever had that honor. Some of the hunters were away, so that the gathering was not a large one, some fourteen or fifteen guests being present. A long strip of white cotton served as a table cloth. This was laid down on the balsam branches, fresh cut for the occasion. A plate and knife and some thin sheets of birch bark were laid before each person, but no fork or spoon. When necessary to take a piece of meat out of the platter, a wooden skewer was used.

This, as well as the only ladle allowed, was made out of the mountain ash,—the bear's favorite tree. For some reason that I could not find out no one sat at what we would call the head or foot of the table. The two oldest men sat apposite each other at one end, and after that, towards the foot, each guest according to his age or rank as a hunter. Every one being seated the first course was served. A large bowl of hot bear's grease took the place of soup. In this was the wooden ladle. The bowl was set before the chief; after helping himself and sipping from the ladle what quantity he chose, the bowl and ladle was passed on to the next man in rank, and so on to the end of the table. If there was a mighty hunter—I should rather say eater—able to distinguish himself by drinking three or four ladlesful of the fat, it was always greeted with a round of applause. The first course through, the bowl was laid on the middle of the table and the ladle taken away. The second course was the bear's neck and head roasted on the spit, and the spit left in it, as it served to pass it around to each guest. It was stuck in front of the chief, who made a sort of address to it. He boasted of the bear's strength and abilities as a tree climber, and of its powers of endurance as a faster—referring to its hibernations—and paid it all the other compliments he could think of. The end of the spit was then raised and a piece bitten out or torn with the fingers, as no knife must touch this sacred *pièce de résistance.* Like the bowl of fat it went around, and each one had to take a small piece or a bite as he fancied, but no one was allowed to take more. What was left was then put into the fire and burned for the absent ones,—the deceased hunters, After this second course each guest was free to help himself and eat whatever quantity he chose of roast, boiled, stewed or pudding. Very little conversation was carried on during the feast. The diners were not there to "palaver," but for business, and any special gastronomic feat performed was sure to meet with general approval. After every one had eaten till he could stand no more, the bowl of fat was placed in front of the chief a second time. With his two hands open he dipped his palms in the fat, and then smeared his long hair with it, every guest following suit. Was this the origin of the use of bear's grease for the hair?

Thus ended the feast. Pipes and strong black plug tobacco were then brought forth and everyone who smoked enjoyed himself. What was left was quickly taken away by the women for their meal, and the small bones were thrown into the fire. As soon as the cloth was removed there was a general stretching out of the diners on the ground all round. Had I not been familiar with these feasts I should have expected an invitation to a funeral shortly afterwards, but nothing out of the ordinary happened. Through the efforts of the missionaries these superstitious rites and customs have been partially abolished on the coast, but they are carried on just the same as soon as the Indians go inland for the hunt. Similar feasts are also held in honor of the caribou and the beaver, and also for birds, such as geese and loons. I have never heard of a fish feast in this section. In honor of whatever animal or bird, the feast is held, no other kind of meat figures, and provision is always made to have more than will be eaten. They will actually starve themselves for a time in order to collect the required quantity.

Some years ago I sold a No. 5 bear trap to an old Indian named "Ka-mikamust,"—the One Who Sings. It was a Newhouse trap, and had a spread of jaws of about eleven inches. I had originally paid twelve dollars for it, for traps were dear in those days. It had been a very lucky trap for me, and I had caught several fine bears in it. I used to set it near the path leading to the pools on the Godbout River. The last time I set it a large bear got fast in it, and as it was set with a drag, (a heavy piece of wood fastened to the chain), the bear had hauled it around considerably, up and down along the edge of the river, but he could not go far into the woods, as the drag would catch in the trees. Seeing that he could not get rid of it in that manner he endeavored to cross the river with it. It was an unlucky attempt for both of us. The strong current carried him down into the deep water, where the weight of the trap held him down till he was drowned and my bear trap lost. I had an idea from the way he had acted that such was the case, but in spite of all our dragging and poking around we could not find it. The following spring when the high waters came down, the trap was carried down some distance and grounded near the end of an island, where salmon were usually landed by the anglers and one of the gaffmen found it. The decayed paw was still fast in it, but the carcass had been carried away. I told this story to the old Indian, "and now." I said, "I am selling you the luckiest trap on earth, and only at cost price. I was charging him twelve dollars. The old man was delighted, and as he left I wished him good luck again. On reaching his hunting ground on a branch of the Manicouagan River the old Indian set his trap. And then, a very strange thing happened. On his first visit to the trap he found two large male bears caught in it, one by the hind paw and the other by the fore paw. Both paws were well inside the trap and gripped high. They had fought like devils together and were torn and bloody but still securely held by the trap. "Ka-mikamust" thought he was dreaming and could hardly believe what he saw. There was something uncanny about that trap. Never in his life had any such thing happened. It was unheard of in the tribe. It was too much luck and he could not stand it. He raised the trap and would not set it again; but going back to Bersimis with it he sold it to the first comer for three dollars! What eventually became of it I do not know, but I trust the good luck continued. I have trapped for a good many years myself, and have questioned old trappers, and no one around here ever heard of such a capture. Had it been a female and her cub it would have been less surprising. To show how the least thing out of the ordinary affects the superstitious minds of these Indians, I will relate what occurred to another Indian, "Kasknian." He was originally a Lake St. John Indian, but had finally settled on the Bersimis reservation, where he owned a good house. He was very fond of "fire water," and as he was a good hunter he generally managed to secure more than was good for him, so that it seriously affected his health. One winter, while he was on his trapping ground, he noticed some fox tracks, and placing a bait and steel trap on them, he found on his return trip a nice black fox in it. Needless to say he was pleased with his capture. Here was enough to pay for all his winter's outfit. He reset his trap carefully, and next morning as he passed on his way there was another black fox in in. Decidedly he was in luck, but it made him thoughtful. Two black foxes in succession was rare luck, but even this might happen without any supernatural agency. The trap was reset again, and strange as it may appear, another black fox was caught next day. This was altogether too much for him. He raised the trap and went back to his wigwam. Meeting his wife he told her that the Evil Spirit was stuffing his traps. "I shall not hunt again," he said. "I am going to die soon." Nothing could get this idea out of his head. He raised all his traps and hunted only for meat. In the spring, when the ice on the rivers broke up, he returned to Bersimis, where, as bad luck would have it, he died that same summer. Fifty years of missionary work will not eradicate the superstitious belief that one chance circumstance like this will engender.

Though I have heard any number of stories to the contrary, my own experience with the black bear is, that he will always run away from man if he has the chance. Of course, if wounded or cornered, he will show fight just the same as a much smaller animal would do. In cases like this he can be nasty, because he is a powerful brute. Some years ago, when porpoise oil was selling at seventy-five to eighty cents per gallon, porpoise shooting was quite a business here, Two good men, in a canoe, if the weather was at all decent, would get from fifty to a hundred in a season, that is to say, from August to the middle of September, about six weeks. After the layer of fat was removed, the carcass used to be left on the beach, when, if the weather was at all warm, they would swell up with the gas from the intestines and float off at high tide, getting strewn about everywhere. The smell from these carcasses rivalled in strength that of any high class perfumery shop, and foxes, bears and other animals would be attracted. One day, going to the east end of the bay here, I noticed bear tracks in the sand, and followed them. I found that the animal was hauling off some of these carcasses to the woods. The sand dune there was quite steep, and about twenty feet high, yet this bear—a small one—could climb that hill with a carcass heavier than himself. My brother and I set a dead fall and we got him next day. He was a yearling.

One season late in July, I was salmon fishing on the Trinity River. It was a hot and bright day, and we had gone over three or four portages. Just above our last one there was a small stretch of dead water. On laying down the canoe I caught sight of a large bear. He was sitting on the end of a big spruce that had fallen across the river and broken in the middle. The tip of the tree had been washed away, but the roots and the weight had kept the butt in place, so that it formed a sort of half bridge, the root high up the bank and the tip at the bottom of the river. Right near the water the bear was sitting on his haunches, snapping at the deer flies with his mouth, or occasionally whisking them off with his fore paws. I could easily have shot him from where I was, but his pelt was no good, being out of season, and we did not want the meat, so it would have been only waste to kill him. A fancy struck me however to give him a fright and make him drop in the water. So I told my brother what I wanted to do; namely, to sneak up quietly along the river until we were within a few yards of him, and then fire a shot and so dump him in the river. We got our canoe very cautiously in the water, and getting my gun ready in the bow, we both of us squatted right down on the bottom of the canoe, and without lifting our paddles out of the water we crept up very slowly. There was hardly any wind, but what little there was came down the river, thus giving us a chance. On we crept, never making a move if he happened to look in our direction, but as soon as he was busy with the flies we would shove along. When we got about thirty feet from him I raised my paddle noiselessly over the side and rested it on the bars of the canoe behind me. I then got hold of my gun, and was just steadying myself to fire in the air, when the end of my paddle dropped from the bar of the botton of the canoe. The bear gave a start and got on all fours, looking at us. Just at that moment I fired one shot, and as he started on the run up the incline I let go the other barrel. He was not surprised enough to drop off the log, but the view of the manner in which he crashed into the woods was something to remember. Had this been in the kodak days the opportunity for a fine shot could not have been better.

I suppose most of my readers have heard of bears, "playing possum" — shamming death, when fired upon or wounded. This was something I found very hard to believe, probably because I had never given one much of a chance to sham. I know, however, of two cases, where apparently they did so act. The first occurred near Mingan. A half-breed named Bellefleur was out after a large bear that had been seen in the berry patches in the direction of Long Point. He was accompanied by his son, a boy of fourteen. After watching for some time they saw the bear feeding, and creeping up into the shelter of the bush, they both got within easy range. Bellefleur, sr., fired his shot and the bear dropped. Carefully re-loading his gun he went up to the animal and poked it in the body to make sure it was really dead. The bear did not move. The hunter laid down his gun and pulled out his sheath knife to gut and bleed him. Just as he grasped the forepaw the bear raised himself, and then followed a terrible fight for life on the part of Bellefleur. He called out to his son to shoot, but the poor boy was afraid to hit his father as the man and beast twisted around. The old hunter all this time was stabbing at the bear when ever he could get a chance. Finally Bellefleur was crushed and held down by the weight of the brute and a bite near the eye and the temple pierced his skull. About this time the boy fired his shot at the head of the bear and ran away to the post for help. When the other Indians arrived on the spot, they found them both hunter and bear dead, the latter lying over the half-breed's body. According to the statement of the Indians that skinned the animal, there was only one bullet in it, and that was in the head, which the boy claimed was from his shot.

While I was living at Trinity Bay we used to set dead falls for bears in a large tract of burnt over country, where the blueberries grew about as thick as the black flies, and that's not saying a little. One day I happened to be busy at some more pressing work, so I sent my brother Firmin to visit the traps, cautioning him not to go near them if there was a bear in any of them, but to come right back for me. He was then a lad of about twelve and a pretty fair shot, but had never fired at any bigger game than rabbits in the mammal line. He had frequently gone alone, however, to see these traps. This time he was in luck. On arriving at the second trap he found a bear in it. In springing the dead-fall the animal had been caught by the hind leg and the bone had been broken so that he could twist himself around to a certain extent. Everything within reach he had torn and dragged towards him, thus increasing the weight on the strangler or holding part. My brother had his gun with him and getting to within twenty yards of him — at least that is what he said — he fired and the bear dropped. Remembering my caution he did not go any closer after his shot, but turned right back and came for me. He then told me about having shot it, and he was perfectly sure he had killed it as it had dropped like a stone. In case of further trouble, however, I thought we had better bring the gun along, and getting some ropes to tie and carry the bear we went back. On arriving near him we found bruin standing up and watching us coming. Arriving at about fifteen feet from him I could see no appearance of any injury to him from my brother's shot. I drew a bead on his ear and fired, and there was no more shamming. That time it was the real thing. We found no trace of my brother's shot in him.

It will sometimes take quite a lot of lead to lay a bear out if he is not struck in the right place. A side shot in the head and neck or shoulders was considered the safest with the old style gun or rifle, and a front shot was never taken unless by a tyro. Many a bear has been lost that way. Nowadays, however, the penetration of a rifle bullet is so great that it does not much matter what end is shot at. The lead is bound to reach the other if the line is good. The head of a bear facing you looks pretty big on account of its peculiar shape, but the brain pan is naturally very small, that of a large black bear being only three inches in width and length.

One of the finest black bears I ever secured was killed with a common shot gun, loaded with A shot. It was early in May, and I was out duck shooting. I had gone down about four miles along the cliffs towards Pointe des Monts. These cliffs are very steep, covered here and there with patches of stunted spruce. In the nine miles that cover the distance between Godbout and Pointe des Monts, there are only three small coves where there is any beach, everywhere else the rock comes sheer down to the water. I was just opposite one of these places, busy with a flock of scooters, the female of which I had brought down and the males continued circling around, keeping me loading as fast as I could, for it was in the muzzle-loading days. I suppose I had fired about a dozen shots in quick succession, when chancing to look shorewards I saw a bear going along on the beach. I was only about a hundred yards or so out, but he had the lead on me. The shots I had fired had apparently not frightened him at all. I had a few loads of A shot in one of the compartments of my shot pouch, which I always carried when out ducking in case of meeting seals. One barrel of my gun was loaded with No. four shot, which I had no time to extract, so I loaded only the one barrel with A. shot. Hastily grabbing my paddle I urged my canoe forward with all my strength. Although he never appeared to notice me, this quiet jog of his took him along about as fast as I could paddle, and I had gained very little on him. I was making a desperate effort to shorten the distance, because he was nearing the end of the cove where he was certain to enter the woods as he could not get around the steep rock. Sure enough he did as I had expected. I was then about seventy yards from him, and as I knew that this was my only chance for a shot I fired just as he entered the scrub with his side towards me. I fancied by the start he made that I had hit him, but I supposed only lightly. However, I decided to go and see, and, hauling up my canoe and reloading, — this time both barrels with the large shot,—I started in. Just where I had struck him I found some hair cut by the shot. There was still in the woods patches of snow here and there, which made the tracking easy, and I had not gone twenty yards before I found blood,—very little, however, and his pace did not so far appear to have slackened. A few yards further I found he had stopped, and then I knew he was very sick, but there was no trace of blood. Continuing, about eighty yards from where he had entered, I found him on his side, dead. I broke a dead tree and poked him in the ribs, keeping my gun close by, but there was no sham about it. Two pellets only had hit him, one in the haunch, a mere scratch, and the other between the ribs behind the shoulder joint, penetrating to the heart. The shot hole was so small that only a few drops of blood escaped, all the bleeding being internally, which, I think, caused quicker death.

Our Montagnais Indians claim that the black bear, previous to entering his den for the winter, will swallow a cone of the pine tree, or a small smooth stone. They assert that the bear does this to keep his bowels in order, and that as it is evacuated, it is re-swallowed and so on during the whole winter. I first heard of this from the old "Godbout" Chief, who claimed he had himself found the cone in the intestines of bears he had killed in their dens. Subsequently many others have told me the same thing. Personally, I never had the chance to verify this statement, as I have only killed one bear in its winter den and that was previous to my hearing the story. The Indians also believe that if a bear is not killed in its den, but hauled out and killed at some distance from it, the next winter another bear will occupy it. I believe that this is quite a probable thing. The bear my brother and I killed while trapping was shot in the den after I had heard the story. I revisited the place several times, but no others had occupied it, though I found evidence of some having passed quite near it. It was a female I had killed, and though early in March—about the 10th—she had her cub with her, a little mite about the size of a kitten. The den was on the slope of a mountain, with a southern aspect. It was well lined with balsam branches and grass, some of which had been collected two or three hundred yards away. This was the first indication of one being near. After that we hunted around till we found its air hole, the warmth of the animal causing some of the snow to melt.

How I Got My First Grizzly.—I terminate these few notes on bears with a narrative of how I got my first grizzly. It was during a hunting trip with Baron de la Grange in 1882. We had outfitted at Fort Washakie, Wyoming Territory. There we were joined by some of the military men from the Post, who were also going out on an expedition — official and hunting combined. Our party, for two weeks, was composed as follows:—Colonel V. K. Hart, 5th Cavalry, U.S.A.; Dr. Woods, of Indiana—the Colonel's brother-in-law — Lieut. R. E.

Thompson, 6th Infantry, U.S.A.; Lieut. H. de H. Waite, 5th Cavalry, U.S.A.; Baron Ernest de la Grange, and myself. We had a guide and three men for our party, and eight regulars, under the command of Sergt. Steele, accompanied the military party. When we separated two weeks later, the Baron and I continued on our trip alone for two weeks more. The sole object of Dr. Woods' trip was to secure one specimen of the buffalo, and everything that was possible was done by all concerned towards the attainment of this end. I am happy to say that on the fifth day out the Doctor drew first blood, securing his much coveted prize, after which he took things easily. Some days later we camped on Grass Creek, and in the afternoon paid a visit to Mr. George Baxter, who owned a ranch there and whose establishment was about two miles from our camp. From him we learned that a few days previous to our arrival, some of his men had reported seeing two grizzly bears while they were employed cutting timber on the upper portion of the creek. As none of them had *lost* any bears, they had not gone after them. We concluded that this would be a suitable place to spend a couple of days hunting, as antelope, deer and elk might also be found. Next morning the hunting party was divided. The Baron, Lieut. Thompson and the half-breed guide were to hunt on the west side of the creek. Lieut. Waite and myself were to take the east side, Colonel Hart and the Doctor were to pass the day in camp, as the latter, being advanced in years, was somewhat tired. Our plan was to ride up along the creek to the foot of the mountains about five miles distant, and there tie our horses and hunt on foot through the timber belt. The Lieutenant, although a young man then, had already seen considerable service and specially distinguished himself during a rising of the Araphoe Indians. He also knew enough of woodcraft to be able to hunt alone. On reaching the foothills we picketed our horses, the Lieutenant's a big cavalry horse, and mine, a mustang or Indian pony. Just at this point there was a large patch of heavy spruce trees gradually dwindling in size as we ascended the mountain, till the timber line was passed. This patch was in the shape of a triangle with its apex near the creek. Our lunch and every other cumbersome thing were left with out horses, as we had a steep climb before us. We arranged to climb up on the open portion east of the timber, and then coming down, each of us was to take one side of the wood, meeting at the bottom if no game was found. We expected in this way that if either of us started any large game, he would have a chance of a shot, while at the same time driving it towards the other. On arriving above the timber line we sighted three elk, but they were so far off that we decided to leave them alone for the moment, and continue as first proposed, my companion taking the left slope, while I was to go around to the right. Lieut. Waite had a regulation military carbine 45-70 and a service revolver. I was armed with a 50 cal. Winchester Express and a 45 Colt's revolver. After separating we hunted continuously, expecting to meet about two hours later. I skirted the wood for a while and saw some bear signs, but they were not very fresh. A little later on I came to the bed of a dried up brook, a very common thing at that season (September), in Wyoming. Here on the dry sand and mud I saw the largest bear track I had ever set eyes upon, but on this dry soil I could not judge of its freshness. As it followed down the dry water way, I thought I might just as well keep on the track for a time, the more so as the banks of the brook were steep. I had gone on in this way for about twenty minutes, carefully scanning the hill on each side, when I got sight of my bear. I thought that possibly he had heard me coming and had left the brook to climb up the bank. Whatever may have been the cause he seemed in no hurry to get away. He was about thirty yards off and right above me. As he moved upwards his rump was about the only part of his body exposed, except that I got a momentary glimpse of half of his head when he turned it to look at me. The time was too short to get a sure shot and the surface of the animal too slanting, so I decided to try a shot for the backbone, which I knew would cripple him if hit fair, and then I could finish him with a second shot. Taking a careful aim I fired. With a squeal as if a dozen pigs were butchered, he dropped in his tracks, and was up almost as quickly, turning towards me. As he turned I took a second aim for the shoulder, and the next instant there was a mass of hair and flying branches coming down on me. I had a third cartridge in, all ready, but it was impossible to take a sure shot owing to the manner in which he was coming down. I therefore waited till he reached the bottom of the brook, which was about ten feet across. Right near the foot and partly across the brook there was a fallen dry spruce tree; it was too low for him to go under, so I knew he would have to rear up when he got there and that is what I waited for. As he rose over it I gave him the third shot right in the middle of the chest. He came down in a heap, the blood spurting from the last bullet hole. When we cut him up afterwards we found that this last shot had cut off the entire top of his heart and penetrating to the backbone had broken it, killing him instantly. On the North Shore I had grown to rather look down upon the black bear, but as I gazed on the mass of flesh and the powerful limbs, I realized that the grizzly was deserving of some respect. It was almost inpossible for me to move and skin the animal alone before night, and as I knew that Lieut. Waite must have heard my shots, and could not be very far off, I fired three more shots from my revolver in quick succession, as a signal for assistance. He had in fact heard my three first shots and had surmised immediately that I had found the lost bear and forthwith had started in my direction, but when he heard the second batch of three shots, he thought I was certainly cornered and started on the run, being then only a quarter of a mile or so from me. In a few minutes I heard him coming. I gave him a shout which he answered, and sitting down on the bear, I drew out a cigar, which I had brought for our mid-day smoke, and lighted it. As he came out he gave a hurrah, and rising, he shook hands with me, congratulating me on my good luck. Then he took a look at the surroundings, while I gave him the details of the shooting. Well, he said, "Friend Labradorian,"—that was my *sobriquet* among the party,—this cigar smoking of your's is very fine now but I think it is a little bit forced. I wish I had a pocket looking-glass to give you; and then we had a laugh and another hansdhake over it. While I was busy skinning one side, the Lieutenant agreed to go for the horses to jack down the skin and some of the meat to our camp, as the gully was clear enough for the horses to come through. On his return he tied them a bit further down, as the smell of the bear would have made them restless. We had a big job between the two of us to turn him over and skin the other side, and we estimated that he weighed at least nine hundred pounds, but was probably more. On the back and rump he had a layer of fat four inches thick. This immense thickness of fat and the long hair had deceived me as to my first shot, which had ploughed through the fat and just cleared the back bone, the shock of which had been sufficient, however, to make him fall. My second one had struck behind the shoulder, breaking one rib and tearing a portion of the lung, but as he was turning when I fired, it had gone too far behind on the other side to do much damage to his vital parts. When the meat and skin were ready, Lieutenant Waite went for my horse, leading him up by the lariat and blind folding him with his coat, so that I could load and jack the skin and meat on him. He was very fidgetty and pranced around a good deal, but I managed to finish my work. As soon, however, as the lieutenant removed his coat, he gave an awful snort and broke loose, dashing down the gully. Very luckily the long lariat was trailing behind and Lieutenant Waite jumping on his horse, managed to overtake and stop him by getting his horse to tramp on the trailing lariat. After some little petting he quieted down and we had no further trouble, eventually reaching our camp about five p.m. The other hunting party had returned, but had not been lucky; a fair herd of antelopes had been sighted, but they were unable to get near enough for a shot. Next morning another load of meat was jacked down and the balance left for the coyotes.

When we returned to Quebec in December, I took the skin back with me, and at Messrs. Renfrew's request, it was placed on exhibition in a show window of their splendid fur eatablishment. Mr. C. Farquharson Smith, who was the manager of the bank of British North America, took a great fancy to it, and although I felt loth to part with it, I finally let him have it, and I presume that some member of his family has still got it in his possession. If so, on the inside of it will be found this inscription:

Killed by NAP. A. COMEAU, *on Grass Creek,*

Wyoming Territory, Sept. 20th, 1882.

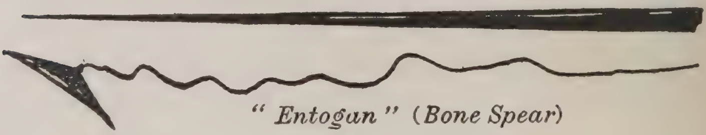
Poachers

ONE cannot be a fishery officer or guardian for forty years without coming into contact with poachers and finding out many of their tricks and ways of escaping capture. Many years ago there were two kinds of poachers on this coast,—the professional, who made a living by it, and the poacher through necessity, or for the sport he got at the same time as food. Nowadays the professional has practically disappeared, because nearly every river or brook of any consequence in the county has a guardian. Besides this there is also the local fishery officer. A professional poacher needs quite an outfit in the way of nets and also a couple of boats, in order to make the illicit business pay. He must also have means of disposing of his fish, which it is almost impossible to do now, without being detected. The second class, however, still exists, and although these cannot cause any serious damage, they are sometimes very annoying. Their outfit is very light and may consist of only a landing net, spear, gaff or snare, easily hid on the person, and frequently thrown away, when danger is scented. They also have the sympathy of the community and no evidence can be had against them. For many years now I have been in the habit of travelling at night, or on strange boats, in order to avoid having my movements reported by the telegraph operators along the coast.

These poachers sometimes have partners whose duty it is to watch and signal the approach of the officer or guardian. This is done in many ways, either by firing a gun, making a smoke or waving some object, and if at night by lightning a match or a fire. In spite of this an odd one is occasionally caught.

The greatest trouble I ever had was with a half-breed Indian named Wm. Jordan. He was the youngest son of an old Hudson Bay Co. Agent here at Godbout. His two eldest brothers were educated and took to the white man's way of living, but the pure Indian cropped out in William. He never consented to go to school, was very unruly, and finally left his father to go with the Indians. He was a man of fine physique, over six feet high, strong as a horse and a splendid hunter. He was also notorious as being one of the two Indians who had threatened Dr. Adamson and his party and had speared salmon right in front of their camp. He was arrested and let off on promise of good behaviour. He never gave any trouble openly after that, but whenever he had a chance he would kill a fish now and then for food. Of course I would know of this by the signs that were left. This went on for three or four years, and in spite of the many attempts that I made I could not catch him. He got very saucy after a time and used to boast about his exploits in poaching so that I should hear of them. He carried this so far as to lay out a salmon on a board that was used as a seat at the pool. I had guessed long before that he was not alone, but that he had confederates to warn him whenever I left the house. I had slept at the pool several times and had been hiding in the woods to watch for him for days in succession, but all to no purpose. The pool was over three miles distant from the house and half of the distance was up the river by canoe to the foot of the first rapids where the portage began. Immediately on leaving the river on the west side there was a high hill, from which one had a full view of the river right down to the entrance, and the Indian settlement was right on the end of this point. Any signal made from this point could be seen from the hill and ample warning given. One morning, being tired with watching, I had slept much later than usual. It was about ten o'clock, and I was just finishing dressing when I saw an Indian coming towards the house. I immediately surmised that William, not seeing me around, was sending this chap to spy. I told my sister, who was with me, to try and delay this chap as much as possible, and to tell him, if he inquired for me, that I had been gone since morning to mend one of my herring nets in the bay. As the fellow came in at one door I was going out by the other and hiding as much as possible. I ran for the woods, which at the house were quite close. My object was now to reach the river opposite the high hill mentioned and if I saw signs of a watchman there, to continue up the east side of the river, swim over somewhere and thus get to the pool which was on the west side. Counting the windings, I had two miles of nasty walking, partly through swampy ground, to reach the river. I approached cautiously on the edge of the bank, and peering through the branches I saw an Indian sitting on the top of the hill, watching the river and smoking his pipe. I began to have hope of success. I hastened through the woods to reach a path on the east side and up this went at top speed. This path ended at the foot of a steep cliff forming a small pool, where I stripped and swam over, carrying what light clothes I had on my head. I was soon over the quarter of a mile that remained to reach the last pool, at the foot of the falls. In the falls itself, which were a succession of drops, were some deep holes, called pots, in which the salmon rested in their ascent. Going quietly over a projection of the rocks I saw William, spear in hand, watching on the edge of a pot for a fish to show itself. On the rocks near by were two dead salmon. I was standing about fifteen feet from him. A salmon surged up in the boiling waters. Down went the spear, there were a few struggles and the fish got off. He had struck too much towards the tail. Speaking quietly in Indian, I said: "Your sight is bad, William!" He turned as if he had been shot at, and so surprised that I thought he was going to fall in the river. He stared at me, utterly unable to speak. "Give me your spear," I continued, "and pick up your two salmon and come away home." Without saying a word, he obeyed. With my knife I cut away the fastenings of the jaws and handle of the spear and threw them into the river, keeping only the middle steel point. In the meantime he had placed his two fish in a bag and had them on his back. To show that I was absolutely confident I led the way and he followed. On arriving at the hill there was another surprise party for the other chap. He was a Trinity Bay Indian named "Bajou," (Big Cheeks). I went up to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said: "You are my prisoner, come on down!" We went down the hill, where the canoe was hid in a clump of alders. It was put in the water and I took a comfortable seat in the middle, making them paddle me home. On the way, William found his tongue and asked, "What are you going to do about us!" I answered that I did not know yet, that I would consult the superintendent first. After the return journey I took the two salmon and carried them to the Chief, explaining how thay had been illegally taken, and that I hoped he would see this was not repeated. The next day William came to see me. "I have come to have a talk with you," he said. "I never thought you could capture me, but now that you have, I will make a proposition to you; if you will let me go, I will give you my word, I shall never poach on the river again." I said, "All right, I will trust you." He kept his word. He lived here many years after that and never gave me any trouble. Later on he told me there had been four in his gang. One used to watch my house, and if uncertain about my presence, would come in on some pretence or other to see if I was away, in which case there would be no move. The second kept watch on the point and would signal to the one on the hill, who then had lots of time to spare to warn William and get away. He never knew how I had managed to evade his three spies.

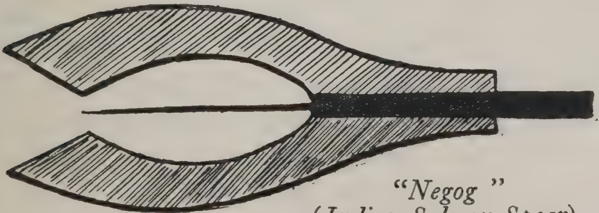
The most common kind of spear used by Indians or white men in this locality is the *negog*, but for use in deep waters or strong currents the *entogan* —a bone spear, is mostly used. The bone piece is about six inches long and secured by a thong in the middle, to which can be attached any length of line necessary. Both points are sharp and the middle is fitted with a socket, into which a long


"Entogan" (Bone Spear)

handle fits. When a fish is struck the handle is retained in the hand and the bone spear remains in the fish, gets crosswise and cannot pull out. The fish is then played and gradually pulled in. The *entogan* is sometimes used to spear beaver.

For snaring salmon, dried greased thong, or copper or brass wire is used. The snare is attached to the end of a stout rod, of birch, mountain ash or sapling. The loop is seven to eight inches in diameter, with a foot or more of spare wire between the loop and the rod. The noose is then passed under and around the fish and when about opposite the back fin a jerk is given and the fish is snared by the tail.

Fish are frequently shot in from six to fifteen inches of water; especially pike, on reed beds in the spring. A perpendicular direction is necessary for a sure shot, unless in very shallow water, when a slanting shot will kill if proper allowance is made for refraction of water by aiming below the fish. Only in very shallow water are fish actually struck by shot, usually being killed by the shock alone.



"*Negog*"
(*Indian Salmon Spear*)

A True Ghost Story

IN the Spring of 1898 I was ordered by the general superintendent of government telegraphs to clear the way and reconstruct forty-seven miles of telegraph line between Portneuf and Bersimis. This last place I reached on the 1st of April. A friend of mine, Mr. A. Lausier, was the operator in charge of the repeating office. As I had to remain there a few days, hiring men and purchasing supplies, I availed myself of Mr. Lausier's kind offer to stay with him. He and his family, consisting of five persons and a servant, occupied a fair sized wooden house, formerly the property of the Bersimis Lumber Company. It was a two story building with a lean-to addition which served as a storehouse. The ground floor was divided into three apartments, a sitting and dining-room combined, one bedroom and the telegraph office. The second floor was divided into four bedrooms, one of which in the northern corner of the house, was assigned to me. The entrance to my room was just at the head of the stairs. These faced the front door, which was reached by a short passage. A light door closed the stairs at the foot. Being somewhat tired after my long day's walk I retired early and was soon asleep. About eleven o'clock I was awakened by a bark from Mr. Lausier's dog, a large Newfoundland, which slept on a rug in the sitting room. I also heard some one walking downstairs, and, presuming it was some member of the family, I dozed off again and slept soundly till morning.

When I came down for breakfast I noticed that my host and his wife both looked as if they had passed a sleepless night. As there were a couple of young children, I concluded that the babies had been troublesome On the second evening, which was a Saturday, my friend proposed that we should drive over with his dog team next morning, which would be that of Palm Sunday, and attend service at the Indian Mission. This was most agreeable to me. It would afford me the opportunity of meeting my esteemed friend, Mr. R., the Hudson's Bay Agent, and at the same time of paying my respects to the Revd. Fathers. One of the neighbours had dropped in and was to join us in our drive across the river. We retired about half-past nine, for people in the country, and especially those living on the North Shore, do not keep late hours. When bidding them good night I remarked for the first time that I was alone upstairs, all the family and the servant sleeping downstairs, and apparently all in the same room. I was rather astonished at this, as the room was only about fifteen feet square. However, they had probably some good reasons for it, and it was none of my business to inquire what they were. I sat in my room for a few minutes looking over some accounts and other papers and then turned in. As usual I was soon asleep. At about the same hour as on the previous night I was again awakened by the whining of the big dog down stairs, and the sound of some one moving about and dropping some heavy object on the floor. "What a careless servant," I thought to myself, and went asleep again. In the morning after an early breakfast we drove over to the Mission and attended service. This Indian mission was under the direction of Rev. Father Arnaud, a venerable old gentleman of seventy, who had passed fifty years of his life in missionary work among the Labrador Indians. Having known me since my childhood his greeting was most cordial. "You must come and dine with me, Alex," he said, and of course I accepted. Immediately after mass, my friend Lausier went to the vestry and had a long private conversation with the Rev. Father. We had an excellent dinner prepared by an Indian cook. French bean soup, boiled salmon, roast beaver and vegetables, stewed prunes and cheese, claret and coffee. On rising from the table Father Arnaud said to me, "come over to my room, I wish to speak to you." He produced some cigars, and beckoning to me to sit down, said, "you have been staying in Mr. Lausier's since your arrival, I hear?"

"Yes, Father."

' Did you notice anything strange about the house, or hear any noises at night?"

"Well, yes, I did hear some noise," and related what I have previously described, adding that I believed it was the servant or some one of the family. "Not at all," said the good father, "the inmates are all huddled together in one room and don't dare to move." He then proceeded to repeat to me what Mr. Lausier had confided to him. "Some eight or ten days previous to my arrival, all the family had been awakened during the night by an unearthly yell, and then the tramp of footsteps in the house. The children and the servant girl who were sleeping upstairs, ran down screaming. The dog had also heard the noise and was barking furiously. Lausier had jumped out of bed and lighted his lamp on hearing the screech, and had then heard the tramping and noise. With a gun in one hand and his lamp in the other he had gone through every room in the house and could find nothing. Every night since, at about the same hour, the tramping and knocking had been repeated. Lausier and his family were so frightened and worried over the affair that they had decided to leave the house, unless some change took place. "Of course, you know," added Father Arnaud, "that it was in that house that Mr. Le J—— committed suicide two years ago; Lausier believes that it is Le J——'s spirit walking around, and asked me to celebrate a high mass for the repose of his soul, which is very kind and good of him, but I don't believe that Le J— has got anything to do with this. Now, Alex, I know you are not very easily frightened, and I wish you would try and find out what is the cause of all this."

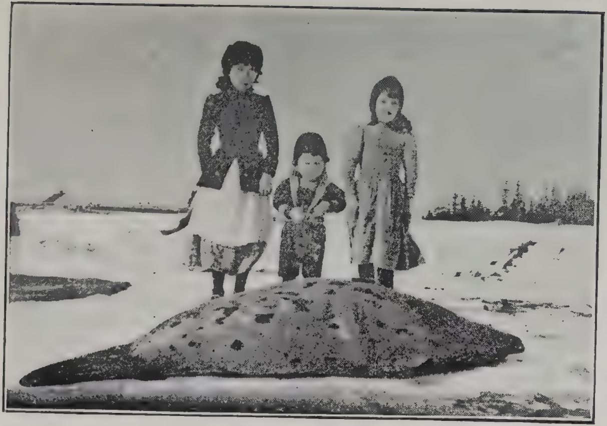
He hinted that possibly some of the neighbors knowing Lausier to be a little superstitious, were trying to frighten him.

I promised I would do my best and let him know next morning what had occurred. So wishing him good bye I returned with Mr. Lausier to the telegraph station. In the evening a couple of the neighbors came in for a chat, but not a word was spoken about the supposed ghost or spirit that haunted the house. On the guests' departure I noticed that my friend locked and bolted the front door carefully. Bidding the family goodbye I retired, and took special care to close the stair passage door well. Being determined to see what that ghost was made of if I got a chance to meet him, I took out of my camp bag a spare hickory axe handle I had brought with me. It was about eighteen inches long, but sufficiently heavy to give a good whack. Laying it on the table near me I took a book and read. Eleven o'clock came; this was the usual hour. Not a sound! Was I to be disappointed? Half-past eleven, and still no ghost came. Evidently he was not disposed to be sociable. I was getting sleepy, and had a long day's travelling to do next day. Placing some matches close at hand I put out the lamp and turned in. My head had hardly touched the pillow when I heard a light rap on the house and then footsteps. I listened intently in the absolute silence that reigned for a time. Then I could hear distinctly, tramp! tramp! Someone was coming up the stairs. Now was my time. I crept out of bed stealthily, grasped the axe handle, and having left my bedroom door open on purpose, I made for the stairs; with arms outstretched I could touch each side of the stairway. I bumped against the door at the foot, it was still firmly closed. I opened it and entered the sitting room. The dog was lying near the stove, whining. Nothing visible; but hark! what was that? The footsteps sounded in my room. Things were getting interesting. I hurried to the stairs, closing the door quietly. On reaching my bedroom I also closed it, went to the table quickly, and was striking a match when, as if to mock me, a tremendous knock was given, loud and strong enough to vibrate through the house; then a rush of footsteps on the stairs and everything was quiet again. The heavy blow had apparently come from under my bed, or in that corner, which, as I have said before, was the northern corner. Having lighted the lamp I examined the room and everything was exactly as I had left it on retiring. Going to the stairs, I found the door still closed, and the front door was bolted as Mr. Lausier had left it. I returned upstairs and went through the other three rooms. There was nothing there either. The ghost had come and gone without a chance to meet him! It was too bad, but the fault was not on my side. I looked at my watch. It was half-past twelve. I had no more time to lose if I wanted to get some rest. Putting the light out I got into bed again, and slept undisturbed till daylight, when I heard Mr. Lausier lighting the fire in his stove. Coming down I wished him good morning. "Good morning," said he, "I heard you walking about and coming down stairs, and of course you saw nothing." I confessed I had not. "It's no use," he went on, "I also looked around everywhere last week. I know it's Le J—'s spirit. It was in this very room that he died, poor fellow. His soul is now doing penance for his misdeeds. I have had a high mass celebrated for him, and Father Arnaud has promised to have special prayers offered this week, so I trust that we shall soon be quit of him." His belief was so firm that I saw it was no use arguing unless I had some tangible proof to show him.

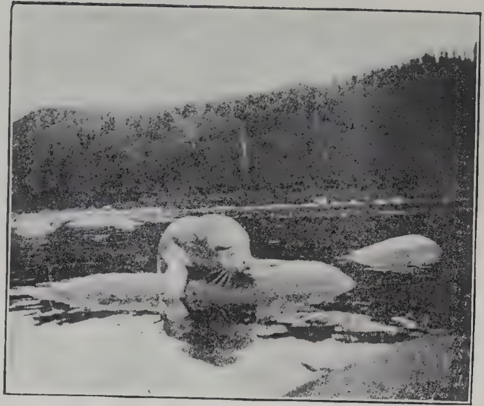
The night had been fine and moderately cold, and as frequently occurs in the spring there was a hoar frost on the ground. Here and there on the sandy point remained some patches of snow. There was a chance to see if some of the neighbors were concerned in this. I walked around the house, scanning the frozen ground carefully. Hello, what was this? I had come upon two fresh drops of blood! I bent down low. There was a trace of some animal coming from the northern side of the house. Following this up I reached the window of the storeroom. One of the lower panes was broken and the window smeared with blood and dog's hair. This was evidently the ghost's outlet, and it was some satisfaction to know it had four legs. Going in I told my friend that if he would allow me to go to his store room with him I might possibly show him where Le J——'s spirit came in and robbed him, and sure enough it was as I had expected. Several pieces of beef and fresh pork were missing. It being Lent, Lausier had hung up this meat in the upper room of the store, till it would be required at Easter. The whole matter was now quite plain to me. On the first night, when the dog, a big Husky, belonging to the mail carrier—had broken the pane of glass, he had cut himself badly on the head and given a yell of pain. On subsequent nights, as soon as the lights were out, he would enter the store room, walk up the stairs and jump for a piece of meat which being frozen hard, would come down on the floor like a sledge hammer and shake the whole house. The stairs which were attached to the side of the house were of one-inch boards. Being opposite those of the house, when the dog went up, in the stillness of the night, one could have sworn that the house stairs were being ascended. The window was boarded up and Le J——'s ghost rested peacefully, and so did Lausier and his family. "The only thing I now regret," said my friend, "is the three dollars paid for the high mass!" Old Father Arnaud laughed heartily when I told him this.

Seals and Seal Shooting in the St. Lawrence ❧

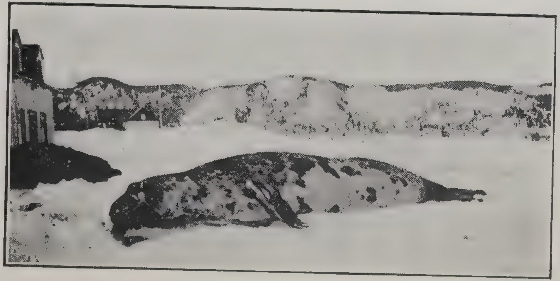
We have in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence six species of seals, five of which are residents; that is to say that, although subject to migrations, specimens of them are found here at all seasons of the year. This statement is not made on supposition but on personal observation and experience. The following is a list of the species: *Phoca vitulina*, commom harbor seal. *Phoca groenlandica, harp seal.* Phoca *foetida*, floe rat, or ringed seal. *Halichoerus, grypus*, horse head or grey seal. *Cystophora cristala*, hooded seal, and *Erignathus barbatus* (?) square flipper. This last one is the straggler of our waters, as also the rarest. I have never seen it in summer. I shot only two of them during the several winters I spent as seal hunting at Point des Monts, and saw three or four others killed. It is one of the largest of our seals; equal almost in size to the hooded seal, but easily distinguished by its peculiar yellowish color and the small size of its head as compared with those of other seals. I have never seen the young of this seal here, and presume they breed much further north. The two I killed were males and were about eight feet long and very fat. They probably weighed seven to eight hundred pounds each. When one of these is seen at a distance it is easily recognized by its peculiar manner of lying with the whole of its back out of the water, thus resembling a buoy, and raising its head occasionally to breathe or look around. Then it lowers its head under the surface again, as if looking for something in the water, frequently diving while in that position, without raising its head, and going forward, head first. I never saw any of these on the ice, like our other seals, probably because of their scarcity. The smallest of the seals here is the floe rat, or ringed seal, which last is a very appropriate name on account of its pretty ring-shaped markings. The local name here is the gum seal, but why it is so called I never heard satisfactorily explained. Many persons confound this variety with the harbor seal, but the least attention will serve to show the difference. The hair is not so close and fine as that of the harbor seal, and is not spotted, but marked in rings. In life they are easy to recognize by their short stumpy appearance, and by the size and shape of the fore flippers. They are the only seals here that keep ice holes open on the large bays. English Bay and St. Pancras Cove near Manicouagan, used to be, some years ago, favorite localities for them, but since the establishment of lumber mills near Manicouagan, they have forsaken the place or been exterminated, as



Harp Seal



Newly Born Harbor Seal



Hooded Seal

Hauling Seals Ashore at Pointe des Monts

they are comparatively tame and easily shot; an ordinary duck load of number four or five shot sufficing to kill them owing to their small size. The last specimen I saw and killed was at St. Pancras cove in August, 1887. It was about three feet long, and weighed between seventy-five and eighty pounds. Looking over some old records I find I shot a female of this species with young in March, 1875. The young had a white coat of fur as in the Greenland and some other seals. The mother had almost completed the period or gestation. In size it was smaller than a harbor seal. Specimens of this variety were never at any time numerous enough to be specially sought after, but were killed while hunting other varieties or in chance meetings.

The Harp Seal (Phoca Groenlandica)

The Harp or Greenland Seal (*Phoca Groenlandica*) is the most abundant of all our seals, roving up and down the St. Lawrence, in their migrations, in immense numbers. It is known under a variety of local names, such as *Brasseux Pivelee*, *Barre Noir*, *Barre Sale*, *Coeur Marque*, &c., but these different names are applied to one and the same seal, according to its age and variation in color and markings. It is eminently gregarious, hundreds and even thousands of them being seen together. I have observed one herd at Point des Monts more than a mile long; there must have been several thousand seals in it. Greenland seals are to be met with at all seasons here, but are most numerous in winter, especially in December and January and the early part of February, at which time the breeding females disappear and resort to the icefields in the Gulf, for the purpose of depositing their young, which they begin to do about the 15th of February. As in the case of the Harbor Seal, the young are perfectly white at birth and have a fine silky coat of about an inch long; if they are killed within two or three days after birth, this fur is very fine, but if a longer time has elapsed, especially if it is fine weather, the hair falls off quickly and the true hair and color is assumed. At one year old the color is whitish underneath with occasionally a few black spots about the size of a ten cent piece. These spots are not always present, very often the color being a uniform dirty white. On the back they have a broad streak of a greyish or blackish color. In their second year there is a slight change. The markings are more numerous and are never absent, the black spots are also larger and more generally distributed over the body. The color of the back is not quite so dark and even. In the third year most of the black spots having enlarged are merged into each other and form irregular patches about the size of a hen's egg or slightly larger; the color of the spots also begins to fade, and they have not the same clearness of outline. A few bring forth young at this age, but very rarely. Fourth year: At this age one may say that they have attained almost their full size. The two peculiar stripes on the back, from which I believe they derive their name, as they resemble a harp in shape, begin to appear, the other spots disappear gradually in proportion as these stripes become more distinct and perfect, until such time, probably at the age of nine or ten years, when these two bars and part of the back of the head and nose alone are black, all the rest being pure white. After nourishing their young for a period of about three weeks, the latter are left to their own resources, and strange to say, they do not seem to take readily to the water. About this time the females have lost the immense coat of fat they had before giving birth to their young and take to the water to feed for a short time, after which they return to the ice at intervals, but by the 20th of March again put in an appearance near the shore and feed voraciously. Their chief food is caplin or herring, but nothing comes amiss, sculpins, flounders, shrimps and other small fry being swallowed indiscriminately. I have also found in them the remains of salmon and Norwegian haddock, *sebastis Norwegicus.* They do not all leave the ice at the same time, some of them remaining on it till the middle of April, and perhaps, in some cases, till still later, although I do not believe that they stay much beyond this period, which is their mating season. Their period of gestation is about the same as the common seal, that is to say about nine months. Like it, they also bring forth but one young at a birth, except in rare instances, a few of which have come under my own knowledge, when two are produced. In one case I had shot the mother before she gave birth to twins. The males of this species fight very savagely amongst themselves, frequently bearing scars and marks from the teeth and claws of their rivals. They do not seem to be possessed of any sense of smell, or if so, it is not very highly developed. While out shooting for them I have frequently seen them come to the surface, within five or six yards of and to the leeward of me, and so long as we did not move they did not pay the slightest attention to our proximity; on the slightest movement, however, they would disappear, although, if not too shy, or previously shot at, they would come up again a little further off. When shy they do not reappear except at a long distance and frequently remain under water from fifteen to twenty minutes. When wounded with a rifle ball or a large buckshot, unless they are nearly dead, they will go a great distance, but if struck by small shot, such as Number A, they soon come to the surface, The only way in which I can account for this is that their blood does not flow freely from the small shot hole in the thick skin, and forming a clot on the inside soon accumulates and chokes them, while when struck with a ball or large buckshot, the wound is large and the blood escapes easily, thereby enabling them to breathe at their ease. During the months of July, August, September, October and November, they are not so numerous, but as I said before a few are to be seen all the year round. I have been told by professional seal hunters that the females have young only every second year. I am inclined to doubt this statement as it is only founded on the fact that some adult females are shot during the winter without young. I have often shot them myself, still I do not consider this conclusive proof, as the same thing is observed amongst all mammals, though perhaps not quite to the same extent. From a careful observation extending over several years, I have found that the proportion of males to females is about equal, that is judging from the number killed annually at Point des Monts—about 350 on an average—where they are shot in the water. Of course when killed on the ice by the sealers in February and March the number of females must preponderate. This species and the common seal have only two teats and not four as erroneously supposed by some.

The Harp Seal has six upper and four lower incisors, four canine teeth and ten molars in each jaw.

The length of a full grown harp seal is about seven feet and the weight three hundred pounds if in prime condition, nearly one-half of this being solid fat. I once killed one that yielded eighteen gallons of oil, but this was much above the average. To the initiated, seal shooting is very fascinating sport, in spite of the numerous dangers attending it, which in the estimation of some hunters, only add zest to it. Off Point des Monts, where most of my shooting was done for some years, we killed most of our seals in open water, though now and then some would be killed on the ice. The necessary outfit was a light canoe, either wood or birch bark, 14 feet long, three hardwood paddles, — a spare one in case of a break,—one harpoon with light handle, eight feet long, and three or four fathoms of quarter inch rope attached to it; one barbless hook, made out of three-eighth inch round bar steel and bent sharply with a long shank and point and two fathoms of rope; a large bore gun, 10 guage or heavier according to the fancy of the shooter, and cartridges loaded with SSG to A shot. Some guns perform better with some of the sizes between, such as AAA or AAAA, and as the penetration must be good, they should always be tested. During my first winter's hunting I used a 10 guage double barrelled gun, but after that I gave preference to a single barrel 8 bore, together with a rifle, and that winter I more than doubled the catch of the regular professionals. In very calm or fine weather seals are shy, and at such times I used the rifle to advantage, getting them at ranges varying from one to three hundred yards. With a good shot gun, thirty-five to forty yards is considered a long shot, and on a large seal thirty yards is far enough. It is surprising how much shot these animals can sometimes carry away. A seal that is well hit makes no fuss on the water after the shot, and will frequently remain for an instant with the head sticking out of it exactly as when struck. Then it will fall gradually over and float on the side, or in some few cases with its back up, head and flippers under water. The canoe is paddled up as quickly as possible and the seal speared in the head or as near to it as possible, because it happens now and then that the animal is only stunned by the shock and will revive. Canoes have been upset by wounded seals. Sometimes an injured seal has attempted to clamber into a canoe, probably taking it for a piece of ice. Others, when wounded, will bite at the harpoon and canoe or at anything within reach. If lightly wounded they will go out of sight in one dive, as seals are very fast swimmers and the harps will ordinarily stay under water from ten to fifteen minutes. If hard hit, they may stay under just as long, but will not go far, apparently going down to the bottom and rolling there. On returning to the surface the head will generally be swollen and with nose pointed upwards and eyes closed tightly, they will float, bottle fashion. They should then be approached very close in order to finish them, as if in poor condition they sink very fast when in that position. The harp seal has peculiarities which enables one to distinguish it from other varieties and to act accordingly. One of these is the queer habit it has of swimming on its back with only the tip of the nose and throat, and now and then a portion of the chest out of water. Whole herds will sometimes swim in this manner, travelling at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. It is useless to shoot at them in that position, as no vital part is exposed. A slight noise or a whistle, will sometimes cause them to raise the head so as to secure a shot. Another of their peculiarities is that of bobbling up and down three or four times in the same place and throwing the head back, frequently diving that way. They are also fond of following in the wake of a canoe, and advantage is always taken of this fact. When a seal is sighted, the canoe is directed near the place where it rose, but not over it. The canoe is then turned around and backed slowly with the paddles, the shooter watching in the wake, and the chances are that the seal will come up in it. If very close, no movement must be made, when, after taking a look, it will go down and reappear a little further, or if tame, possibly in the same place. the shooter, in the meantime, having raised his gun to his shoulder, gets a shot. When "harps" are on cakes of ice—small pieces—they are very shy, but on large fields they are easily approached by walking. The most favorable time for seal shooting of "harps" is in very cold weather and early in the morning. At that time they come nearer shore to feed, and the dense vapor arising from the water makes them less wary. One must be clad as lightly as compatible with the temperature, and covered with a light white cotton overall. The exercise of working the canoe keeps one warm enough, and the light clothing allows of quicker movements, which are often necessary, not only in shooting, but in avoiding mishaps. The dangers attendant on harp seal shooting are getting upset by a wounded seal or in hauling a dead one aboard the canoe, getting nipped among pieces of moving ice, or stuck in slush ice or snow, breaking through ice while walking on it, getting frost-bitten, and the usual danger of handling firearms, with the additional risk of being hit by some stray pellets of SSG from other canoes. No fatal accident has ever happened at Point des Monts that I know of, but some hunters have been wounded. The weather has also to be watched with care to avoid being caught by snowstorms or gales of wind. So my readers will see that it is a sport with enough of variety about it to make it interesting and to necessitate keeping one's eyes open. One of my younger brothers, and his partner, Chouinard, got upset two miles off Point des Monts while seal shooting some years ago. It was by the merest chance they were saved, the canoe having drifted towards a piece of ice upon which they managed to climb and empty the water out of the canoe, after which they made for shore in all haste. They did not feel much the worse for the wetting, but my brother lost his whole outfit, including my 8 bore Greener—"Old Sure Kill"—which I had lent him for the winter. I often think of this fine old gun and the sport I had with it, but which alas! like McGinty, is now "lying at the bottom of the sea." Owing to the low price of seal oil at the present day,* few hunters now follow sealing as a business in winter. There also appears to be a great decrease in the number of the harp seal in the St. Lawrence. Its westernmost range in the River St. Lawrence is about Murray Bay. I saw a few there again in 1908.

The Harbor Seal (Phoca Vitulina)

Next to the "harp" in importance and numbers is the Harbor or Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*), or, as it is called by the natives, the "wise seal". Seals of this variety are tolerably common in the St. Lawrence, especially in and about the estuaries of most of our large rivers. Their reason for frequenting these places is two-fold: first to deposit their young on the numerous shoals or sand bars, which always occur at the mouths of these rivers; secondly for food, the innumerable quantities of small fry which descends these streams, such as young trout, grilse, salmon, smelts, tommy-cods, etc., falling an easy prey to them. As a rule they always keep near the shore, being very rarely met with at any distance from it. They have a very keen sense of smell, much more so than any other seal that I know of; at least, if the others possess it equally with them, it is not so apparent. This accounts for the distinction which the Indians give to it by calling it the "wise seal". With the exception of the young, they are very shy and difficult to shoot, never exposing more than a small portion of the head when in the water. Care must also be taken in approaching them to keep under their lee, while they, on their part, continually endeavor to go to leeward of the hunter. During the summer months they very often get on top of some solitary rock or large stone and bask in the sun for hours. In places where they are occasionally shot at they never land or approach the shore, unless the wind is off the island, when they can soon detect the presence of man even at a distance of two or three hundred yards. Their period of gestation is probably about nine months. Of this, however, I am not positive, as I have never had sufficient opportunity to make sure of it; but I am led to think so because they will come to a call, if properly made, during the month of September. They bring forth their young during the months of June and July, but mostly in July. The little ones are perfectly white at birth, but after a few minutes their first coat is lost and they take their true hair and color, which is whitish on the under parts and well spotted and marked (black and white) on the back. At the end of two or three weeks they are left to shift for themselves. They are very fat, and yield about two gallons of oil on an average, more than half their weight being fat. This coat of fat is soon lost, however, and at the end of July or early in August they have little more than four or five pounds of it left. They then feed voraciously and soon put on a sufficient layer to protect them from the winter's cold. The harbor seals do not migrate, but are here winter and summer. They are not gregarious, and in open water are seldom met in any numbers; three or four together at the most. At the time of bringing forth their young they congregate on sand banks or rocky islets. Numbers also assemble to rest or bask in the sun, and if disturbed, scatter in all directions. Unlike our other seals, they seem to delight in fresh water, ascending the rivers for long distances, and occasionally going over strong rapids. On the Bersimis and Moisie Rivers, notably the first, I have seen them fifty miles up the streams. In the St. Lawrence River I saw one two miles above Three Rivers about the end of September, 1891. I have also read of the capture near Montreal on one or two occasions, of seals, which I have no doubt were of this species. Harp seals will occasionally enter the mouths of large rivers, but will not remain there, going out with the ebb tide. I suppose that it is their familiarity with weeds and fresh water plants that makes harbor seals so fearless of nets. Large numbers are captured in them, more than are killed with guns. Since the recent increase in value of their skin, they are much sought after by hunters. About three thousand are now annually taken, along the coast line of the County of Saguenay, but it is doubtful if they will stand this drain very long. In the hunters' greed for them, many are uselessly shot in fresh water, where even if tolerably fat they will sink like a stone. Regular professionals never shoot at them, except where the bottom can be plainly seen, and where it allows of them being secured with long-handled harpoons. In salt water, if in fair condition, they will float. The equipment for shooting them is similar to that used for the harps, care being taken to have the canoe and clothing of a color that will blend as much as possible with the surroundings. Much smaller shot is also used, numbers one and two being favorite sizes, and giving a better pattern; very necessary, considering that only about one inch of the skull is exposed.

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* 1907.

Some peculiarities of these seals in the water are swimming dog fashion, and when alarmed, jumping six or seven feet clear out of the water. The females will invariably alarm their young when in danger in the water, by thus jumping over them and sinking them, but there is no foundation for the stories that are told that they carry their young in their mouth like a cat or dog. When basking in the sun, on a rock or shoal, they will push the young over into the water with a shove of the nose, on the approach of danger. The best time of year to shoot them is during the summer months, from July to the end of October. At other times of the year, if there is any ice about, their acute hearing makes it almost impossible to get near them. Not a word is ever spoken between the steersman and the shooter when out after them. A sign of the head or hand, or a slight shake of the canoe suffices to attract the attention of either. When one is near, the steersman alone must propel the canoe, keeping the blade of his paddle in the water all the time. As the animals are very curious, they seldom get away at the first sight of danger, but always try and get wind of the object. I was very much amused once at Little Metis, by watching a yearling harbor seal play with an empty bottle, that had been thrown overboard by one of the passengers on the yacht "Swallow." I had my rifle with me and was watching the bottle drift until it would be far enough for a decent shot. While thus occupied I saw a seal come up about thirty yards from it, sniffing and peering at it. At the next dive it came closer, going through the same performance, till at the third one it got alongside of it with a splash. It then jumped over it and poked it about with its nose, seemingly trying to get it under, until I put a stop to its antics by taking a shot and missed it. I cannot imagine what made it act so, but the passenger claimed that it was the smell of the "Kilmarnock," though I will not vouch for this.

Skilful hunters lure them by imitating their call and movements, while lying on a rock or sand bar frequented by them. When well performed, and the hunter's back is covered with a sealskin, they will come up to within a few feet if attention is paid to the direction of the wind. About dawn is the best time for this mode of hunting. To show how naturally the seals can be imitated, I may say, that even the practical eye of an Indian has been deceived. While we were living at Mingan, "Natsishuk,"—"The one who looks in the eye"—Chief of that locality, was shot at and nearly killed by another Indian while he was thus acting seal on a rock. He was so severely wounded that he was laid up for six months. I find harbor seal shooting, as a sport, very interesting, the more so, as it can be followed during the pleasantest season of the year and in sheltered situations. To the novice it may be a little disappointing at first, but he must remember that most sports are alike in that respect. Adult seals of this species are seldom shot, except at long ranges, with a rifle. A full grown one is about five feet long, and weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, according to condition. The flesh is very highly esteemed by our "natives," while many others have a predilection for its liver, which I share. The livers of other species are also very palatable and not poisonous as erroneously asserted by some; the heart is also considered a tid bit. The œsophagus and stomach are used by the "natives" as a watertight vessel for various purposes, oil, molasses, powder, etc., being carried in them. They are first washed and scraped, then blown and dried, after which they are ready for use. That of a large harbor seal will hold one imperial gallon, but I have seen some from the larger species that hold five or six gallons.

Halichoerus Grypus (Horse-Head Seal)

Seals of this species are presumably so named from a slight resemblance of the head to that of the horse, especially noticeable in old males.

They are nearly as large as hooded seals. I have the measurements of two adult specimens, which I shot, as follows: One male in July, 1898, seven feet ten inches from tip of nose to end of flippers, girth four feet seven inches, and weight, in poor condition, 374 pounds. The second one was a female with young, shot on the 26th of October, 1901, at Manicouagan, while on my way to Tadousac in a canoe: length seven feet four inches, and estimated weight at about 500 pounds. The young was about two feet and a half long, and fully matured, which shows that these animals have their young in the fall and not in the spring like other species. The color of the young was like that of most other seals, yellowish white. The stomach of the female was crammed full of smelts and flounders, but I suppose this was due to the abundance of these fish more than to selection, because in other specimens I have found a larger variety of food. When they feed near rocky places, sculpins, rock eels, and lump fish seem to be their chief food. In June and July, however, they are fastidious in their tastes and feed on salmon, but not always on their own catch. The one I shot in July, 1898, had been robbing my brother's net for more than a week, and had gone through it several times. My brother had fired several shots at it with a shot gun, all at long ranges, to drive it away, but it returned daily. I ended his tricks with a Winchester Express at 150 yards. These horse-head seals do not seem to be at all frightened of nets, and at Manicouagan they are the terror of the harbor seal hunters, going through their strong nets like cobwebs. Luckily for the fishermen of both salmon and seals, they are not very numerous, though some few are scattered all along the coast and around Anticosti Island. Their chief resorts are the Mingan Islands, Cawee Islands and the Manicouagan Shoals. But they roam much further west, as, early in October, 1886, I shot a two-year-old female, at Seal Reef (near the Pillars), 45 miles below Quebec. They are not sufficiently numerous anywhere in the Province to be of any commercial importance. Mr. J. Thibeau, of Manicouagan, assured me that he killed one there of nine feet in length. They are very savage and fight fiercely together solely to maintain a position on a rock or shoal. The harbor seals are often found with them, but they keep at a respectable distance. Except very late in the season, towards October, it is very difficult to save any of these seals, as they sink almost like stones when killed. The only chance is when they are in shallow water, where the bottom can be seen. They are intensely fond of keeping near the foot of cliffs or bold rocks in stormy weather, seeming to delight in the boiling sea, where one would expect them to be dashed to pieces. In general they descend for a considerable time under water, and then remain on the surface, the head only showing for two or three minutes. They make no fuss in diving and never show their back like some other seals, but just slip down out of sight, as it were by their mere weight. They are never specially sought after, except out of vengeance by the fishermen when they happen to destroy their nets, or else if wanted as specimens for museums. I shot one for the Smithsonian Institute some years ago. The surest way to secure them is to decoy them in, near shoals, by imitating their movements and bellowing. Heavy shot or a rifle must be used and stormy weather is the best time. Their sense of smell is very keen, and care must be exercised on that point. When the deception is well performed they will actually come up on the shoal to fight the occupant. Their color varies very much, according to age. Adults are sometimes quite black on the back with lighter markings on the sides. The yearlings are yellowish with light greyish blotches on the sides and back.

(Note)—Since the above was written a large female of this species was killed at English Bay, Manicouagan, on the 16th October, 1908. Mr. D. Malouin, who killed it, says the foetus was about three feet long and the mother eight feet. It yielded twenty-two gallons of oil, which at twelve pounds of fat per gallon, would give 264 pounds. Judging by the ordinary proportions in well conditioned seals, this would give 600 pounds as about the total weight of the animal. The skin, which I saw a week later, was almost black on the back; foetus yellowish white.

Hooded Seal (Cystophora Cristata)

This is the largest of our seals—speaking from personal observation — and the lion of the lot. Although specimens are to be found in the (St. Lawrence at all seasons, spring is the time of greatest abundance. During the years that I was seal shooting at Pointe des Monts, small herds used to appear there about the 20th of March, gradually increasing in numbers till the same date in April, when they would begin to disperse, some moving westward as far up as Tadousac. In May, a good many would be killed around Escoumains; later they scattered all over the St. Lawrence. Favorite localities were around Bic, Manicouagan, and the strong ripples of Pointe des Monts. I shot five females in one day off the Manicouagan shoals, April 6th, 1882. Three of them were of the variety called "dark," but which is only due to age, the young ones being always lighter in color. Yearlings have no spots on them, but have only a dark band on the back with yellowish sides and belly. The young are not born white, as in other species, but have a greyish colored band on the back and sides with under parts yellowish. A foetus taken from a female that I shot November 14th, 1893, and presumably about six months old, showed the same markings. The texture of the hair was not so fine, either, as in the harps or harbor seal. In 1878, one whelped on the ice between Godbout and Pointe des Monts, about February 20th, and the young was as above described. It was a day or two old when found. These seals bring forth their young regularly on the ice in the gulf, and all those, or nearly all that appear off Pointe des Monts in March are females that have already deposited their young as shown by the supply of milk in their udders, which is then still abundant. They are thin, and their stomachs and intestines are contracted and knotty. Their object in coming near land is to feed, which they do voraciously. Their food consists chiefly of caplin, flounders, sculpins, herring, a species of small shrimp, Norwegian haddock, &c. On such a varied and liberal diet they put on fat at about the rate of one inch per week. Only the males have hoods, and when these are inflated it gives them a very formidable appearance. They are very fierce, and will not hesitate, when wounded, to attack a hunter, on the ice, or in a canoe. As they are of an immense weight and very tenacious of life, they are no mean adversary. The females will seldom attach a hunter when in a canoe, but I was told that the female killed with her young near here (Godbout) was very savage, and attacked the hunters immediately. I never saw a female with her young on the ice, so I cannot speak very positively on this subject. Of the fair number of females which I have shot in the water — about one hundred and twenty—only three or four made any serious show of fight. The length of an adult male is eight to nine feet, judging from some I killed, but my brother Edmond, who was a professional seal hunter, claims to have killed one that was eleven feet four inches long. Although not very fat it yielded five hundred and twenty pounds of oil. The two largest I ever killed weighed about one thousand pounds, judging from the amount of their oil, but my brother's must have reached nearly twelve hundred pounds. The average adult female, when in good condition, yields 30 to 40 gallons of oil, and weighs around eight hundred pounds. These seals are in primest condition about December, when they begin to seek pieces of ice near the entrances of our large rivers, such as the Bersimis, Outardes. and Manicouagan, and let themselves drift on it for days without feeding. Nothing smaller than S.S.G. shot is used here, and twenty yards is a good range. They are never shot at in the nose or facing the shooter, except if the head is high enough out of water to expose the throat. A side shot or one in the back of the head is the surest. On calm or warm days they lie at full length on the surface of the water apparently sleeping. I have often approached to within a few feet of them when in that position. Others will sleep—at least the eyes are closed—in a perpendicular position, and at such times afford easy and sure shots. Some, on sighting a canoe, will rush towards it, snorting and making the water fly, and only stopping when fired at. These are the kind one has to be careful of. It is wonderful to see how active such a mass of fat and flesh can sometimes be. In fine weather I have frequently timed them, and found they could remain under water twenty to thirty minutes. To be very exact, twenty-seven minutes was the longest I timed.

When a large "hood" is killed, two canoes join to drag it ashore, or to a nearby piece of ice, where it is hauled up with the steel hooks, the blubber and skin removed in one piece and the carcass thrown away. If it has to be towed far, a small hole is punctured in the chest, and inflated by blowing into it, so that there is less drag and no danger of losing it in case it gets by accident out of the hook. Some years ago many schooners went out sealing from Natashquan and Esquimaux Point. Some of their captains told me that when any large hoods were sighted, on loose pans of ice, they never attempted to go near them with their canoes or small flat boats, but would sail down on them with the vessel. Five or six of the hunters would then take their position near the bow, and while the seal's attention would be directed to the mass of canvas above him, a whole broadside would be fired at ten or fifteen yards. For some years past I have not been able to devote any time to seal shooting, but I have heard from others that the number of hoods has very much decreased near Pointe des Monts, owing it is believed, to the numbers now killed in the Gulf by Newfoundland sealing steamers. I should be very sorry to see them disappear from our waters, because they are fearless and plucky, and in my estimation, as game animals, far ahead of any black bears I have ever met.

An Old-Time Caribou Hunt

I WAS trapping one winter near "Shetagamau," a large lake at the head of the Totanustuk River. My brother Firmin was my "pard" that year. There were several families of Indians in the vicinity, and though we had seen some of their signs, we had not met them. About the end of January we received a visit from two of them — old Pierre Uapistan — "The Marten" — and one of the Ashinis. We spread out a good meal for them, and after supper the old man explained that he was getting up a caribou *battue.* They knew where there was a large herd, and he was then getting together all the men available in the neighborhood for a big hunt. Would we join? A fair share would be distributed to us, whether we killed any or not. If we were willing to go, a young man would come for us when ready. I agreed to go with my brother. Some ten days later the youngster came as promised and we accompanied him back to their permanent camp, about twenty miles north-east of ours'. I believe I was then the only person on the coast who owned a rifle, a Kentucky Ballard, which I had taken with me, and one box of fifty cartridges. My brother had a Hudsons' Bay 24 bore flint lock, that had been converted into a percussion cap gun. We found several families of Indians at the camping ground, and there were two or three others near at hand. We were about four miles from the range where the caribou were feeding, and preparations had already been made to round them up by having a lot of small black spruce trees planted near the entrance of a lake, about three miles long. Gaps had been left here and there about one hundred yards wide, at each of which a hunter was to be stationed, forming, when the inlet would be closed, a regular pound,—the corral of the West. We had to wait two days for suitable weather—strong wind and snow. Before daylight the leaders were off, and the balance were stationed by old Pierre near the inlet and on the sides of the pound. The idea was for the leading hunters to get beyond the caribou, and coming back on them, drive them down to the inlet, and so on to the lake, which they would naturally make for, to escape the deep snow. The hunters driving the caribou were to shoot all they could in the drive, but those stationed at the inlet were not to fire a shot before the last caribou of the herb had gone past them, which would thus place the whole herd in a circle of about six hundred yards wide. It was a well arranged plan. I was the second gun at the inlet, with my brother next to me. At about an hour after daylight we began to hear the first shots gradually drawing nearer, till half an hour later the herd burst into view, on the inlet ice, making the snow fly like miniature snow ploughs. I have seen some fair herds of buffalo, elk and antelopes, but somehow they did not make so pretty a sight as these caribou, possibly owing to the difference in the surroundings and to the snow. There were about one hundred and sixty in the herd, and as soon as the last one had passed the gap at the inlet the shooting began. Catching a sight of the spruce trees and hearing the reports coming from all quarters, the caribou bunched up on the lake, the leading hunters joining in the shooting as they came up in the rear. The fusilade was now a continuous one. Now and then, as a caribou dropped, others would come up and sniff at it, only to meet the same fate. A rush of the herd would sometimes be made, only to be turned by more shots from in front of them. This would have continued until the last animal was killed, but for an untoward circumstance. A caribou was struck by a bullet near the eye, which stunned it, knocking it down. A minute or two later it recovered consciousness and got up, walking half dazed and bleeding towards one of the hunters stationed around the pound,—one Michel Ashini, —a young hunter of about eighteen. Possibly believing it to be more seriously wounded—that was his version—but more probably to show off his skill as a hunter and runner, he left his gun at his stand and went forward to meet and brain the wounded animal with his tomahawk. Unfortunately for Michel, the animal was too quick for him. Taking a jump it rushed past him like a steam engine and out through the gap he had left open. In a few seconds all the others had followed suit, and were dashing down the lake like a cloud. Seventy-six lay dead inside the pound and five had been killed in the drive down by the leaders. We were about sixteen guns in all, and some three hundred shots were fired. My share was thirty-eight. The shooting was within a radius of half a mile, and not a scratch was received by anyone, which shows how careful all the shooters were. The whole hunt, including the drive, had lasted about two hours. Some of the young bloods were despatched to the camps, and returned with the squaws, and the cutting and skinning began. Three only were cut up for the evening meal and breakfast next morning, but all were gutted and placed in double rows, and then covered with snow to prevent freezing, as the real work of cutting up and dividing would only take place next day, for instead of hauling all this meat to camp, the latter was shifted to the meat. The head, heart, liver and kidneys, are generally all eaten fresh, but the tongues and the meat are smoked and dried, the flesh being cut in long, thin strips. The intestines are cleaned and filled with all the shreds and scraps of fat, making a sort of sausage, which is also smoked. The stomach is emptied of about half its contents of partly digested moss, and all the blood that it is possible to collect from the animal, is dipped out of the chest cavity and poured into it and the orifices tied up. It is then hung up inside of the camp, where it is exposed to the heat of the camp fire. Fermentation soon takes place and it begins to swell with the gas. The squaw then pierces it with a wooden skewer and allows the air to escape. In about a week it dries into a red brick-colored mass, and is ready for use. A few eat it in this dry state, but the usual way is to make it into a stew. Water is set to boil, a piece of this composition of moss, blood and caribou hair is then broken into it and flour added until it becomes of the proper consistency. It is then eaten like soup. All the bones, principally the leg ones, are then collected and broken with an axe, and set to boil in a large kettle. As much of the whole marrow as comes to the surface in boiling is collected and laid aside to cool. The boiling of the bones then continues for several hours, generally all night. In the morning it is placed outside, where the fat usually comes to the surface and solidifies. It is then skimmed, more bones put in and the same process gone over. When sufficient fat and marrow are collected to make a large cake, they are melted, the marrow chopped into bits and then poured into a birch bark mould to cool. A good sized cake will weigh about ten to fifteen pounds, as white as driven snow, with the bits of marrow looking like raisins in it, and it is really delicious eating. After the meat is dry, the strips are packed and pressed down into a parcel of about sixty pounds, then wrapped up in thin birch bark and laid aside till required. It will keep good for two years or more, the outside, only, becoming a little blue-moulded, as is seen on hams or bacon at times. We spent a week with these Indians, and had a good time, eating lots of venison and watching all these different operations. How many caribou we killed between my brother and I we shall never know, but in the division of the spoils by the head man, old Pierre, my share was set down as two. It was all neatly cut up and partly dried for us, and a bit of fat cake added. We made no claim for the stomach pudding.

Civilized Caribou

There is an immense difference between our wild northern caribou and what I call the civilized animal, such as is found near the settlements around Matane, Quebec, and Baie St. Paul. Here we have to take the greatest precaution in locating their feeding ground, for if they cross our tracks they will be miles away in twenty-four hours if they can manage it. The same thing will happen if they get scent of our camp fires, and the least creak of a shoe or broken twig will startle them.

A little hunt I had one year near Quebec will serve to illustrate the difference in habits I have described. One morning, about the middle of September, I was going along St. Peter street, Quebec, when I chanced to meet Mr. E. W. Methot, an old sporting acquaintance. After the usual greetings, he told me he was getting ready to go out on a caribou hunt with his friend, Mr. E. N. Chinic, now of the Chinic Hardware Co., and invited me to join them. He said that the prospects were good, as lots of caribou tracks had been reported by his lumber men. Not being very busy just at that time I promised to go, and getting my snowshoes, rifle and hunting bag ready, we started out next day for Methot's mills, the residence of our host. He owned timber limits on the head waters of the Beaurivage and Du Chene rivers, and had some lumber camps there, and one of these was to be our headquarters. We slept at Methot's mills, and early next morning we were *en route* in a *berlot*, a sort of sleigh with low runners and boxed up like a cariole, with low seats, a very comfortable and handy vehicle in bad roads. We reached the camp about three p.m., and were joined there by Mr. Hamel, the head foreman. He was thoroughly acquainted with the country in the vicinity, and was to join in the hunt and act as guide at the same time. He told us that he had seen many caribou and a few deer tracks recently, so that we had high hopes for good sport next day. The weather had been very cloudy all the afternoon, and towards noon snow began to fall with a light east wind, which gradually increased to a gale during the night, and next morning about fourteen inches of snow had fallen. About ten a.m. it cleared up a little. Mr. Hamel proposed a walk in the direction where he had seen the latest fresh tracks. The under brush was loaded with snow and the walking was very soft. I had a large pair of broad Montagnais snowshoes (26 inches width) and with these I could get along tolerable well, but all the rest of the party had the long and narrow shoe and went a good deal deeper than I did. We walked about two miles, seeing no tracks, and returned to camp and thence to Mr. Methot's house, there to await more favorable weather, leaving orders with his men that if any of them saw deer or caribou tracks they were to report to us immediately. Some scattered settlers along the lumber road were also advised to the same effect. On our way back we saw many hares, a few of which were shot with the rifle by Mr. Chinic. Shortly after our tea, one of the farmers we had notified, drove in. He reported that five or six caribou had crossed his wood road late that afternoon and that some had even come out not a hundred yards from his barn. His farm was about two miles distant and we could drive right up in the morning, when he would show us the tracks. Preparations were consequently made for a very early start. We had breakfast at four a.m. and drove up, reaching the farm house at the first appearance of daylight. The fellow had not exaggerated, for there, in plain sight from his house, was the caribou track. On going up to it I saw it was a large one. The animal had been feeding around there and in doing so had crossed the road several times, and what the farmer had believed was the track of five or six animals, was in reality that of one only. I was simply astonished. Here was a caribou crossing men's tracks, wood roads, and poking around farm yards without the least appearance of alarm. Truly this was a "civilized caribou." I picked up the freshest track and we were off. Mr. Hamel gave us an idea of the lay of the land. In a southwesterly direction there was an unbroken stretch fourteen miles, and seven or eight miles due west of the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. The general trend of the trail was westerly. We made several short cuts on it. The walking was still very bad, and though owing to the very large size of my snowshoes I did not feel it as much, my breaking of the road was of very little help to my friends. About ten a.m. Mr. Methot pulled up with a bad stitch in his side. He was a very heavy man and the soft snow was telling on him. He decided to turn back, and as Mr. Chinic would not let him go alone, it was arranged that Mr. Hamel and myself were to continue the hunt. About an hour later my companion gave up also, the pace and the soft walking being too much for him. For my part, I was bound to see the end of that trail; a North Shore hunter was not to be outdone by this half domesticated animal. About one p.m. the trail was very fresh and I was going ahead very cautiously, when I heard a rumbling sound. It was a train going east, and pretty soon I heard the toot-toot of the locomotive for a crossing, and then a few seconds later it dashed past, a couple of hundred yards from where I stood. I now felt sure that my game was gone, for the moment at least, as I believed no wild animal would stand such a racket without being startled. Imagine my surprise, to find it quietly eating about sixty yards further. I was then about sixty feet from it, and I watched it for some moments, pulling off and crunching a sort of green moss, shaped like a large leaf that grows under large leaning trees. Here was the end of the trail and the rest was soon over. A shot in the back of the head laid it low; it was a fine large male that weighed, dressed, 185 pounds. I had shot it eighty yards from the railway track. I went back over the railway line, and in the evening returned for it with a *berlot.* As Mr. Methot did not feel equal to resuming the hunt just then, we returned to Quebec. Some days later a nice dinner party at Mr. Chinic's, with a saddle of caribou as a *piece de resistance*, ended our hunt. The stomach pudding was not on the *menu.*

A Tragedy on the North Shore

In the fall of 1870, a poor fisherman named Ouellet was wending his way homewards to Riviere Ouelle. He had been fishing around Perce and the Gaspe Basin. Cod fish had been scarce and the weather boisterous, and thirty-eight dollars was the net proceeds of two months of hard work. To save expenses he decided to sail back home in his boat, a barge of 25 feet keel. One day, late in October, with a strong south-west wind, he anchored for shelter at Ste. Anne des Monts. A small boat from shore came out to him. Its occupant, a man of fifty years or so, exchanged greetings with Ouellet. After a few ordinary questions, P———, for such was his name, invited him ashore. "The nights are cold and long," he added, "and a warm house is preferable to an open boat." Ouellet accepted with pleasure. After supper, while smoking their pipes, P——— found out all he wished to know,—what money Ouellet had made, where he was bound to, and what little he had in his boat. The total value of his belongings was about one hundred dollars, but that was sufficient to arouse P———'s cupidity, and from that moment poor Ouellet was doomed. How to get rid of him was now his only thought. P——was well acquainted with the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, and had at different times spent a few months there in trapping and fishing. Long stretches of coast line, thirty to forty miles, were often without a habitation. In that direction was his chance, he believed, and his plan was laid. "Why, friend," he said, "I am sorry to see you go home with such small returns for your summer's work; there are still three or four weeks before winter sets in, why don't you try something else?"

P—— then proposed a trip to the North Shore for seal hunting and trapping in partnership, to which Ouellet agreed. Preparations were made. They were to use Ouellet's boat for the trip. Some fish and other small things not required were to be left in P———'s store, pending their return. "We had better sharpen your large butcher knife," said P—, "in case we require it to skin our seals." This knife, sharpened by Ouellet himself, was the one used to murder him. The next day, the weather being fine, P—— and Ouellet left for the North Shore. This was the last time Ouellet was seen alive. P—— was a widower, and his daughter, aged 17, kept house for him, the only other member of the family being of boy of 12 years. The two young people put the two men on board the barge, and took the small boat back to shore. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon. A light breeze of westerly wind was blowing and the barge was soon out of sight.

What happened after this can only be conjectured, as P—— made no confession, but circumstances seemed to indicate that they steered the boat turn about, and that during a rest, Ouellet was struck on the head with the tiller of the boat, which apparently only stunned him. A scuffle ensued, and Ouellet was stabbed to death with the butcher's knife. Evidence of the struggle was shown by Ouellet's hand being cut, probably trying to grasp the knife, and P———'s clothing being torn, and scratches received by him. A barge, unknown to P——, had sailed from Cape Chatte that same evening, bound for the North Shore also. During the night the owner had heard strange noises and loud cries and groans which he could not account for. Next morning P———was near Iles de Mai, where he went ashore, and selected a small out-of-the-way cove, in which he buried Ouellet's body, after having stripped it of all its clothing, except a woolen undershirt. He dragged the body about fifty yards in the woods, made a shallow grave, placed his burden in it, and covered it up carefully with leaves and decayed wood. The spot was about as lonely a one as could be selected on the whole coast. It was not in the line of travel, and was fifteen miles distant from the nearest habitation, and, in the ordinary nature of things, years would probably elapse before any one came near the place. Such were no doubt P——'s thoughts after this finishing touch to his brutal murder. But it was ordained otherwise as the sequel will show.

Having got rid of the body, the murderer sailed for Pentecost, fifteen miles westward, there to await a favorable day to return home. To the people who saw him there, he related that he had crossed a trapper over and had left him at Pointe au Jambon for the winter. A similar story was given out on returning to Ste. Anne des Monts. His own clothes and those taken from Ouellet were all smeared with blood. These he soaked in a tub and washed them himself, giving as a reason for these bloody garments that they had killed a large seal, which had been cut up for fox baits for Ouellet, who had decided to winter on the North Shore for trapping.

Just about this period the Molson Iron Works were in operation at Moisie River. As there were no regular mails there in winter, they employed a special carrier, a man named Luc Gagnon. In the month of May following Ouellet's murder, Gagnon, with a companion, was returning home in a canoe. The day had been windy, and in order to take advantage of a calm, they had decided to travel at night. About eleven p.m. Gagnon suggested to his mate to go ashore somewhere and have a cup of tea and something to eat. This would give them a short rest and warm them up as the night was cold. Nearing the shore they landed in the small cove where P—— had buried his victim. While his companion was collecting wood and getting things ready for their meal, Gagnon had gone into the wood for birch bark to light the fire. While fumbling around in the dark he happened to tread on Ouellet's body, which omitted a whistling sound, owing to the escape of air and gas from the lung cavity. He gave a start, but did not stop to examine the cause, putting it down to having trodden on a woodchuck or ground hog, which fact he related to his companion. After the meal the latter proposed to go and try to kill the animal, whose flesh is highly esteemed by the trappers. Gagnon did not care much about returning, but as his friend insisted so much, he finally went with him, and to their horror they discovered the body of the murdered man. They saw the knife thrusts in the body and through the shirt, which was the only garment on it. The corpse was re-buried in the same position, and on arriving at Pentecost Gagnon told his story. Then it was repeated elsewhere, and finally reached the ears of the Coroner of Murray Bay, who went down and held an inquest on the body. A description was published, but for some time no one identified the remains. Gradually, however, the meshes of the net that were to close in upon P—— were woven. Ouellet's relations were getting anxious at his non-appearance and made inquiries. The description of the body found on the North Shore tallied with his. P——— was the man who had last seen him alive. Suspicion rested upon him, and he was arrested and convicted on entirely circumstantial evidence, eliciting the facts above stated, and was hanged at Murray Bay. After his death rumors were current that probably this was not his first victim. A Syrian peddlar had disappeared in that region in a mysterious manner. Some foundation for this rumor is found in the fact that some years later the skeletons of two persons were found on his farm, which was near the sea shore. Were they really victims of P——— or the bodies of some shipwrecked sailors buried there? No one can tell!

On Angling

I DO NOT pretend either to pose as an expert on angling nor yet to give any lessons on salmon fishing in this book; and this for several reasons: First of all, there are lots of excellent books on the subject already. In the second place, angling for salmon cannot be learned from books, though, of course, written instructions may help considerably as one gains experience. Experience is really the only teacher. I came to this conclusion many years ago, when I saw a celebrated author on angling fish like the veriest duffer. My ten-year-old boy could have given him practical lessons. In his book, which is most admirably written, he had the theory down fine; but he lacked the practice and experience.

With this introduction I will mention a few things that I have learned by experience, and possibly they may be useful to some beginners.

First as to Rods.—In fishing from a boat where there is clear water, with no rapids of any extent, salmon can be killed with any kind of rod, from a nine foot bamboo up to one of eighteen feet. It is only a question of time with the lighter rod. Where there are rapids and obstructions, a heavy rod is a necessity; for without it many fish will be lost.

A good reel is of more importance than a good rod. It should run easily, while at the same time be stiff enough to prevent back-lashing. The axle plates should be concave, otherwise a wet line will cause them to bend and press on the sides, jamming the reel, and making it useless. It should be big enough to hold comfortably one hundred yards of line and have no projections or fancy notions to catch your line other than the handle. A light line is pleasant to fish with, but to cast against a strong wind requires a heavy one. Good single gut is preferable to treble gut and quite strong enough to kill the largest salmon in Canada. A good plan is to have eight or nine feet of tapering treble gut attached to the silk line, and at the end of this two yards of a single cast. This will answer for either rough or smooth waters.

Now as to Flies.—Early in the season, or in heavy waters, large flies are preferable, tied on what is usually called a No. 1 hook. For clear or low water, or late in the season, smaller sizes may be used, but I never got much satisfaction fishing with smaller hooks than No. 3. It is often found interesting to have a large assortment of flies, but practically half a dozen different patterns suffice, such as Jock Scott, Silver Doctor or Silver Grey — I prefer the last — Durham

Ranger, Fairy, Donkey, and for late evening fishing, a whitish or yellowish fly. There used to be made some years ago a fly called the "sparrow," which was very good for this purpose. When salmon are willing to rise, they will do so at anything that resembles a fly. I have caught them on almost bare hooks, and on flies that I roughly tied myself and that resembled no particular pattern. When a stretch of water has been fished over day after day with standard flies without success, a nondescript fly may hook or rise a fish. So much for the caprice of salmon! When not disposed to rise, as generally happens towards the end of the season, in July and August, neither the prettiest nor the gaudiest flies will tempt them. The temperature of the water affects them very much. Anything under 60° Fahrenheit is favorable, and the chances of success diminish in proportion as that is exceeded.

In regard to the relative merits of the double hooked or single hooked fly, my experience is that more fish will be hooked with the double one, but given a fixed quantity of fish hooked the proportion lost will be less with the single hooked fly, as this last, when it does fasten in a fish, has generally a good hold. Scratches and light hooking are faults common with the double hook.

Casting.—Anyone capable of casting thirty to forty feet of line in a decent manner has a good chance to hook a salmon. It is not given to everyone to be an Enright, and though one admires such displays of strength and skill in casting, it is really not necessary to success in angling. As a matter of fact, very few salmon are hooked on these very long casts. I never was proficient myself in that respect, a little over eighty feet being my limit, but I may say that three-quarters of all the salmon I ever caught were on short casts, under forty feet. With short casts every movement imparted to the rod reaches the fly, and its movements are those of a living insect, or as near to them as possible. With long ones the finer motions of the rod seldom or ever reach the fly, owing to slack line and the friction of the water upon it, and one watching such a fly will see it sweep around like a dead object. The proper way to cast for salmon is down stream, at an angle of say 45°, but I have found that after so fishing a good many additional fish might be hooked, or would rise to the fly when fishing right across the current, and even up stream, so long as the movements of the fly could be controlled. Such casts must necessarily be short ones. Most fish take the fly under water, but many will take it on the surface like trout, and it is a good plan to try both methods. Fish that lie in shallow waters will frequently snap viciously at a fly that is just dangled over their nose, and occasionally allowed to touch the water. In this way I have often seen fish caught when the fly was four or five inches above the water.

Pools.—Early in the season, with very high waters, salmon will not be found in the same pools in which one may have been accustomed to see them under ordinary conditions. In such cases, one should fish in sheltered places, near shore, in eddies, or behind a large stone or boulder. Salmon are often found in most unexpected places, and occasionally in heavy rapids or at the foot of a fall, if there happens to be a little spot of dark water, where the fly can be seen for an instant. As a rule, however, steady rippling currents or the foot of a pool—just near where it breaks off into a rapid—are the favorite localities. On an unknown river I would say fish everywhere, except in heavy broken water. In fishing and shooting I have found that, as a rule, it is always better to follow the direction or advice of the local men, however ridiculous this may appear at first sight. Afterwards, if you do not succeed, use your own judgment.

The most favorable time of day to fish for salmon is between 7.00 and 10.00 a.m., and from 3.00 p.m. till dark. Over and over again I tried very early morning fishing, sleeping near the "pools," and beginning at the first streak of dawn. I am sorry to say I never had enough luck to warrant my recommending this practice. In the evening, however, fish will take till it is so dark that you cannot see them rising.

Although not in accordance with the general

Falls at the Mistassini River

Salmon Pool on the Mistassini River

rules of angling, I have always slightly struck a rising salmon, and believe that in the long run I have gained by so doing. It seems as though you fastened the hook more securely.

Handling a Salmon.—If you hook a fish near the brink of a fall or rapid, try to move him up stream immediately. The chances are that for the first minute or two, by putting a fair strain on, you can lead him where you want to, as usually he does not seem to realize the cause of the trouble very quickly, but when he does wake up to it, watch your line closely, as this will probably be the supreme effort, — a wild rush, and perhaps two or three leaps in succession. Half the battle is won if you handle him safely through these. He may take many more runs or jumps, but as a rule none will approach these first mad ones. If possible, avoid letting a very long line out. It is dangerous on account of the friction in the water and fouling in obstructions, and often a fish will break away with hardly any strain on the rod. Too short a line is also risky and one should never reel up more than sufficient to leave about twenty feet of line from the tip of the rod. When the fish gets perfectly played out, reel up as short as may be needed. Do not hurry to try and bring him in to the gaffman before he is properly played out. Many a fine fish has been lost by so doing. Take your time and remember that from the moment a fish begins to show signs of weakening, another minute or two will lay him out helpless. When fishing alone I have often played a fish out so completely that I would just go and raise him out with my hand, using neither gaff nor net.

So far as I am aware, in our Canadian rivers, —St. Lawrence waters, — salmon will not take anything else but the fly. I have tried baits of various kinds, shrimps, frogs, minnows, etc., without any success at all. The late Mr. Alexander Dennistoun, of Montreal, also tried experiments in that line on the Natashquan, Mingan, St. John's and Moisie rivers and had no success either. I suppose they are not yet educated to that point. I have, however, in the salt water, or near the estuary of a river, taken salmon by trolling, — using an artificial bait resembling a sand eel or a caplin, and if the fresh and natural bait can be had it is still better. Fine large trout are frequently caught while so trolling. No lead is used, and the ordinary salmon tackle suits. About sixty feet of line behind the canoe is sufficient and this last should be rowed quietly, at a rate of about two miles an hour. Since I commenced this sport here, my old friend, Mr. Robt. McLimont, has killed many fine fish in the same way. Like fly-fishing, it requires patience and perseverance, the two qualities that the successful angler must necessarily possess.

The Salmon and its Migrations

I HAVE been interested in salmon in so many different respects since my boyhood that I cannot help dwelling at some length upon the subject. All anglers for this fine fish, whether for sport or profit, will understand my feelings and pardon my garrulity.

It is not my intention, nor is it within the scope of this book, to give the natural history of the salmon. I simply desire to place before the reader my observations, experiences and views regarding it.

Let us begin with the spring migration. Each year about the middle of May an immense body of salmon moves in towards the North Shore of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and a corresponding one to the South Shore. The first mentioned divides into two portions in the vicinity of Anticosti, one going to the eastward, that is to say, following the coast line from Mingan towards the Straits of Belle Isle, the other moving in a westerly direction up the St. Lawrence. When I say that the salmon follow the coast line east or west from Mingan, I do not mean that a fish striking the shore near that place will follow it up to the Saguenay or further, but simply that this is the tendency. The movement is a general one, whether it be near Mingan or Tadousac, just wherever the fish may come in. I have had considerable experience in the netting of salmon and have owned and fished several stands myself, eastwards from the neighbourhood of the Saguenay, within a period of some thirty years. During this time I must have caught, personally, fully twenty thousand salmon, all of which, with the exception of possibly five or six fish, were gilled in our nets going west; and my experience in that respect is that of hundreds of other fishermen.

The object of this migration is to enter the rivers for the purpose of spawning. This they generally do as soon as the ice and snow have disappeared from the water, which is usually around the 10th of June in most of our rivers. With a few exceptions the run of salmon ceases about the end of July. Previous to entering the pure fresh water, they remain for some time in the estuaries, moving in and out with the tides, becoming gradually acclimatized. Otherwise they would probably be killed by the sudden change of conditions. I have often noticed the occurrence of such fatalities among other fish, such as cod, herring, caplin, and in a few isolated cases with halibut and lobsters, when they are wafted into a river with a flood tide, in sea water, and then overwhelmed with the fresh water on the ebb, owing to the more rapid run out of the surface water.

Salmon, during their sojourn in the sea, travel only during day time. This statement is based upon the fact that out of the hundreds of nets set along the sea shore, no salmon are ever taken in them at night, unless perhaps an odd fish which happens to be disturbed near a net. Years ago when spearing was allowed in unlicensed waters, I have often observed that we would find the salmon lying perfectly still on or near the bottom and generally in the vicinity of rocks or patches of sea weed, where they would be very hard to distinguish from the surroundings. By the use of artificial light, some few fish can be netted at night. We had occasion to cut down some trees one year on a point near one of our nets. Not wishing to run any risks of starting a fire in the woods, for it was then in June, we piled the brush on the rocks, and lighted the fire at night, when there was little wind. It made quite a blaze. Early the next morning on visiting our net, we found, very much to our surprise, six or seven salmon in it. On another occasion the lighthouse keeper of Pointe des Monts, Mr. V. Fafard, told me he had observed the same thing occur in a net which he had set in the immediate vicinity of the lighthouse. This was especially the case on very dark nights.

Although capable, when necessary, of a very high rate of speed in swimming, salmon are, as a rule, very slow in their rate of travel; the movements of considerable quantities together being only four or five miles per day. I have often noted from day to day the progress of large bodies of salmon by the catches in the nets at different stations.

After entering the rivers these conditions are changed, and salmon travel mostly at night. At the time when net fishing was allowed in rivers, seventy-five per cent of the fish were taken during the night. They move up stream very slowly, much depending on the nature of the river, the height of the water and the time at which they first enter. Late run salmon generally ascend faster, the conditions being more favorable. They will frequently remain in the same pools for days. Fish with peculiar marks on them, such as scars, can be thus observed and the rate of progress noted. Where there are no natural or artificial obstructions on a river, salmon will ascend it to its source and the same is true of its tributaries. Very frequently these last mentioned will contain the principal spawning grounds, especially those of large streams. The sites chosen are clear gravelly bottoms with a fairly swift current. Salmon will not spawn in deep sluggish pools, nor where the bottom is muddy or polluted in any way with either sawdust or any other materials. I shall refer to this later on.

When salmon first enter a river in the spring, they are in the very pink of condition and the scales on the sides and under parts are as bright as polished silver. A few days in fresh water soon effects a great change. The fish begin to lose flesh and color, first becoming reddish on the sides and under parts. As time goes on this discoloration continues, and towards the end of October they are of a dark, slaty color, nearly all over. The body of the fish becomes thin and rounded, giving it an eel-like appearance; the fins exhibit abnormal development and stand out prominently from the body' The head and the jaws of the fish undergo the same transformation and the males often develop a snout like a pig with an immense hook on the under jaw. So great is the change in the shape and general appearance of the fish that a person not familiar with the facts would take it at this time to be of an entirely different species from the freshly run salmon. Specimens were once brought up, taken in Lake Waschecootai, Labrador, and described, by a well-informed Government official, as a new species.

Some years ago I happened to be in Quebec about the middle of November. I had taken up with me some specimens of birds for the Laval Museum. I went to see the curator, and after our business was concluded, he said, "I am very glad to see you, I have a new species of fish to show you, it was found dead some few days ago at St. Paul's Bay. I have shown it to several of the professors here and even to Dr. Ahern and they do not know what it is." This meant a good deal, because in the opinion of the good curator, what Dr. Ahern,—who was one of the leading medical men in Canada, — did not know, was not worth knowing. I was getting quite interested. On reaching his work room, I was shown a freshly stuffed specimen of a fresh salmon, that had probably weighed about fifteen pounds when in good condition, but had actually weighed only eight pounds when brought in. I told him what it was, but had to repeat my story several times, giving him specific explanations of how the change had been brought about before he would believe me.

A considerable proportion of the salmon that spawn early enough, — that is to say before the rivers freeze over, — return to the sea the same fall. But a very large number winter in the rivers and the lakes drained by them. These are the fish that come down the rivers in the spring as soon as the ice breaks up and until the spring freshets are over. They are known as *kelts* by anglers and others. French-Canadian fishermen call them *lingards*, probably a corruption of *long gars*, long lanky fellows — which would certainly be very appropriate in this case. And to these *kelts* or *lingards* I will devote a special chapter. The salmon that descend the rivers in the fall are probably those that arrive in the early spring fat and strong, ready to begin their long up hill fight again. Some persons contend that because salmon ascend rivers three and four months before the spawning season begins, they do not do so solely for the purpose of breeding. For what else can it be? It is certainly not to escape from their enemies, for these are about as numerous in the rivers as in the sea. Although it is absolutely necessary that their ova should be deposited at the head waters of a river to hatch out, an hereditary instinct probably teaches them that it is safer there. Such being the case, how could one expect a gravid fish, weakened by the full development of its ova, to be able to surmount all the obstacles found in an ordinary salmon river? it would be no more fit to do this than an oyster. Hence the necessity of ascending the stream early and reaching its spawning bed before this process is too far advanced. There, this development takes place in a state of comparative repose.

Smolts and Grilse.—The migration of smolts, that is to say, of parr going out to sea, is, even in the same river, very irregular; not so much in the dates of the migration as in the numbers of the fish. This variation does not appear to depend upon the abundance or scarcity of the parent fish in the previous two or three years. I presume that there must be in some years an excessive loss of ova, either by severe winter floods, disease or parasites, &c. Whatever may be the cause there are some years when smolts can be seen by thousands in the estuaries, and other years when there seem to be hardly any. I remember two years of excessive abundance—1872 and 1873. Boys fishing for trout in the estuary of the Godbout were killing so many, — sometimes four or five dozen each, in one tide, that I had to put a stop to their fishing. A question often raised is, where do the smolts go to after leaving a river? Probably during the winter months they follow the example of their elders and move out into the deep waters of the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, — to return the following year as grilse. During the summer and fall months they do not wander very far from shore and to some extent seem to follow and mix up with the herring. This is a very unfortunate relation, because hundreds, and some years thousands are gilled in the herring nets. Fishermen along this coast call them *Winnoniche.* They are mostly used up in the fresh state, either for food or bait, but sometimes are salted. I once saw three barrels of them exposed for sale on the Quebec market under the name of *Winnonish.* I told Mr. Grenier, who was then fish inspector, what they really were, and advised him to warn those who bought them that they were liable to be fined. Many herring fishermen of the present day know that they are smolts, but they cannot avoid their capture, as their nets have to be set. In October they range in weight from half a pound to one and a half pounds.

Grilse begin to enter our rivers here about the end of June and continue running up till about the middle of September. I was much astonished to read that in Norway large numbers of grilse are netted with the salmon. It is hardly credible that the fishermen would be so shortsighted as to use, and the Government to allow, a size of mesh small enough for that. In Canada the regulation mesh is five inches wide, sufficient to allow grilse to run through, but small enough to hold an eight pound fish. Intelligent fishermen have found out by experience that five inches is too small, and nearly all now use nets of from six to seven and a half inch mesh. This size net will not capture any fish under nine to ten pounds. This loss of smaller sized fish is amply compensated for by the greater quantities of larger ones secured. In the small mesh net most of the big ones are lost, by not being properly gilled and falling out of the net, and very likely also many large fish will not attempt to run through. One thing certain is that if it was not in their interest fishermen would not use the large mesh.

The average weight of salmon taken in nets is about fifteen pounds. Additional protection should be given to grilse by prohibiting the use of trout nets entirely, or at least after the 1st of July, instead of the 31st, as the present law permits. As it is desirable, for reasons which I will explain, that trout should be kept down, the free use of seines should be allowed for their capture. In this manner, if any grilse were captured, they could be liberated, which it would be useless and wasteful to do when a grilse is hanging dead in a trout net.

There are many other means of affording more protection to salmon, such as encouraging the capture of porpoises, both black and white. These are the worst enemies of the large fish. Seals are also destructive, especially in the fall of the year, when the fish are weak, but these, as well as otter and mink and bears, are themselves of sufficient value to require no further incentive to kill them. Some birds, however, which are of no economic value, should have a small bounty placed upon them, even if it was only just sufficient to cover the cost of ammunition. In this list I would place kingfishers, sheldrakes, loons and ospreys.

Where do Salmon Winter?—Where do the large quantities of salmon that approach the shores of the St. Lawrence in the spring come from? Where have they passed the winter? To some extent this is still a problem. We read of an occasional one being taken with hook and line by the Newfoundland cod fishing fleet. Herring netters, in St. George's Bay, sometimes capture a straggler in their nets in winter. Captain Adams, of Gloucester, a celebrated mackerel

Pic-Nic at a Salmon Net Station

A Lobster Fishing Party, St. Augustine Cove

It was during my first year's guardianship of the Godbout river. Two English officers, Major Howard and Colonel Charteris, had been invited by Dr. W. Agar Adamson to join the angling party of the Godbout that season. I think it was in the year 1860. Presumably this "food question" had been brought up, because on that day orders were given not to cut up or split the salmon before all the party were present. While this was being done, later on, I stood by, like the others, watching the opening of each fish and its stomach. I imagined that something had been lost and with a boy's curiosity, asked what they were looking for. Colonel Charteris, in answer to my question, kindly explained that nothing was ever found in the way of food in a salmon's stomach, and that it was to prove this that the fish were being examined, "and as you may see," he added, "this is correct, not a speck of food has been found in any of these." There were six or seven salmon. "Why!" I answered; "This may be all right as far as these fish are concerned, but I can show you hundreds with their stomachs full to bursting with caplin." "You can?" he said. "Certainly, sir." "Well, now, my good boy, look here,—I don't want a hundred, but try and bring me one and I shall be satisfied." I promised, and the next day got a fish from the nets and brought it up to him. It was opened in presence of the whole party, Dr.

Adamson, Captain Holyoake, Major Howard and the Colonel. The stomach was stuffed with caplin, about fifteen or so, in various stages of digestion. They were all carefully collected and placed with the intestines in one of Crosse & Blackwell's pickle bottles, filled up with good brandy, and presumably taken back to England and possibly placed in some collection, where for all I know, they may be to this day. I never heard anything more of the incident. Since that day I have opened many thousands of salmon taken in the sea and in rivers and lakes. In those taken in salt water I have found herrings, small mackerel, young sculpins, two kinds of shrimps—one very small, and on one occasion, two young flounders, about three inches long, in the same fish. A species of bluish colored sea worm is also occasionally found. All of the above are rare exceptions, but the regular every-day food seems to be caplin and sand eels. In fresh water, I must say, that practically they do not feed, because out of the many thousands that I have examined, killed with the fly, or by netting and spearing and in other ways, only four contained visible food. This was, in two specimens taken in July by angling, in each one stone-fly, a greyish insect with yellow markings on the underparts and long wings, total length about one and a half inch. In one speared in November I found a portion of a wood mouse with some of the hair and skin; one hind leg bone and a small portion of the vertebrae was present; all the other bones missing. In a kelt, caught in a trout net, about the beginning of May, was a piece of fat, with a shred of skin. This appeared to come from some species of duck, but as there were no feathers left on it I could not determine what kind it had been. Four salmon, out of fifteen or twenty thousand, had enough food found in them to keep a small trout alive one day. I think that we may well conclude that they do not feed in fresh water. But the question often posed by anglers naturally presents itself: "Why, if they do not feed, do they rise to the fly? A fly going through the water looks very much like a live insect; why do they chase it and snap at it, sometimes so viciously, if not for food?" This is certainly a good argument, but the fact remains that no flies are found in them. There are myriads of flies and grubs of all descriptions in a river, and surely, if the salmon were taking them as food, the remains would be found in the stomach. If we open a trout or small parr, we will generally find it stuffed with insects of various kinds. I have often sat and watched these small parrs for hours at a time in a sheltered corner or eddy of a river, throwing into the water all sorts of things, bits of bread, meat, paper, and all kinds of crawling or flying insects that I could get hold of. The fish would rise at everything that dropped, but would not always take it. At other times small bits would be taken and immediately ejected. Black flies, ants, maggots and deer flies would invariably be retained. Of the larger insects they would sometimes make three or four attempts before they would succeed in swallowing them. When parr are abundant in a certain portion of a river, one may constantly see them leaping and feeding. Therefore, may not this habit of the salmon rising to a fly be simply a survival of a youthful habit, leading them to chase any insect that appears and then ejecting it, since it is not required as food.

For the joy of all salmon anglers I hope that this particular insect will never be lost!

Enemies of the Salmon.—Now and again I have noticed, especially after a poor fishing year, that an outcry has been raised against the salmon netters:—rivers were threatened with depletion and so on. Now I firmly believe that the netter is one of the smallest enemies of the salmon. If we take such an insignificant bird as the kingfisher and its brood, and make a very moderate estimate of the numbers of small fry they kill, we find that in numbers it about equals one-half of the total catch of the netters in the whole county of Saguenay. Aside from this, of the feathered tribe, there are thousands of sheldrakes, loons, ospreys and eagles taking their share, and also porpoises, seals, bears, otters and minks. I once watched and shot a mink, the winner in a fight with a ten pound salmon. Then last, but not least, the trout and pike, &c., of which more anon. Much could be done for the better protection of the fish from many of the above enemies.

Are Salmon Decreasing?—Old Hudson Bay employees and fishermen, whom I have met, were, whenever salmon was discussed, fond of telling of the immense quantities that were netted in the good old days, citing in support of this the hundreds of tierces that were salted or cured at this or that river at the time, and of the comparatively small numbers seen in the same rivers to-day. Previous to the cession of the King's Post and the passing of the Fishery Act in 1858 and 1859, the Hudson Bay Company had the monopoly of all the fisheries — or nearly all — on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, but only the best or most convenient were netted and those only inside the rivers or estuaries. In nearly all of them barrier nets were set, i. e., nets extending from one bank to the other; in some cases, two or three in the same river. Later on, however, when it was decreed illegal to fish in the rivers, stations were selected along the sea shore, generally at the extremity of a point. In many places there are a dozen or more of these nets within a few miles of a river, thus dividing the former yield of that stream into a dozen or more portions, as the case may be. As an example and comparison we will take the Trinity River. The average catch during the year it was netted by the Hudson Bay Co. was seventy-five tierces, equal to 33,750 pounds of fresh salmon. Nine nets in that vicinity have during the past ten years, given an average yield of over 50,000 pounds per annum. Comparison with other rivers are nearly all similar, thus showing over thirty per cent. increase in returns.

Of course this only applies to rivers of the North Shore, in unsettled districts. Rivers west of Quebec, and for some distance east are nearly all denuded of salmon, and in those in which a few still survive, it seems to be only a question of time before they will share the same fate. There the fish have not been exterminated by netting, but driven from the streams by pollution of the waters. No amount of restocking can ever restore these rivers, unless one could rear a special breed of salmon.

Going further, still, and taking the returns for the whole of the Province of Quebec for, say, ten years, we find that to-day they show an increase of over thirty per cent. Here are the figures in numbers: For the years 1896, '97, '98, average total catch of salmon, 685,000 pounds; for 1906, '07, '08, over one million pounds. Judging from these figures there seems to be no cause for alarm or for the statement that our salmon are decreasing.

Kelts and Something New.—When a salmon enters a river in June he is rolling in fat; the intestines are one solid mass of it. Formerly, when salmon were salted, all the intestines were collected, placed in a barrel and allowed to melt with the heat of the sun, giving about one imperial quart of clear oil per two hundred pounds of cured fish. After his long and arduous journey up stream, his enforced or willing fast, and the exhaustion due to spawning, all this fat has been absorbed and the fish left in an emaciated condition. He is then called a spent fish or kelt. He is hardly recognizable. His skin is dark, thick and slimy, to such a degree that his former bright silvery scales are invisible. How has this been brought about? By long immersion in fresh water, is the answer. Very well; then how is it that this same fish, continuing to remain in the same water, emerges in April, with bright scales showing again? He is no fatter, still a kelt, but he is bright and shining. How was this brought about? Here is where I have something new! He has shed his coat! He has moulted, thrown off his outer slimy covering with the old scales, and grown new ones, just in the same way as an animal sheds his coat, birds their feathers, and snakes their skins also of scales. I imagine I can see my dear reader's incredulous smile when he reads this. I have seen some already. I saw it on the face of Mr. Charles Hallock, the former Editor of *Forest and Stream*, when I first propounded this theory to him many years ago. He was a guest that year on "The Godbout" and I had prepared and put up in alcohol for him a piece of salmon skin showing the new scales growing. I had also explained to him my views of how this change was produced. He smiled and promised to write an article in *Forest and Stream*, but he must have forgotten it, because it never appeared. Since then I have broached the subject a couple of times to others, but their looks and silence were too significant for me to continue the subject. It is none the less a fact, as I have found by continued investigation.

Alex. Russell in his work on "The Salmon," page 85, has a vague perception of something anomalous, in the presence of these clean kelts in Scotch rivers in the early spring. He says:—

" It would be dishonest to omit to mention, " merely because we cannot pretend to explain, " another mystery as to the movements of the " salmon, which no experiments have done any- " thing to clear up. What are those clean sal- " mon that run up the rivers in late winter or " early spring. They cannot be wanting to " spawn, for there is no spawning for at least " six months to come. They cannot have spawn- " ed early in the preceding or rather present

"spawning season, — gone down, recovered, and
"returned, — for numerous experiments show
"that the shortest period of return is about
"three months, and it is only about three months
"since the earliest fish had begun to spawn in
"the river which these are now ascending. They
"must have passed the autumn or earlier winter
"in the sea. Then they must have passed the
"winter without breeding, and there we have the
"discouraging fact or hypothesis that the salmon
"is a fish which does not breed every year, — a
"hypothesis which will have the less chance of
"acceptance just at present, when it appears,
"or is supposed to have been discovered, that the
"herring — a fish resembling the salmon at least
"in the important respect of being migratory —
"breeds twice in each year, or, at all events,
"breeds at two widely different seasons of the
"year."

Mr. Russell, in the above, made the mistake of supposing that these fish were *ascending* the rivers at the early date, while as a matter of fact they were *descending* after having passed the winter *in* the river and undergone the change I have mentioned. It is also quite possible that the change from the parr stage into that of the smolt, which has been such a puzzle to naturalists, may be effected in the same way, this change coming on only when the parr reaches the salt or brackish water in the estuaries.

Growth of Salmon.—Many a time I have been asked, when looking at a salmon, after a successful fight: "What do you think is his age?" If the fish is large this is a rather difficult question, but if of ordinary size one can form a good and close estimate by keeping in mind the rate of growth after the smolt stage is past. Parrs pass into the smolt stage in their third and fourth year, going out of the rivers in August and September and sometimes in October, and returning the next season in July, August and September as grilse, weighing then three to five pounds. In rivers where the fish are large they may be a pound or so heavier. Therefore a grilse may be either four or five years old. The rate of growth after that will be from four to six pounds a year. This accounts for the great number of salmon that weigh from nine to twelve pounds. Thirteen to sixteen pound fish are not common, making a gap again, as there is between grilse and ten pound fish, but we have large numbers again running from sixteen to twenty pounds and probably then seven to eight years old. Beyond this last weight, the growth is more difficult to follow, the fish then approaching the adult state in most of our northern rivers. All the same I find that we get more fish of twenty-four or twenty-five pounds than of twenty-two or twenty-three. Variations in the above will occur, of course, in such rivers as the Moisie or Bersimis, where the fish attain a large size.

Lost in the Wilderness

To the ordinary untrained person I believe there are few things so terrifying as being lost in the woods. Especially does this apply to our section of the Province where there is only one direction that can lead to safety. In other parts of the country, supposing a person does become lost, there is a chance that even if he should take a wrong direction, he may still reach some lumber camp, road, or railway track, or settlement. On the North Shore, on the other hand, there is but the one hope of safety, namely, the coast line. All other directions lead into the wilderness, where hundreds of miles may be traversed without a single sign of a human being. The best woodsman and trapper, and even the Indians who are born and brought up in the woods, will occasionally lose themselves for a time, but owing to their training they never experience any of the terrors that will assail the tenderfoot under similar circumstances. The former will realize that they are astray, and if it should be due to a snowstorm or to darkness, they will stop and camp or make a fire and have something to eat, will act sensibly, in fact, and when the weather clears up, find the way all right.

I have had this experience myself. When it first occurred to me I was only ten years old. We were then living at Mingan. I was used to running around in the bush, setting rabbit snares and small traps and occasionally shooting a few partridges.

One afternoon I went out as usual, and after visiting my snares, was just on the point of returning home, when I raised a large covey of spruce partridges. They scattered around and took to the trees. I had a single-barrel muzzle-loader and began to shoot. Occasionally the report of the gun or the fluttering of a falling bird would alarm the others and they would fly away a short distance. So I wandered around, killing a bird now and then, till I had sixteen, when I suddenly perceived that night was setting in. In my excitement of chasing the birds I had not thought of the time. It was late in October and cloudy, but there was no snow on the ground and consequently no chance of following my tracks back again. I was then about three miles from the house, so shouldering birds and gun I started off in what I thought was the right direction. I walked and ran when I had the chance to do so, till it seemed to me that I must have been going for over an hour and should have been out of the woods if I had gone right. It was then quite dark and I had to keep my arm in front of my eyes so as to avoid injury from the branches as I groped along. I pushed on for a few minutes more, though it seemed to me a much longer time and then I realized that I was lost. My father had often advised me what to do if this should ever happen to me, cautioning me particularly against running aimlessly around and becoming frightened, instead of sitting down and making a fire if cold. The night was cold, though I had not felt it while walking. I had a box of matches in my pocket and soon had a fire alight, and collected a lot of dead wood by the light which it gave. Then I began to think of what I had been doing. Supposing that I had travelled in a wrong direction, I might be five or six miles from the house. I knew they would be very anxious about me and would look for a signal if I made one. Setting fire to a large birch tree, if there are any about, is a very good signal, but there happened to be none nearby on this occasion, so I thought of using my gun. My powder horn was still about half full, containing about eighteen or twenty charges, so loading up I fired three shots in quick succession. I had hardly done so, when an answering shot came, very loud, then another, and after that some shouting. I picked up my gun and birds and started off in the direction of the noise, the shouting being kept up at intervals until I met my father and two of the hands from the Post with lanterns, coming up our wood road. They had, indeed, been very anxious about me as they thought I had met with some accident, but where to find me was the problem, so they had been keeping watch for some signal from me. They had been blowing a small horn at intervals, which I had not heard, and my father would not allow any shots to be fired, as he was afraid I might be misled by the echo as to their direction. The next day I found out that I must have travelled in a pretty straight course, for the place where I had built my fire was only about a quarter of a mile from the Post. Had I continued a few minutes longer I would have come out to the wood road or the house. I confess that I had felt somewhat anxious for a while, but I was not frightened, and if I had received no answer to my shots, would have spent the night near my fire and probably have cooked one of my partridges to eat, before trying to make my way out of the bush.

During the first few years in which I spent my winters on the coast line, I used to buy furs on commission for the Hudson Bay Co. Post at Bersimis. Mr. W. S. Church was then in charge. Having some business to settle with him and having then no regular mail service, I decided to go and see him. I had never been over the ground before, and though I felt quite sure I could find my way all right, I thought it would be best to secure a good guide; the more so as I had a pack of valuable furs to take with me, which, with necessary kit and provisions, made it rather too heavy for one man. I engaged for this purpose an Indian named Ploute. He was a middle-aged man, a strong snowshoe walker and perfectly familiar with the country we would have to go through. Thi distance between Godbout and Bersimis by land is about seventy-five miles, about fifty of which is through the woods, as it is impossible to follow the coast owing to the rocky and mountainous nature of the country. We left here—Godbout—about the end of January. Our packs weighed about twenty-five pounds each. Part of this was furs and provisions, and we also had two pairs of socks and one extra pair of mocassins, one quart tin kettle, and one axe each. We carried neither tent nor blankets and no extra clothing of any kind. As this was not a hunting trip we carried no guns, but in case of need I had brought a small Smith & Wesson revolver of 32 cal., which I carried in my coat pocket. On the first day out we had fine clear weather and the snowshoeing was fairly good. There was no trail of any kind, nothing to indicate our way except land marks. Sometimes we would follow a small brook — a gully or a lake if the direction happened to suit; if not, we would cross the ridges, picking out the easiest paths that our course allowed. This last was entirely by guess, as neither of us had a compass.

Following the usual habit of Indians and trappers, in winter, we never stopped for lunch, making only two meals per day, but these were generally hearty ones when grub was plentiful. About an hour before sunset we would prepare our camp for the night, selecting a spot sheltered from the wind as much as possible, but avoiding hollows, as the smoke was sometimes a nuisance. With the help of our axes and snowshoes a space of about seven or eight feet long and six wide would be cleared of snow. In a semi-circle behind us ten or twelve small poles, six feet long or so, were stuck in the snow, covered over with branches and then packed with snow three feet high. In front of this the fire was built, using as a sort of radiator two or three of the largest logs we could handle. A good pile of suitable wood was collected and branches for our beds and our camp were ready. It generally took about two hours' work to prepare a fairly comfortable camp for the night. In such a place as above described I have slept when the thermometer was thirty degrees and more below zero. In very cold winter weather the fire had to be kept going continually, each taking watch turn about while the other snatched a little sleep. We accomplished about fifteen miles the first day and camped on a small branch of the Mistassini river. During the night the weather grew cloudy, and about an hour before daylight snow began to fall. We had breakfast, rigged up our packs and started out as soon as we could see our way.

About ten o'clock the wind and snow increased.

We could hardly see fifty yards ahead of us and the walking was getting heavy. We came out on a lake. The Indian stopped, looked around a little, and then started to cross, taking a look behind him now and then to see if he was going straight. The lake was half a mile wide. On reaching the other side I noticed that he was apparently looking for some familiar object before continuing. Evidently satisfied at last, we entered the woods, where being sheltered we took a couple of minutes' rest and spoke a few words, my companion remarking that this storm was going to delay us on account of the bad walking. We had figured on reaching the first settlement, — Mr. Joseph Thibeau's — on the third day, but for this we had to average about sixteen miles per day. This may appear a very short distance, but when you have to carry a pack of even only fifteen pounds and break a path in bad snow and locate your route through the wood at the same time, it makes quite a good day's work. At least this is the result of my experience of it. When the snow is good it does not matter much who breaks the path, but when heavy and soft it is awfully tiresome doing so, and one man alone cannot travel very far without taking a short breathing spell, and in the evening he will be pretty well fagged out. On this day I took my turn with the Indian, he giving me the direction. For an hour or so we jogged along and came to another lake. This appeared to surprise him. "We must have gone wrong," he said. "There should be no lake so close in our way. We must follow the shore of the lake," he said, till he recognized it and then he would know where we were. This was plainly the best thing to do, so on we went again. Ten minutes later we came to our tracks, where we had entered the wood over an hour before. We knew too much to take them for somebody else's tracks and follow them. Ploute looked at me and smiled. "My head has gone around," he said, "and we must camp," which we did. It was then about noon and as we had lots of time we made a somewhat better shelter, making it higher in the rear to protect ourselves from the falling snow. In the afternoon the Indian went out along the lake shore for some distance, but as it was still snowing heavily, he failed to recognize it, he said. During the night the weather cleared up and in the morning when we went out on the lake the Indian was quite surprised to see that it was one with which he was quite familiar, but which it had been impossible for him to place the day previous. We had gone out of our course about five miles in the storm. This, coupled with the heavy walking, delayed us so much that we only reached Thibeau's on the fifth day. We had taken provisions for only three days, but as I had shot two hares and four ruffed grouse on the way, we had plenty to eat and could have got more if it had been wanted. The rest of our trip was an ordinary one, except for one amusing incident. On the sixth day we reached Pointe aux Outardes, where we slept at Mr. R'.s, a very kind and hospitable old farmer and hunter. In the previous fall a German bark, of which I have forgotten the name, had gone aground on the Manicouagan shoals. She was loaded with gin. As the vessel had received no damage, some five or six hundred casks of gin had been thrown overboard to enable her to float, which she did. A small portion of these casks were lost and some picked up on the south shore, but most of them were saved by the residents of Point aux Outardes, numbering then some seven or eight families. In front of each house was a row of casks, and our host had about twenty for his share. Very fortunately for me, Ploute was a sober Indian, a rather rare thing, or I might have been delayed there again. Several of the neighbours came in for a smoke and a drink and there was gin galore; the whole place was reeking with the smell of it, which I probably noticed all the more from the fact that I was not drinking any of it. Most of the settlers' houses at that date were small, and accommodation in the way of beds just sufficient for the needs of the family; but guests were always welcome to all the ground floor they could occupy. One generally had to use his coat or pack as a pillow, and select the softest board he could find near the stove to lie down on. Some of the better-off people would lay out blankets or straw mattresses, and occasionally a feather bed. These would be laid out on the floor with the feet towards the stove and very comfortable they were. Often being out all day and coming in damp from the snow or perspiration, one appreciated the heat of a fire or stove to dry up by. A cold bed in a far-away room of the house is anything but comfortable at such a time and might entail serious results. A seal-oil iron lamp hanging to the rafters used to be kept burning all night. This shed a dim light which allowed of moving around without treading on other sleepers. Near the door used to be put up a small shelf or rough table that was used as a washstand. Nearby on a long peg or a hook would be a bucket of water and a tin cup. Any one who felt so inclined could get up at any hour of the night, boil his cup of tea and start off without disturbing anyone, and no offence was felt at this silent parting. It was just what we had proposed to do that morning. About three o'clock the Indian had got up and set the kettle on the stove. Then he had gone to the washstand for his morning's ablutions, when I suddenly heard a yell. I jumped up and saw my Indian prancing around and holding his dripping head with both hands. I knew he was not drunk, but on going up to him I got a sniff of the gin and then I knew the cause. The poor fellow had washed in gin! The bucket on the peg was full of it, and so was our tea kettle, which I think we just removed in time to prevent it from catching fire. Everyone got up and had a good laugh at our expense and our parting was not quite as we had anticipated.

My Cousin William

In my early trapping days I had an uncle living at Three Rivers. He was well-to-do and his three boys had the advantage of receiving a good education. Two of them had availed themselves of this opportunity, but William was lazy and fond of a drink when he could get it and not over scrupulous as to how he got it either. He had learned to read and write in French and English tolerably well and chiefly made use of this little learning to read novels. Indian and pirate stories, and a copy of the *Relation des Jésuites*, which his father owned, were his favorite books. He had also got mixed up in some nasty scrapes which had given his father considerable trouble. He was at that time "sowing his wild oats," as they term it.

Paying my relatives a visit one fall, my uncle said to me: Alexander, I wish you would take William down with you for the winter and teach him how to hunt or shoot; anything to get him away from here to cure him, if possible, of his bad habits. I will give you all his expenses and something over, if you will do so. I did not feel very keen about accepting this job, but as I never kept nor used any liquor myself and knew that little or none could be had on the North Shore in winter, I accepted the task, provided, of course, that my uncle could persuade William to leave with me, which I very much doubted. However, this was finally accomplished, due mostly to the influence of his mother, who was a most excellent woman, and constantly in dread lest William should some day get into serious trouble.

We left Quebec about the 1st of September on a small fishing schooner of twenty tons owned by Capt. Ferguson, of Sheldrake, and had a rather long passage down and rough weather. Poor William was very sea sick and miserable. He had not even the desire to join the Captain when the latter offered him some grog. I was not yet married at that time, but had at home my eldest sister, who kept house for me, together with two of my brothers, one of whom, Firmin, was my partner in trapping. On the way, William had often talked of and asked questions about Indians, which I thought at the time were suggested by mere curiosity; but I found, later on, that he was in great dread of them. He had read of their scalpings and barbarous treatment of prisoners and their torture of the missionaries, and he believed that the Montagnais Indians still retained these customs.

We had a bedroom on the first floor which we assigned to him. It had a window facing north and a hundred yards or so due north of it again was a dense belt of young spruce and Canada balsam. Three or four days after our arrival, my sister told me she thought that William did not sleep in his bed. The bed clothes were turned up and the pillow and bed pressed down, but the bed was cold and she was certain it had not been used. I was rather taken aback by this and wondered if he had already begun his tricks. Our nearest neighbour was half a mile distant. Could he possibly go there? I determined to watch him. That same night I pretended to retire as usual about half-past nine, as we had to rise early. William went to his room and I heard him close the door carefully and lock it. Coming downstairs quietly I slipped out and took a position from where I could observe the windows of his room. The light was already extinguished and I watched a couple of hours to no purpose. We had arranged to go fishing next day, so at the first streak of dawn I went to wake him up. He answered immediately, and I heard him shuffling on the floor and opening the door. One glance sufficed to show that he had not lain on the bed, so I asked him straight what was wrong. He answered that there was nothing wrong, but that he was afraid of the Indians and thought that as he was a stranger they might kill and scalp him. He also said that he had heard a strange yell the first night — probably a dog howling — and that ever since he had crawled under the bed to sleep! We all had a good laugh and assured him he could rest without any fear, but it was a long time before he got over this feeling.

It was in his connection, too, that I first observed the effects on a person of being lost in the woods. Although furs are not considered prime before November, preparations are always made beforehand for the hunt. Trappers going a long distance inland often leave in August and it may take a month before the hunting ground is reached. Then camps have to be built or repaired, *caches*—places for storing provisions—have to be made, traps put in order, snowshoes and sledges built, etc. Fishing, with either net or line, is also necessary in order to secure bait for mink and marten and this has to be dried. All these little things together take considerable time. It was with all these things in mind that I made my first trip with William. We were to be away two weeks, and then to come back for my brother, when the trapping was to begin. Our hunting ground that winter was to be the head waters of the Trinity river, across to the right branch of the Manicouagan, about one hundred and eighty miles distant. Our outfit weighed about six hundred pounds, not including the canoe. Most of this was to be *cached* for the winter. It was all divided and packed in bags, making with the canoe eight loads, four trips for each of us, over every portage. This enabled us to make but slow progress and we averaged only about six miles per day net. William stood this hard work pretty well. He was young and strong, and taking quite a liking to this novel kind of life. We had also some fishing and shooting, which he enjoyed very much, and if it had not been for his dread of Indians he would have been quite happy. He dogged my footsteps all the time, and could not remain alone five minutes at night in our shelter camp. He used to crawl into the very bottom, so as to lie behind me.

On the ninth day we reached the forks of the Trinity. Here we had a long portage or carry of four miles in length. We had also a camp there, where a portion of our kit was to be left. It was also one of our fishing places and there we dried trout for bait. It was then about the beginning of October and the leaves were commencing to fall, but the undergrowth was still pretty dense. The portage we had to make that morning was one seldom used and was overgrown with alders and other small shrubs. I always carried the canoe, as I was afraid to trust William with it, in case he might smash it by a fall. Shouldering it I started on, William following with one pack, our tin kettle and two axes. The portage led up a long gully, and when about half way up the mountain, the gully forked and it was up the left branch of it that the route passed. Just at the foot where these two gullies met it formed a small level bottom covered with tall alders. In going through this patch one of the cords of William's pack got entangled in a branch, which delayed him a few seconds, as he had to turn around to loosen it. Just about that moment I was turning to the left, and when he faced around he could not see me. Too much flurried to think of shouting out, he started on the run to overtake me and went straight on up the right divide. Not getting sight of me then, he dropped his pack to run faster. By that time I had probably gone about a hundred yards, when not hearing him behind I turned to look. He was not in sight. I put down the canoe to wait for him. Not seeing him appear after a couple of minutes' waiting, and knowing how close he generally stuck to me, I felt that something must have happened. I therefore hurried back, looking carefully as I went down. On reaching the foot of the divide, I saw to my dismay where he had left the trail. I pushed on as fast as possible, and came to his pack, and a few yards further the two axes and the tin kettle, and then there began a fearful race. I could follow his tracks easily enough, but I had to be cautious, so as not to lose them and therefore knew that he was going ahead twice as fast as I could follow. My only chance of overtaking him, I thought, was that he would exhaust himself pretty quickly at the rate he was going. Any way I determined to follow till I found him. Some distance from where he had dropped the axes and kettle I had found his hat which had been brushed off his head and he had never stopped to pick it up. I had started after him without anything, but not considering this prudent, as I could not know where and in what condition I would find him, I went back for one of the axes and the kettle and some grub from the pack. I was just tying this up in a small bundle when I heard a noise. Listening intently, it grew more distinct and came from the left side of the mountain. I could hear the breaking of twigs and branches. I knew immediately that it must be William. I rushed in his direction, shouting out his name, and then I saw a sight I shall never forget. There he was rushing madly down the hill at the top of his speed, his face and hands bloody from numerous scratches, and streaming with perspiration. He wore very long hair which gave him a still more haggard appearance. On catching sight of me he rushed towards me like a wild beast and put his two arms around my neck, half choking me and shouting, "Alex, Alex, don't leave me, for God's sake, don't leave me." I managed to quiet him and lighted a good fire to give him a rest and time to cool down. He was very much depressed and utterly unfit for work that day. In fact it was some days before he quite recovered. The whole thing had not lasted more than half an hour, but in that short space of time he had nearly been driven crazy by fear and the knowledge that he was lost in the woods. I am positive that in a couple of hours he would have been either dead or out of his mind. It was by the greatest of luck that he happened to come back almost to his starting point. He had gone up the right gully, then over the spur of the mountain and down the left one, forming almost a circle of a mile and a half long. Had I not gone back for my axe and provisions I should have missed him and God alone knows in what condition I should have found him. In the afternoon I returned to our fishing camp, where he could be made more comfortable.

The next day we did not travel, and I busied myself drying fish, and on the third left to return home. To show in what constant dread the poor fellow was, I will relate an incident that occurred a little later, on our next trip. That day we had visited a small chain of lakes, in one of which I located a beaver lodge. As William did not understand the handling of a canoe very well, I thought trapping would be surer than shooting to secure meat. So I put out two steel traps and taking note of the direction of the wind we camped on the southern slope of the lake some forty or fifty yards from the water. This was a convenient place from which to visit our traps early in the morning. Behind our camp the hill rose abruptly, thickly covered with black spruce. We had our supper and then I stretched myself on the balsam boughs near the fire. William sat and smoked his pipe. I was tired with my day's work and dozed off to sleep. I suppose I slept about a quarter of an hour, when I felt William shaking me by the shoulder. I turned round and looked inquiringly. He stooped and whispered: "Indians!" I sat up and asked him where they were. "Listen," he said, "and you will hear; they are throwing stones at us from the hill." "Why, surely you must be dreaming," I answered. "No, no, listen!" A minute or two and there was a splash in the lake, made by the flop of a beaver's tail. "There," he said, "did you hear it fall in the water?" I could not help laughing and then I told him what it was, and how it was done by the beaver, and after that we lay down and slept. He was with me for nearly a year and learned and saw many things that were new to him. The trip did not cure him entirely, but it did him a lot of good. Poor fellow ! The Indians cannot trouble him much now unless they are those of the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

The Death of Robitaille

During the summer of 1863 a large cod-fishing establishment was started at Ste. Marguerite River, not far from the present site of the Clarke City Pulp Mills. Up to that time all of these big fish-curing stations were under the control of South Shore firms, — the Robins, the Leboutilliers, etc. In the present case the promoters were Quebec men, two of whom I had the pleasure of knowing — Messrs. Wright and Montgomery. Incidentally I may say that the enterprise proved a failure. Such an establishment requires quite a number of buildings. As there were not sufficient people in the vicinity to furnish the necessary labor, workmen had to be imported from Quebec. Among those thus engaged was a young man named Robitaille. He was about twenty-five years old and a carpenter by trade. After working for some weeks at Ste. Marguerite River, he left and drifted up the coast, getting a small job here and there. Winter found him at Pointe des Monts, where he had been induced to remain to try hunting and seal shooting with a possible chance of employment. With this latter object in view he had made a couple of trips up to Godbout and had arranged to build the frame work of a house for a fisherman. The cutting of the timber was to commence after the early hunt was over. About the end of January, Savard, for whom the house was to be built, sent word to Robitaille to come up. The trip had to be made on foot over a very rough bit of ground. The distance was nearly fourteen miles, one-third of which was over lakes and the rest through dense woods. There was no regular trail, but at intervals in the worst places there were a few old "blazes" on the trees. On the morning on which he left Pointe des Monts for Godbout the weather was cloudy and threatening. Some of the hunters warned him that it was going to be stormy and that he had better wait. He would not be persuaded and said it was all right and that he would have no trouble in reaching Godbout, as he had been over the road four times. About an hour after he left an east wind with snow set in, increasing during the day to a strong gale, which lasted all through that night and part of the next day, when it cleared up, with very cold weather. A few days later some hunters came up from Pointe des Monts to Godbout and reported the departure of Robitaille. As he had not been seen since, it was immediately surmised that he had perished and a search party was organized, of which I formed a member. We had little trouble locating his tracks. He had gone in the right direction for about four miles, but had then deviated to the right, presumably when the gale set in. Then he had gradually described a circle of about half a mile and coming to his own track had followed it, apparently thinking that it was somebody else's. Strange to say, he kept this up till his track was beaten hard and hollow. He had a gun, an axe, some matches and a few slices of bread and cooked pork. He never made any attempt to light a fire or to eat, but had kept on walking till almost exhausted. We saw where he had leaned against trees to rest. Finally he had sat down at the foot of a spruce tree, with his back against it. His knees were drawn up with his arms and head resting on them like some one going to sleep. In that position he had been frozen stiff, with his gun across his thighs and the parcel of bread attached to it. A large toboggan had been brought with us. On this we laid the body and hauled it out to Pointe des Monts.

Major Henry Scott and How he Lost his Cane

One stormy night in August, 1886, I was awakened by a rapping at our door. It was not an unusual thing to be so aroused, because I was frequently called out in cases of illness, but I knew by the sound of the rap that it was that of a stranger. After answering the call I hastily slipped out of bed and went to the door in my night shirt. It was raining heavily. Clad in oilskins from head to feet stood two men. Immediately I recognized one of them as the captain of our mail schooner. The other was a stranger; a tall, heavily-built man of about fifty. "I suppose you are Mr. Comeau," he said. I nodded in the affirmative. "I have a letter of introduction for you, here is my card, and please excuse me for disturbing you. The reason is that I have my wife with me and she has been very sick for the past two days on the schooner, and I would like, if possible, to have her land to-night." I told him they were welcome, and that he might come ashore with her right away. After he had gone I read on his card:

Major Henry Scott,
late of 9th Lancers,
Army and Navy Club,
Dover, England.

I had read of the doings of this crack regiment during the Crimean war. This, coupled with my friend's letter, assured the Major of a warm reception and from that day till his death, some years later, we were great friends. I have seldom met a man who could do so many things and do them well, too. He was a regular "Jack of all trades," a good sailor, sailmaker, blacksmith, carpenter, net-weaver, etc., and in addition to this, a clever artist, a fine cool shot and a fisherman.

There was one thing, however, of which he knew very little, and that was woodcraft. Among his many accomplishments he had also that of a splendid basket-maker, either of the ordinary rough kind or of the finest fancy work. He had brought out from England with him a few strips of a special kind of willow, used there for fine work. Having shown me these samples he asked if I knew any similar kind of willow in this country. I gave him what information I could on the subject, advising him to go up a small creek about a mile and a half from our house. To reach the entrance of this brook there was another mile to walk along the beach. Godbout Bay forms a sort of basin with a sandy beach rising gradually in ridges for three miles back, where it meets the mountains forming the Laurentian range. One fine morning the Major informed me that he was going out with his wife for a walk towards the brook, and if the flies were not too bad he would go and search for some willows. I offered him a bit of lunch to take with him, which he refused, saying that he would be back in good time to join us. After going a short distance a fancy struck him to make a short cut through the woods to the upper bottom of the creek, thereby saving a mile of walking. It was the old saying come true, "The longest road is sometimes the shortest." They entered the woods, and after a while, losing the general direction, had wandered around. The sun was bright, and the Major knew enough to get the approximate point of the compass by the time, but the lay of the land misled him, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before he struck the Godbout River, two miles west of where he intended to come out. Not seeing them returning for lunch, we began to feel anxious, and our anxiety increased as time wore on; so that we were heartily glad when they appeared. They were very tired, especially the lady, and badly fly bitten. The Major told us of their troubles, and of course had not found the willows, but his greatest misfortune was that he had lost his cane. This was a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The handle was a fine piece of carved ivory with a heavy gold band, and besides its intrinsic value it was also an heirloom. The Major was very much affected by its loss, and spoke of engaging men to scour the woods the next day, in the hope of finding it. He had not the least recollection of where he had last had it that morning. I told him I thought this would not be necessary, provided he could show me whereabouts he had gone into the woods. He said he could. On the next morning early I started on the hunt after he had shown me the place. I had noticed that Mrs. Scott wore French high heeled boots, and as she was a tall and heavy woman I felt sure the impression of this narrow heel would afford an easy trail to follow. I was not mistaken. I picked it up about as fast as I could walk. It was most amusing to me to note all their different windings and the many places where they had sat down to rest. At one of these I came upon the cane. The Major had laid it down alongside of him and had forgotten it on rising to continue on his way. Two hours after I had left the house I was back with it. The Major could not sufficiently express his joy and pressed me with questions as to how and where I had found it. To please him I related how easy it had been to follow Mrs. Scott's tracks, telling him on what particular side she had sat down with him at different places and also of certain obstructions he had moved to allow her to pass, etc., and finally where the cane had been forgotten. "Wonderful, wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Well, Mr. Comeau, there is only one thing you have not mentioned. My wife picked up in one place three or four nice raspberries." I smiled and said, "This was rather a small detail, but as a matter of fact I had observed it." The Major spent two years in Canada and we had several pleasant outings together. He went on a moose hunt in the Mattawa region and secured some splendid heads.

Major and Mrs. Scott with their Trophies and Guides

What to do if Lost in the Woods

In all the cases of people getting lost in the woods or on the prairie that have come under my observation, I have noticed that they circled to the right, and unless in time they obtained some indication of their position, they would end by recrossing their own tracks and in some instances taking them for those of others and following them. At such times familiar objects are often passed by without being recognized. I have often wondered what is the cause of this. Is it due to fear or to an excited state of mind? Whatever may be the cause, whenever a person realizes that he is lost, he should, as my father often told me, keep cool, sit down and make a fire, and not go on running or walking till exhausted.

My Indian's method was a good one, namely, to camp and wait for the weather to clear up, so as to get the sun's assistance as to direction if you have no compass. If you come on a track in winter be sure it is not your own before following it. If you have a companion in camp, the above directions are still more important, as he will likely search for you, and the less distance you travel the more chance he has of finding you.

Setting fire to birch trees is a good way to indicate position, by both sight and smell. Under favorable conditions, birch bark smoke can be scented miles away. Do not discard your pack and provisions to lighten yourself, and if game is scarce, be saving, as you do not know how long you may be before finding your way. I knew a man who was lost for six days and came out all right. Remember that the great secret is: not to worry. None of the above hints will be of any use if you do. It must be a very poor place in the bush where a man with an axe cannot fix himself up comfortably for a night, even if he has no tent. The least thing, such as a few branches, will break the wind, and in winter, if some snow is thrown over them, additional comfort will be secured.

Clothing, footgear and mitts should be well dried before the fire. If a man gets some little rest and starts out in the morning with warm, dry clothes, it makes a great difference in the day's work that he will be able to perform. Many a poor fellow has had his feet frost-bitten from not observing this simple rule.

It will happen sometimes that one may be overtaken by a heavy snowstorm while out hunting, and not be provided with snowshoes, or a snowshoe is sometimes lost by accident. Travelling under these circumstances is excessively fatiguing. A temporary snowshoe can be made with a stout branch of a spruce or balsam tree. This should be tied on to the foot, butt end forwards, and balanced so that the hind part will be a little heavier. It will not be very comfortable to wear, but it is wonderful what relief it will afford when plodding through deep snow. Thin pieces of wood, split or hewn down, are also of help — on the ski principle—but it takes some little time to prepare them. If one has twine or skins suitable for cutting lacings out of a rough pair of snowshoes is easily made in a few hours, if one knows how to lace them. To do this properly requires practice, but any kind of rough crossing of the string will do in a case of necessity. Showshoes are not only useful in winter, but are frequently used by Indians and trappers in walking over swampy or marshy localities at other seasons. I have found them of immense advantage myself in places of this kind. For such purposes the short round ones are the best.

While on the subject of snowshoes, a word about the foot straps may not be out of place. There are various contrivances for this, some of them very elaborately got up and all good according to the fancy of the wearer or the kind of work he wants them for; but there is only one kind of tying that is safe for the hunter or traveller to use, namely, that which can be removed instantly by a simple twist of the foot.

I have known of several persons who would have been drowned, if alone, simply owing to the fact of having the snowshoe straps tied or strapped to the foot and being unable to remove them without the help of the hands. Such a danger presents itself in going over weak ice, where if a person breaks through he can never extricate himself alone with his snowshoes on. If the accident happens on a river where the current is strong he will be dragged under. Two hunters were drowned in this manner on the Ste. Marguerite river.

Building a Fire.—Although lighting a fire seems to be a very simple thing, there are many occasions when it requires a good deal of skill and experience to do it quickly and properly. In heavy rain or snowstorm, it is necessary to have at hand sufficient materials to start a good fire at once. Birch bark in this northern section is the great lighter, and can be found almost everywhere. Where this is not available, decayed wood comes next, some kinds igniting like powder. Obtain this from standing trees. Fallen timber is always more or less wet. Having everything ready, lay one piece of wood down, then your birch bark chips or anything else you have as a lighter, then your small bits of wood, and on these the larger ones, according to the size of fire needed, being careful to leave air spaces between. This is very essential, otherwise your fire will not burn brightly. The laying of a first piece to raise the small sticks, is to secure draft; otherwise the weight of your material will choke the fire. When once well under way, almost anything will burn, no matter how wet it may be. Avoid building a fire alongside of a cliff, or a large standing tree, as the first is dangerous from pieces falling or flying off when heated. The second may burn sufficiently through the trunk to fall during the night. If a tree is cut down, however, before lighting your fire, the stump forms a most excellent back piece, and when well lighted, will make a fire that will last for hours. Since the introduction of tents and camp stoves, the need of open fires has decreased, but even in managing a stove, there is a knack in the lighting of it, the principle of which is to allow air space.

When I was trapping with my brother we often made experiments as an amusement—sometimes in cases of necessity — in lighting a fire without matches. The steel and flint were still in existence in those days, and we always had them, with punk or burnt cotton, which we kept in a waterproof bag, made out of sealskin or sometimes of the skin of some small animal. In the old times this was carried daily on a belt, but in our case it was left hanging in our permanent camp, as a reserve in case our matches gave out or were accidentally lost or spoiled. Making a fire from the flint and steel was quite easy, but I had read that some tribes made fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, and this was what we were after. I am sorry to say that I cannot recommend it as a fire maker, but it is a fine warmer, because after a few minutes working the perspiration would be running down our faces. By using a block of wood as a base and another piece as a drill, with a loose cord and bow, we managed to get smoke, but I never saw any fire, probably because we could not keep up exercise long enough! A lens and a piece of punk is a better way if there is a clear sun, the only drawback being that in winter the sun is often invisible. Our "Montagnais" Indians take great pride in their skill in woodcraft and rather look upon their white brother as a tenderfoot. In my rambles in the woods we often camped, met and lived with them. One evening we had a visit in our camp from some of them who were in the vicinity and they were puzzled on seeing our fire block and drill to know what they were for. I explained the matter and they said that they had never heard of fire being so obtained in their tribe. Different methods were then discussed, when to their astonishment I claimed I could either burn their fingers or light a fire with a piece of ice. They all thought that this was a joke, and when I maintained that it could really be done, one of them offered to bet his best beaver skin that it was impossible. I told him to come next day about noon, if fine, and to bring his skin, when I would not only burn his hand, but would give him the secret as well. Sure enough, the next day he was on time, but not alone. The whole family had come to witness the magical performance. I had prepared in the meantime a nice clear piece of ice. Out of this I shaped with my knife a lens of about three inches in diameter, which I polished by rubbing it over with the palm of my hand. When ready, I took hold of his hand, and concentrating the rays of the sun on it, I soon, of course, burned him. In his unbelief he had held his hand so long in that position that I raised a blister on it. I then lighted a piece of punk and a fire by the same method, as promised, and claimed the skin, which the Indian said he was glad to give in exchange for this secret. I presume that after that he won some bets from his friends. With the old style flint lock gun it was also easy to get fire by placing powder in the pan with a piece of dry cotton or even with damp cotton if one was careful to rub it well previously with dry powder. With the percussion cap gun or the breech-loader it requires more care. Take a piece of camp cotton, rub it well with dry powder, then load into the gun or cartridge about half a dram of powder and place your prepared cotton over it as a light wad. Have some punk or dry, decayed wood ready, besides what wood and kindling you may want, and when you have discharged the gun and picked up the rag you will find it on fire. After that it is only a matter of fanning to get a blaze.

If too large a charge of powder is used, the wad will be extinguished by velocity and contact.

Sleeping in the Snow.—One winter I had my permanent camp on the border of Lake Shetagomau, the head waters of the east branch of the Manicouagan River. About the middle of February my brother and myself decided to go on an exploring trip of about two days' walking, further north, on the lookout for suitable marten ground. As we were not out for meat we arranged to go as light as possible, so as to cover more ground. We each carried on axe, a quart tin kettle, and sufficient grub for four days, wrapping this last in our shelter tent,— a piece of cotton ten feet long, by six wide—which made our pack and which we carried turn about. We made an early start, as we travelled over six miles on the lake and then took to the woods, and had a long day's tramp. About four o'clock we halted to camp for the night. There was the same old job of clearing the snow, cutting wood and branches and setting up the shelter tent in a half circle. When all this was done, my brother went for water to a small lake nearby. I got ready to light the fire, when to our discouragement we found we had no matches. I usually carried these in my pockets in a small vial, well corked, and thus absolutely waterproof. In some way, probably while choppng or collecting the

MY BROTHER "JOE" COMEAU
My "Pard" in Trapping for Some Years.

wood, I had lost them. Neither of us smoked, consequently we had no loose matches, although we fumbled all through our pockets just the same. Night had now set in and it was well nigh impossible to travel back, besides which we were very tired, so I proposed that we should have something to eat and then try and get a little rest by lying down in the snow. If we found it too cold we were to get up and walk back the best way we could to our camp, which we estimated to be about twenty miles away. We ate some dried smoked beaver and frozen galettes—camp-made bread—for our supper, and then set to work preparing our bed. I tramped down a trough in the snow six feet long by about three wide. On the bottom of this we laid a lot of the fine branches we had cut for our camp. Over this we laid half of the shelter tent, then one of our coats, removing our shoes and putting them also under us. Then we both got into the trench, bringing the other half of the cotton over us and piling on snow, up to our waist, using our second coat as an additional covering over our body and shoulders. With a branch in one hand I then swept over us as much snow as I could and covered our heads with the cotton, shaking some of the snow over. For a little while it was rather cold, but it soon got more comfortable and we went asleep and to our surprise only woke up at daylight. On the inside surface the snow had melted and glazed, retaining the heat, but we felt damp and chilly on getting out, and had to hurry up and walk to warm ourselves. We returned to our camp, and felt no ill effects from our night in the snow. After that night each of us carried a vial of matches. I slept in the snow again, after that, but I was provided with a good hare-skin blanket and cotton wrapper, and we followed the same plan occasionally to save the time and work of making a camp when after caribou or on a long tramp.

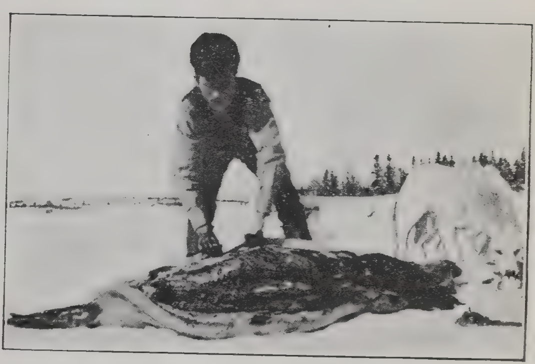
A Hare-Skin Blanket; How it is Made.—I do not believe there is anything in creation so warm for its weight as this kind of blanket. For comfort I would sooner have one of them than six ordinary woollen ones. A pair of four or four and a half points old style H. B. Co. blankets used to weigh about fourteen pounds. A hare-skin of the same size will weigh about five. One hundred hare skins are required to make a blanket of the above size, but twenty-five is sufficient to begin the work, and a little is added from time to time as the skins are secured. On skinning the hare the skin is left with the fur inside and allowed to dry, by hanging outside. If dried in the heat of the camp it gets burned and breaks. The same will apply to all kinds of fur. They should never be exposed to the heat of a fire or to the sun. The skins are moistened and set up on the rounded head of a stake, covered with some soft substance, to allow the skin to rotate. With a sharp knife it is then cut into strips of an inch wide, beginning at the hind part and working around till the neck is reached, when it is cut off and the head thrown away. This will make a strip of about eight feet long for each skin. This skin, while still fresh and moist, is twisted around rope fashion and laid aside. To twist it easily, one end is secured, and a small rounded stick with a split in one end to hold the strip, is applied at the other extremity, and then twirled around between the hands, or between the hand and thigh. The knitting is done on the fingers in the same way as a net is made, and when completed one can just push the fingers through the meshes. In common with many other things, a hare-skin blanket has its good and bad points. Its advantages are its warmth, lightness and cheapness, and the fact that it can be made in the woods. Its disadvantages are the readiness with which it tears, and the fact that it cannot be washed or cleaned. We used to throw it away after our hunt was over, and make a new one the following season. Some years, when hares are abundant, a hundred or so can be snared by one man in three or four days. In an old *brule*—a burnt forest covered with second growth—I once shot fifty-two in one afternoon. Shooting, however, is seldom practiced as it is considered a waste of ammunition in the woods, snaring being the usual method of capture.

Across the St. Lawrence

THERE have been so many versions of this experience of ours,—all more or less true,—that I have decided to give my readers a plain and simple narrative of the occurrence.

I am very fond of seal shooting, and aside from its pecuniary returns, I consider it really good sport. In pursuit of it I went down to Pointe des Monts early in January, 1886. We — my eldest brother Isaie and myself — had very good luck, having killed fourteen seals in one week's shooting, and were then waiting for a favorable day to return home to Godbout. On the 18th and 19th we had a strong east wind and a heavy fall of snow, clearing up slightly on the evening of the last date. North-easterly winds come a little off shore, along the cliffs, between Pointe des Monts and Godbout and drive the ice away from the land. We therefore had some hope of getting up to Godbout early on the 20th, and I wired my wife to expect me for breakfast if the weather continued fine. We left Pointe des Monts at 3 a.m. as intended. It was quite calm and mild for a winter day. My object in leaving so early was to try to reach Godbout before the westerly wind arose, for I expected it would be a strong gale, as the barometer had been falling steadily.

Pointe des Monts
Light-House



Flaying a Seal

Entrance of the Mistassini River

We proceeded along shore in pretty clear water, now and then meeting a stray piece of ice, and made five miles, when we met a solid barrier of slush ice—mixed snow and water—extending as far out as we could see in the dim light. We lay near this ice for some time, waiting for daylight, in case we might see some opening in the ice which we could pass through.

When it became clear enough, we saw that it was impossible to reach Godbout. The tide was also falling and this slush ice was getting thicker all the time, so that the easiest and best thing to do was to return to Pointe des Monts, as it was clear in that direction.

The currents are very strong here, nearly always down the river, and they vary in strength, according to the winds, running from one and a half to two and a half knots per hour. They are deflected by the land to the westward, and diverted into a S.-E. direction, thus forming east of Pointe des Monts, an immense eddy. Thus on the east of the point there is a strong flood with a corresponding strong ebb west of it. East of the Point the ice and slush was jammed right up to the shore and moving west.

In the open space of water outside the Point was a canoe manned by two brothers, Francis and Alfred Labrie, who were hunting seals. They had shot at a seal and wounded it and were busy chasing it when we neared Pointe des Monts on our return. They were then about one mile and a half off shore, in a bay formed by the jagged edge of the ice that was coming from the west and inside of them, and nearly meeting that from the east. I saw at a glance that this channel of clear water was closing fast, and waved to them a danger signal with my paddle. They were so occupied with their chase of the wounded seal, however, that they did not notice me. In the meantime we had gradually neared this gap, which was rapidly closing upon them. To make things worse, the wind was rising fast and threatened a gale. One canoe alone, closed in that slush, meant certain death: for two there was a chance of getting out.

Turning to my brother, I said, "What do you say to going in and helping them?"

"Do what you think best," was his answer.

We pushed out and one minute later the ice closed behind us. The Labries had now realized their danger, and were rowing towards us with all their might. Steadily the ice came down, increasing the width of the barrier behind us, and the wind and current setting us out from shore. When the canoe joined us the open space of water was reduced to a few hundred yards with a quarter mile barrier of slush ahead of us. A few minutes later we were quite surrounded.

Paddling or rowing in slush ice is an impossible thing. The canoe sticks fast in it and will not move, and though it may vary in thickness from six to seven inches to as many feet, one cannot walk on it. The only means of advance in such a case is to work the canoes in the manner termed by seal hunters "ladder work," which is accomplished in the following manner: All the four men get into one canoe. The light and empty one is then drawn up alongside and pushed forward its whole length. The men then all get into it, while the other is in turn drawn up and the same thing repeated over and over again. Twelve feet are thus gained each time. It is slow and laborious work, but it has been the salvation of many a canoe's crew. In our case it failed owing to the gale of northwest wind and the heavy current. For three hours we worked steadily at this "ladder work," losing ground all the time, till we gave it up as a useless expenditure of strength.

A canoe manned by another brother of mine—Peter—and a young hunter named M. Boucher, made a desperate attempt to come out to us, but the gale had increased so much that they had to turn back. When we ceased work we were more than four miles out.

In the canoes we were very much exposed to the cold wind and badly cramped up, besides which I was soaking wet. Here and there amongst the slush were pieces of solid ice. We therefore went to work again to reach such a piece, and hauled up our canoes on it. It was about fifty feet long by twenty or so wide, and thick enough to be solid. We laid one of the canoes on its keel crossways to the wind, driving our harpoons in the ice to hold it against the gale. The second canoe we turned on its side behind the other, banking up the ends and sides with pieces of ice and snow, which we handled with our paddles.

We had now some slight shelter from the biting wind. The cold was also increasing. This work on the ice had warmed us up a little and I took advantage of this to strip and wring out my trousers and socks, as in attempting to haul the canoe over a piece of ice I had broken through and gone into the water up to the waist. All we could do just then was to tramp around, beat our hands and try to keep warm. I soon warmed myself up in this manner and urged the others to do the same. The ice driven off shore by the gale opened a broad lane of open water to the north of us. This gave us a ray of hope. Should the wind calm down we still might have a chance in that direction.

We had no food of any kind with us and during the whole day I had kept my gun and rifle handy in case a seal should show up within range. We saw a few, but at a long distance, but my patience was rewarded by getting a shot at a flock of long-tailed ducks—old squaws—and I brought down three, which we secured. They were a God-send to us. My brother was suffering from cold feet and hands. I plucked the feathers, warm and dry, and stuffed his mittens and shoes with them, the two Labries using in the same way what little was left. The meat I put in my cartridge bag in reserve. All that day we held on to our piece of ice. The wind had increased to a strong gale and the weather clearing, it got intensely cold. (It registered that evening at Pointe des Monts 15° below zero).

At sunset we were about 14 miles S.-E. of Pointe des Monts. Mr. Fafard, the lighthouse keeper, had very thoughtfully kindled the light for us, in case we might require it as a guide to the shore. For a while it showed us our position, but at eight o'clock we lost sight of it. The ever-increasing width of open water to the N.-W. of us was now sufficiently long to raise a good sea and we began to feel the roll, till near 10 p.m. it became so heavy that the sea washed over our piece of ice. The open water was then close to us. I estimated we were then 18 miles S.-E. of Pointe des Monts. Our only safety now lay in getting deeper into the ice towards the South Shore. The canoes were got ready and we shoved on southwards. For a while we resumed the "ladder work". Then, as we got further south, the ice got firmer with the cold, and began to bear us, and we dragged the canoes. An hour later we struck a lane of open water. It ran about S.-W. from us and was nearly four miles long. We rowed as hard as we could to warm ourselves. This lane finally narrowed down to nothing and we had to get on the ice and drag the canoes again. It was awfully hard work and we made slow progress; as nearly as I could judge about one mile an hour. The ice formation was different also, being much thicker, and the rasping and creaking of it was something terrible. Ridges would form in a few seconds and of these we had to be careful so as not to have our canoes caught and crushed. It must have been jamming somewhere about that time, because after a while its motion ceased, and we crossed two or three small lanes of open water, when the dragging of the canoes was resumed. We worked this in spells of ten minutes with an intervening rest of five minutes. During the first part of the dragging we had thrown away everything not absolutely required, the boat anchors, one harpoon, knee pads — which being soaked were useless—our steel hook, all the bottom boards and about one hundred and fifty cartridges,—keeping twenty-five in case of need. The wind had not at all abated, but as we got to the southward it became more westerly and increased our drift eastwards very perceptibly. Allowance had to be made for it, by working more westerly. This increased our distance considerably, but was the only way to avoid being swept down below

Cape Chatte or Cape Ste. Anne, where the river widens out very much.

About 5 a.m. we met a large hummock of ice and got under shelter of it for a rest. My brother and I had had nothing to eat or drink for thirty-six hours nor the Labries for twenty-four. They had taken breakfast before going out. I did not feel the hunger much, but I was very thirsty, as were all the others, and occasionally they would eat a little snow on the sly, as I would not permit it, the effect being very bad and weakening. Here we divided two of the ducks for our breakfast—"*haerlda glacialis*" *au naturel.* It was very fine, but I thought our cook might have left out the *glacialis.* However, we partly got over this by holding it under the arm inside of our coats, for some minutes. We felt refreshed with this slight meal and the canoe dragging was renewed.

At daylight I caught sight of Cape Chatte, about twelve miles distant, and bearing S.-E. from us and this was comforting to me, as showing that we had held our own against the drift. As far as I could see, the ice, although most of it in broken pieces, was solidly packed. It was an older formation too, as there was snow on it, making the dragging very heavy. Our progress became slower, and my companions showed signs of exhaustion. With the rising of the sun the wind had increased, driving the cold through us.

My brother and Francis Labrie were suffering very much from it, their faces and hands getting frost-bitten, so that every now and then they had to be rubbed to restore the circulation. When I called a rest, they would drop down in the canoe and want to sleep. It was with considerable trouble that they were kept awake.

So far we had dragged the two canoes in case of meeting weak ice, but owing to the exhausted condition of these two members of our party, it was impossible to continue it, so we abandoned mine, as being slightly heavier. We also left behind our two pairs of oars, reserving only one paddle for each. Tying the rope of the steel hook on each side of the remaining canoe, my brother and Francis could help in the dragging; Alfred, who held out better than his brother, helping me at the bow. All through that day it was the same weary drag, with an occasional few yards of open water, and gradually the shore loomed up. I had much trouble keeping my brother awake and his hands from freezing. Alfred also showed signs of exhaustion and his hands were getting frost-bitten also. At 2.30 p. m. we drifted past Cape Chatte about two miles distant. Inside, along the shore, I could see a lane of open water. I urged them all to make an effort for an hour to reach this. I think it was the longest hour of all, but we made it, and our canoe was afloat once more. Except for a thin ice on the surface, it was now clear right up to the shore at Ste. Anne Point, which was the nearest land, about one and a quarter mile distant. We were so tired that the paddling of this short distance occupied nearly an hour and we landed just as darkness came on.

To try and attract the attention of the people on shore I had fired ten or twelve shots as we approached and although they were heard, no attention had been paid to them, as the shooting was supposed to come from some of the shore people.

It felt good to step on land again. My brother was very cold, perfectly chilled by sitting in the canoe, where I could not give him much attention, having to paddle and steer. His hands, face and feet were badly frost-bitten, and the Labrie brothers had their faces and hands frozen.

We had landed opposite a farm house occupied by Mrs. G. Tanguay and her three children, two young girls and a boy—the eldest of the family—about 12 years old. The little chap, happening to be playing in the road, saw us landing, and I also got a glimpse of him as he ran away. Rushing into the house he told his mother that four drunken Indians were coming up to the house. He had seen me with my fringed buckskin coat helping my brother up and the two Labries staggering behind us. It was no wonder that he thought we were drunk! Reaching the door I knocked and received no answer. The light had been put out and the door barricaded. I called loudly in French and heard one of the girls who had been peeping at us say, "They are not Indians."

Mrs. Tanguay then came to the door and after a question as to who we were, the door was opened. The poor woman on seeing our condition was exceedingly grieved to have kept us waiting and she hustled around, taking off our ice-covered clothing, to make up for it. A neighbour was sent for to help in rubbing the frost-bitten men. In the meantime our hostess set to work making pancakes for our supper. I told her she need not bother about them for the moment. They had no tea, so we took some hot milk and water and a piece of toasted bread and butter. We wrapped up my brother in a warm blanket and put him to bed, as he was completely played out. The boy, and one of the neighbours, hauled up our canoe and took up our guns and snowshoes—my brother's and mine — for the Labries had none. After this was all kindly attended to, I enquired about the telegraph office and was told that it was about two miles further east, and that the road, owing to the recent gale, was very bad, and besides this that Mrs. T. had no horse. Being very anxious to send news to all our relatives, I decided to go on my snowshoes and save time. I was very warmly received by the Agent, Mr. T. J. Lamontagne, and the telegrams were sent immediately. He also insisted upon driving me back in his cariole to Mrs. Tanguay's, for which I felt very grateful, as well as for his very kind offer of funds to meet our return expenses to Quebec, and of a drive to Cape Chatte the next day, where I wanted to make arrangements for horses and sleighs to drive us up. The Labries had also an uncle residing there, whom we wanted to see. My brother and the Labries were sleeping when I returned and I found a bed ready for me, but instead of occupying it, I sat on a chair near the stove and dropped asleep. I did not go to bed at all that night, but sitting in the chair I woke now and then and would take a few strides in the house, sit down and go off to sleep again. Next morning I felt no effects of the trip at all and had been lucky in escaping without a frost bite.

The news of our arrival on the South Shore spread like wild-fire and about nine a.m. Mr. Antoine Labrie came down for his nephews. According to his promise, Mr. Lamontagne came to drive me up to Cape Chatte and advanced me one hundred dollars for our expenses. At Cape Chatte I arranged for three sleighs, on one of which we fitted a sort of padded box seat, in which we strapped my brother when we travelled. His hands and feet were so swollen that he could neither walk nor help himself. While at Cape Chatte we were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Antoine Labrie. He insisted on our remaining two days with him to recuperate and to allow of the roads getting somewhat better, which I thought was very sensible advice. He and the Messrs. Blanchet, Fournier and Gagne drove us to Metis, making no charge beyond their expenses and that of the horses; and I could not in any way prevail upon them to accept a small remuneration. It was really most generous on their part, as it occasioned them the loss of more than a week's time.

About 8.30 p.m., on the first evening we were at Cape Chatte, a messenger came in saying that I was wanted at the telegraph office. On reaching it I found that the possibility of our having reached the South Shore in such weather seemed so extraordinary that the genuineness of the telegrams sent had been doubted, our friends fearing that they had been forwarded merely to pave the way for worse news later. Seeing this, Mr. Edwin Pope, Manager of the G.N.W. Telegraph Company, at Quebec, had personally arranged a connection of the different lines and the placing of a repeating instrument in Quebec, to give us a telegraphic connection clear through to Godbout, so that I could communicate with my wife, who is also an operator. How considerate this was on the part of Mr. Pope and all concerned, I leave to my readers to judge! The combination represented nearly a thousand miles of wire, and over this my wife and I exchanged greetings and I gave her a brief account of our trip and our then conditions and intentions. The wire was left at our disposal for an hour.

Our Return Journey

We remained two days at Cape Chatte guests of Mr. Antoine Labrie, and early on the third morning, everything being ready, we started with four of the best horses that could be procured. Just before leaving the village, one of the drivers asked me if I did not think it would be prudent, in case of necessity, to get a bottle of brandy. I answered that personally I did not require any, but that if others thought it necessary he might buy a bottle, for which I handed him $1.25. Then he remarked that he could not procure it unless he was sick, but that as I was a stranger and had a sick brother, the Cure would give me the necessary certificate. As we had to pass the good Cure's door, I called on him and was given a slip of paper initialed and marked broadly with a paint brush in red, and with this document my driver was given the desired article at the medical depot. It was surprising to see how chilled the drivers became, two or three times that day, driving against a strong westerly wind. It took us three hours and a half to reach Capucins, a small settlement ten miles west of Cape Chatte, where we had lunch and gave the horses a rest, and in the evening we reached Mechins, making a total of twenty-five miles for the day, which, considering the awful condition of the roads, we thought satisfactory. We put up for the night at a farm house,—Mr. Letourneau's,—where we were very kindly treated and for supper had some fine caribou steaks, one of the sons having killed a couple of caribou in the vicinity while cutting wood. I was told that they frequently came down to the settlements.

There was still in use in this house an old-fashioned iron lamp, shaped like a pitch ladle, and burning common train oil. It was a sort of two story affair, the under portion being intended to receive the drippings. The handle, which was bent, was secured to a double wooden ratchet by which it could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The ceiling of the house and the rafters were the color of the top masts of a collier. After a little persuasion, I induced the old lady to part with it for an ordinary coal oil lamp and two gallons of oil, and this old relic now adorns a private collection.

From Mechins west the roads were somewhat better and less hilly and we had lunch at Pointe a la Baleine. This was a sort of regular stopping place, and Mrs. P., who kept the house, insisted on treating my brother and the drivers to a nice hot drink of what she called "whisky blanc," but which was, I suspected, of her own manufacture. It had a smell of turpentine, sulphuric acid and pepper combined, and must have been very warming stuff indeed. I took advantage of the first chance I had to pour my brother's portion into a slop pail. When she saw the empty tin cup a few minutes later she expressed the hope it would "do the poor young man a lot of good."

Early that evening we reach Matane, where we put up for the night, having travelled about thirty-six miles. We were now getting into a more densely populated section and the roads were fair. We left Matane early and reached the I.C.R. station at Summit, Metis, about 4 p.m., making our best day's drive—about 45 miles. I found several telegrams awaiting me here, amongst them one from the late Colonel Allan Gilmour, of Ottawa, congratulating us upon our safe arrival on the South Shore and advising me to draw on him for one hundred dollars to pay our expenses up to Quebec, — a very liberal and most welcome gift at that moment. A second message was from a personal friend in Quebec, advising us to wait at Metis till the next day, as he was trying to get us a free passage over the I. C. Ry. However, my brother's condition would not allow of any delay and I preferred to pay our fares and to hurry up. It was as well that we did, as I heard afterwards that my friend's request had not been granted.

We put up at a small boarding house near the station, kept by a Mr. Beaulieu, who did all he could to make us comfortable. A young gentleman, whom I took for a commercial traveller, was boarding there. He appeared to take a great deal of interest in the narrative of our trip during the evening and sympathized very much with my brother's sufferings. Next morning as we were getting ready to leave, he accosted me and said, "Look here, my friend, I am a poor man and can only spare twenty dollars, but if you are in need of them, here they are, so make use of them for your companions and yourself."

I was so surprised at this generous offer from a perfect stranger, that for a moment I could not answer. I thanked him very much for his good intentions and his great kindness, but told him that for the present we were not in sufficient need to justify my acceptance of his very generous offer. Upon enquiry I found that this gentleman's name was Gauvreau, and that he was a stationer from Quebec. I could not obtain his initials, nor have I met him since, but if these lines should strike his eye some day, I wish to thank him again.

The conductor of the I. C. Ry. train that day, Mr. Couturier, of Levis, was very obliging to us in getting a double seat arranged like a bed, where my brother could lie down and be more comfortable. At Trois Pistoles Station some nice hot broth and toast were brought on the train for my brother, and the rest of us were served with refreshments by Mr. Dery and his family, for which no remuneration would be accepted. We arrived at Levis after dark, and learned that owing to the condition of the ice there would be no ferry boat that night, so I had to seek lodgings in the meantime. In an adjacent hotel, after considerable haggling, I secured a small room in the upper portion of the house, which was very inconvenient, as my brother being too weak and suffering too much to walk, we had to carry him. We had tea and breakfast there, for which we were charged the modest sum of six dollars and fifty cents! Whatever may have been this good landlord's qualities, humanity did not seem to be his failing. We really could not complain much, for in all our trip, which occupied a month, this was the only exception to the generosity that marked our homeward trip. About 8.30 a.m., the ice permitting, we crossed over to Quebec and were met at the ferry landing by many friends and sympathizers, chief among whom were Colonel Vohl, Messrs. A. Fraser, J. Holliday, E. Beaudet, E. N. Chinic, Arthur Turcotte, Ed. Giroux, L. Noel, C. Bergevin, A. Toussaint, J. G. Bruneau, G. Van Felson, Wm. Doyle and others. After many handshakes and congratulations, we were driven up to the residence of Mr. Noel, an intimate friend of the family, where my brother and two companions were taken care of, Colonel Vohl insisting upon my being his guest during our stay in Quebec. Dr. M. J. Ahern was called in and attended to my brother's feet and hands, and, later on, assisted by Dr. Catellier, performed the necessary amputations. He also prescribed for young Labrie, who was suffering from a severe cold. Mr. Noel would not allow my brother to go to the hospital at all, and certainly nothing could exceed the care and attention bestowed on him by Mrs. Noel and her family. Between Dr. Ahern's skilful treatment and Mrs. Noel's good nursing, my brother recovered, but it was three months before he could go home. In about a week young Labrie was sufficiently well to return home with me, but he never entirely recovered from the effects of that trip.

We remained a week in Quebec, and while there were the recipients of much kindness and many attentions. I had the honor of being presented to Lieut.-Governor Masson, and of receiving at his hands a handsome silver medal and clasp. A special report of our experience on the ice was sent to the Marquis of Lansdowne by Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. J. U. Gregory, and, most probably through this representation I had the honor of receiving, a few weeks later, the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society. Some months afterwards my brother and I received, through their general delegate in Canada, F. R. E. Campeau, Esq., the diploma and medal of the *Societe des Chevaliers Sauveteurs des Alpes Maritime*, of Nice, and the Dominion Government presented us each with a pair of binoculars with an appropriate inscription; honors, I thought, out of all proportion to the simple act of duty we had performed. The reporters of the different local papers chased us around to get some details of our trip, but as I was averse to having these made public, I managed to give them the slip several times, for which I ask their forgiveness to-day.

We had now a three hundred miles journey before us and as soon as the two Labries were sufficiently recovered we left Quebec. We bought some snowshoes and other necessary articles for the trip, and as our funds had been exhausted on the way from Cape Chatte to Levis, several of the leading citizens of Quebec subscribed to form a purse of one hundred and ten dollars, which was presented to us to defray the expenses of our homeward journey. Owing to the generous desire of nearly everybody to help us along, this sum proved more than ample. It paid for our outfit and travelling expenses and left sufficient to pay the doctor's bill and other small expenses for my brother in Quebec. It need scarcely be remarked, therefore, that Dr. Ahern's bill was far from being a heavy one. Truly of him it may be said, "his left hand does not know what his right hand doeth."

At 11 a.m. on Sunday, February 7th, we left Quebec on snowshoes, getting on the ice near the C. P. R. station, and heading direct for Chateau

Richer. A number of our friends came down to the river to see us off, and as we passed down Palace Hill, a number of Irish boys cheered us. Thus amid many good wishes we left old Quebec behind us! We reached Chateau Richer about 1 p.m. As young Labrie was getting somewhat tired and thirsty, we decided to take a short rest and get a cup of tea. We each carried a gun—the sealing guns we were taking back—and a pack of about 18 lbs. We were directed in answer to our enquiries to a boarding house kept by Mr. Lefrançois. As we entered I think our armed appearance did not impress him very favorably. I asked if we could have a cup of tea. "Well," he said, " it's Sunday, and after usual meal hours, but I will see my wife and let you know." In about five minutes he returned, and I saw by his looks that there was not much prospect of getting anything. Without referring to my question he sat down and asked where we came from and why we carried so many guns. I answered that we had come from Quebec that morning, but that we belonged to the North Shore and were going home.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you are the men who suffered so much in crossing the St. Lawrence?"

He had no sooner received our answer than he rushed off and called his wife to introduce us to her and then told her to hurry up and get us something to eat. We were served with an excellent dinner in quick time. At his request we gave him a short narrative of our trip. He asked me for my brother's address in Quebec and I heard later that he paid him two or three visits. Very much to his regret we refused his kind offer to stay there overnight, as we wanted to reach Ste. Anne, where I had already arranged for a driver. We could not persuade Mr. Lefrançois to accept anything for his trouble, so thanking him for his kindness we bade him good-bye.

Mr. Xavier Pare, our driver, had agreed to take us from Ste. Anne to Murray Bay for the small sum of twelve dollars. When we reached Ste. Anne he explained he was charging us very little more than his expenses for the trip, and that he hoped we would not object to walking a little where the hills were bad. We readily agreed, being quite accustomed to walking, but the next day we found that it was practically all hills and that we were walking all the time, to which I did not object, as I was really more comfortable walking than sitting quiet in a cariole, and getting benumbed with the cold. The roads were so bad that it was night before we reached Baie St. Paul. We put up at a hotel kept by a Mr. Bois. During the evening he asked me many questions about my family and where we had lived on the North Shore. I thought he was rather inquisitive, but as I had nothing to hide I gave him the desired information, and also, as usual at every place at which we stopped, an account of our experience on the ice. Next morning we were called up at 5 a.m., as our driver wanted to reach Murray Bay and return that day. We found a nice breakfast awaiting us, and our guns, snowshoes and packs all ready in the cariole. I thought to myself he may be inquisitive, but he knows what travelling is. As soon as we were ready to start I asked him for our bill. "My dear friend," he answered, "I have something to tell you. Twenty-six years ago I was down on the North Shore in connection with a wrecked vessel. Being a perfect stranger there, your father very kindly put me up for a couple of days. When I came to settle with him, he answered that he did not keep a boarding house. Well, to-day, I don't keep one for his son!" Pressing my hand he bade us *bon voyage.* This was gratitude of a kind that does a fellow's heart good!

At Murray Bay we met with a warm reception from the Mayor, Mr. Kane, Messrs. Angers, Cimon, P. and Elie Mattais and other citizens. While there we were the guests of Mr. Elie Mattais. These good people would not allow us to hire any vehicles, but carioles to drive us down to Ste. Catherine's Bay were placed at our disposal by the gentlemen above named. I shall always remember with pleasure the day we spent there.

Captain Zic Gagne was my driver and he owned a splendid black horse which he handled like his schooner, but with this difference: that as he could not take any reefs in the horse, he upset me twice on the way by carrying too much sail! He was a furious driver and I felt easier when we were over the seven hills of Port au Persil. Here we were the guests of Captain Wm. McClaren, an old acquaintance of mine, and for many years in charge of Judge (later Sir Elzear) Taschereau's yacht.

We made an early start, and as the roads were too bad for fast driving, we had no more upsets, and reached Ste. Catherine's at half-past two p.m., where I had the good luck to meet a friend and confrere, Mr. Gabriel Boulianne, a noted porpoise and seal hunter. Mrs. Boulianne had a good lunch ready for us and shortly afterwards the weather and tide being favorable, Mr. B. ferried us over to Tadousac in his canoe.

Like many others of his calling, Mr. Boulianne has had many narrow escapes while chasing porpoises and seals. On one occasion he and his eldest brother were upset in their canoe by a wounded porpoise. His brother was drowned, and he himself rescued in an exhausted condition. Another time, having spent the night out in the open after porpoises without any luck, he decided, just as they were coming in with the rising tide, to try the reefs for seals. Getting out on a flat stone, he told his young brother to go further in and hide behind the reef, while he endeavored to decoy some seals and secure a shot. The little chap did as directed and got alongside of a boulder further in shore. The poor boy was tired after his night's work, and as it was calm and warm, he dropped asleep in the canoe. The strong incoming tide swept the canoe in towards land. Some time later, when his brother had got a shot and killed a seal, he looked around for the canoe, but was dismayed to see it nearly a mile away. He shouted and fired his gun, but the boy slept on. By this time the rock was covered and the water creeping up on him. There was too much water for him to get off the rock and he could not swim a stroke. He shouted till he was hoarse. The rising wind aggravated for a time his position, but eventually proved his salvation. A schooner that was about four miles away gradually approached him before the wind, and those on board, hearing his cries and seeing his position, sent their boat out and rescued him. By this time the water had risen above his waist, and it was only by using his gun as a prop that he had been able to hold on to his position. Long before this the boy had wakened and rowed desperately against the wind and tide, but it would have been a full half hour later before he could have reached his brother.

We put up at the hotel of Mr. Boulianne—a distant relative of our friend's and arranged with him for a *berlot* to drive us to Escoumains, for twelve dollars, our night's lodging and board included. This was the heaviest day's expense incurred on our whole trip, amounting to fifteen dollars. I had a letter of introduction from Mr. T. J. Lamontagne to his manager, Mr. John Topping, at Escoumains Mills. As he was rather short-handed at the moment, he could not send anyone to drive us down, but he supplied us with a horse and sleigh which we were to leave at Mille Vaches, the next parish, 15 miles east. From Escoumains to Mille Vaches the roads were dreadful and our progress so slow that we frequently walked for a change. It was noon before we reached there.

At Mrs. J. A. Pinze's, where we had been told to leave the horse, we were given a hearty reception and excellent dinner. As we intended pushing on further, she kindly supplied us with a fresh horse on the same terms, that is to say, that we were to leave it at Sault au Cochon Mills, 18 miles further on. Thanking her for her kindness we left, expecting to reach the latter place that night. This was not to be. The wind, which had been from the east all day, began to increase and developed into a regular blizzard. Luckily I had travelled down that coast some years previously and had no trouble in finding our way, but it was slow work in the heavy snow drifts. It was dusk when we pulled up at Mr. D. Tremblay's, the lighthouse keeper of Portneuf, who received us in a most hospitable manner. Over eighteen inches of snow fell during the night.

Towards morning the wind moderated and I had decided to start on snowshoes, but Mr. Tremblay thought we had better take the horse to Sault au Cochon, which was and is still the terminus of the road on this coast. We left at about 8. a.m. Where there were obstructions near the road the snow had piled in immense drifts through which the poor horse floundered two or three times. I felt like taking him back, but, however, as this meant considerable delay, we kept on. On the first hill east of Portneuf river there was no appearance of any track and we had to unharness the poor brute and break a sleigh road before we could get him up with the sleigh. Once on top of the hill we had no more drifts, as the road ran through the woods. With only our packs and guns in the sleigh we let the horse break the road. following ourselves, on our snowshoes.

It was just noon when we reached Sault au Cochon, having taken over four hours to make nine miles. Here we left our rig. Mr. W. Forrest, the manager of the lumber mills, invited us to lunch with him and stay overnight. We accepted only the first part of his invitation, as we wished to try and reach Bersimis the next day. Our objective point that night was a lumber camp on the Laval River which I knew of, five or six miles further on, which we reached early. The man in charge of the camp, a Mr. Tremblay, lived there with his family. They were all very obliging and did all they could to make us comfortable. There were a lot of spare bunks, which he told us we were welcome to use. There was an immense box stove, which the poor fellow, thinking we might be cold, kept filling up with wood all night. It was awfully hot at times.

We got up very early, as we had a long and hard tramp before us, about twenty-nine miles of heavy walking, and we just managed to make it, arriving at Bersimis after dark. On the Bersimis river we met Mr. P. C. Dupuis, the manager of the Bersimis Lumber Company, who had come to meet us with his horse and sleigh and drove us to his house, where we were well taken care of by Mrs. D. The effect of the soft walking told on the eldest Labrie (Alfred), and the next morning he was laid up with a swollen knee, so we were forced to stay one day more at Bersimis. In the afternoon, Mr. Dupuis drove us over to the Indian Mission, where we were the guests of the Revd. Fathers Arnaud and Babel, the first of whom is not only a D.D., but an M.D. as well. He doctored Alfred's knee so well that the next day most of the swelling was gone.

As the ice was set inshore for some distance, the Revd. Fathers and Mr. Dupuis insisted on driving us down about four miles over it, which helped us very much, leaving us twenty-three miles from Manicouagan. Shortly after noon we were at Point des Outardes and had a short rest and a cup of tea with Mr. J. B. Ross, who has a good old Scotch name, but is unable to speak a word of English. He was very desirous that we should remain there till morning and prophesied bad weather. That was just what I expected myself and what made me anxious to go as far as possible that night. We had twelve miles to go to the nearest settlement, which was the Government Telegraph Station at Point Manicouagan. Our friend's prophecy soon came true. About 3 p.m. a gale of S.-E. wind and snow set in. Beyond the discomfort, we did not mind this much, as I was travelling over very familiar ground and reached the station shortly after dark, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. Going over the winter portage, there remained fifty-three miles more to cover in order to reach home, and this we had expected to make in two days. But this gale upset our calculations. As there were no settlements before we reached Godbout, we had to carry provisions for at least four days, in case of delay or accident. Mr. Pelletier, agent at Point Manicouagan, was very obliging and gave us a comfortable room, and we enjoyed a good night's rest. Next morning my wife advised me by wire that most of the able-bodied men of the vicinity were to start out and break

Mission House, Bersimis Indian Reserve

English Bay River, Manicouagan

the road for fifteen miles, up to a trapper's camp which they would have ready for us, and that they would take provisions with them. This was good news, so we only bought enough food for two days and started. Owing to the very soft snow we only covered about twenty miles. We had also to stop early to have time to prepare for the night, which was in the usual camping style already described in a previous chapter. The next day we met our friends and relatives, and thenceforward it was easy travelling. We were relieved of our packs and guns and travelled light. We slept at the trappers' camp and were off at daybreak over a well beaten trail, arriving home at noon. Long before we got there we met, one after another, some friend or acquaintance coming to meet us. Some had walked over twenty miles, the goodness of which much affected us.

Our reception on reaching home I leave to the imagination of the reader. There were no firing of big guns and no fireworks that night. But the welcome was none the less warm.

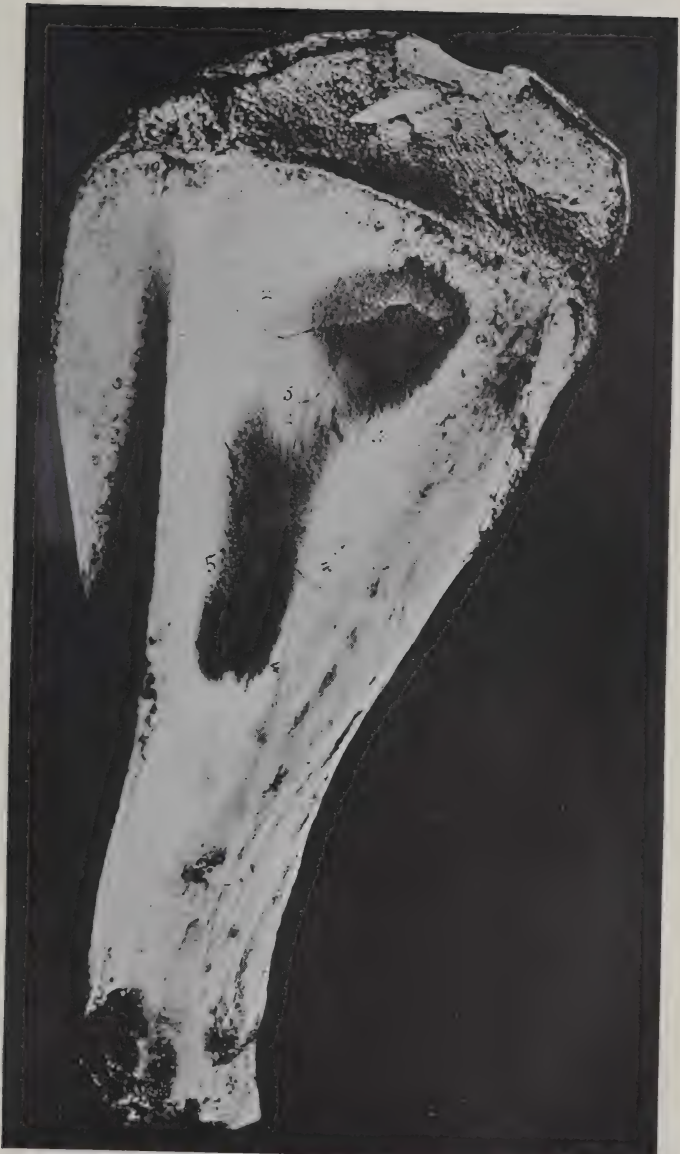
Our whole trip occupied thirty-two days, during which we met with a great deal of kindness and sympathy and I tender my thanks again today to all who helped us in any way, no matter however little it may have appeared to them, under what were to us such trying circumstances.

Shoulder Blade Reading

AMONG the many superstitious beliefs and practices of our Montagnais Indians, I think that what is known as "Shoulder Blade Reading" is one of the least known and most curious. It is seldom practised in the presence of a "white brother" unless the latter is held in very high esteem or has lived among them. I suppose this is due to the fear that the secret may be revealed, to their prejudice. In the Montagnais dialect the custom is known as "outlickan meskina," the literal translation of which is "shoulder blade track."

The bones of various animals are used for this purpose, but the favorite, the most truthful, and most far-seeing, in their belief, is that of the caribou. As soon as the animal is cut up, the shoulder blade is removed by cutting at the first joint. The meat is then cut away with a sharp knife as close to the bone as possible and the latter is boiled for a few minutes, just sufficiently to allow of all the meat being wiped off. It is then hung up in the wigwam to dry, and in the evening after the children are asleep, the bone is read in the following manner:

A small piece of wood is partially split, and in-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to the end of this the joint end of the "blade" is inserted to form a handle. It is then held over red hot coals for a few seconds. The intense heat causes the bone to crack in various directions, according, of course, to the amount of heat to which the different parts are subjected. As this can seldom or never be exactly alike, the reading varies. A long straight crack from end to end means death or starvation. A short zig-zag one without any branches means much trouble and hardships. Cracks like the branches of a tree with small roundish burnt spots on the edges indicate plenty. When these spots are close to the stern portion, it is a sign that the game they are seeking is close at hand. If they are at the extremities of the branches, the game is distant in proportion. It is wonderful what an amount of reading some of the experts can get out of these few cracks and spots. *

The largest burnt spot always indicates the camp. If the bone burns very brown before

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* The illustration on the opposite page, from a photograph of a bone actually used by an Indian hunter as above described, shows what is considered a lucky burning. Fig. 1 is supposed to represent the hunter, and his wigwam — a large dark patch. Fig. 2 is a trail, in which direction it would be useless to go, as there are no markings to represent game. Fig. 3 show two trails, both of which lead to game, as shown by the brown portion between the two lines. Figs. 4 and 5 indicate the tracks and direction in which the game is to be found. The hunter who owned this bone and read its signs assured me that on his first day's hunt after the reading, he found and shot four caribou in the direction indicated and added that for miles around in every other direction there was no other game. The Indians' faith in this is unbounded.

cracking, it means a long spell of bad weather, and so on. This bone-burning is mostly practised to find out things pertaining to hunting, although occasionally some of the "wise ones" pretend that it can foretell for them other events. I used to take much interest in watching their solemn faces while this reading was going on, and certainly no gospel truth was ever more firmly believed in than is this peculiar rite or practice.

Duck Shooting

Although we have on our coast many kinds of ducks as immigrants, residents, or stragglers * those that afford the best sport or are most sought after for food are the scooters, of which we have three species,—the white wing,—the largest —*Oedemia fusca*, the black, *O. americana*, and the surf, *O. perspicillata*. They are very early migrants, first appearing towards the end of March, and remaining till December, when they go south. A few scattered birds breed along the coast line, but the majority go inland and further north. I have seen some breeding on most of the large inland lakes and along the Labrador coast. They congregate in immense flocks wherever any proper food can be found, principally in the entrances of large rivers. Their chief food is a species of small black mussel — *Mytilus* — but they will also eat small fish of various kinds, and herring spawn. This last mentioned seems to be quite a tid-bit, and when the ducks are feeding on it a lot of shooting may be done before it drives them away. About the middle of May they leave the sea coast and fly inland at night in big flocks, and very high in the air, appearing no bigger than swallows. I believe that they do not breed before their third year, as very large numbers of both males and females remain behind. These we here call "Moulters," and they remain in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence all summer.

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* See List of Birds at the end of the book.

The favorite Indian method of shooting scooters is from a blind on a canoe, made either from cotton, or of the branches of the Canada balsam. In the latter case the bow of the canoe is first covered with these thin branches, and bound over strongly with twine. Two small saplings are then cut, an inch or two in diameter and eight feet long. One side is smoothed with an axe to obtain a level surface. It is then placed on the ground, and on this the fine branches are laid, the tops extending on both sides, and the stems resting on the sapling. About two layers all along are required. When this is finished the other sapling is laid over the branches, and the two lashed solidly together with twine. It forms a flat blind of two feet and a half in width. A thin wedge is then inserted in the middle between the two saplings, to act as a short mast to hold the blind in position, the sides of the blind resting on the gunwale of the canoe. A small aperture is left in the most convenient place for observation only, the shooting being done over the blind. Such a blind is useful for all kinds of water fowl, and when conducted by a good and experienced canoeman the shyest birds are deceived. It can only be used in calm weather or in very light winds. When not in use it is laid flat in the canoe.

This mode of shooting, though very good for securing game for the pot, is rather tame, and both local sports and "city chaps," as my friend Bob McLimont and others are designated by the natives, prefer flight shooting. In some few places, where there are rocky points or small islands, this can be done from the shore by sitting on the rocks, but the usual and preferable way is from a canoe. Some projecting point or a sand pit near one is selected. Thirty yards from shore a canoe is stationed; then another one, eighty yards further out, and so on, till all the canoes are in position; the more the better; but three or four will suffice, if no others are available. The main thing is to have them posted in the form of the letter "C," with the arms open to the direction from which most birds are known to come. As they fly here mostly to the westward, points facing east are the best. When a flock comes along the first canoe outside is the most conspicuous, and the birds deviate towards the land, where they get inside the "C," and then have to fly somewhere over the canoes. Sometimes if very shy, or in calm weather, they will attempt to turn out of the C, with the result that every canoe gets a shot at them. I have seen small bunches completely wiped out in a round like this. Firing into a bunch without selecting some particular bird is about useless, and it is a mere fluke if one is brought down. It is surprising what a lot of space there is around them. Early morning is generally the best time, but not always so, as they are very much influenced by the wind. South-west to westerly winds with haze or fog are the most favorable. On such days bags of fifty to sixty or even more were the rule in the old days. Since the introduction of breech-loaders and pump-guns and the great increase of population and traffic on the North Shore, the numbers have decreased or the birds have gone to other localities.

Scooters are polygamous, and during the mating season are easily decoyed by waving a hat, black or grey, or any piece of cloth of that size and color and imitating the call. Bunches of ten or fifteen admirers chasing the same bird are frequent, and their evolutions in the air at such times are most extraordinary; rising, falling and twisting about in every possibly direction. If the female is brought down by a shot all the other birds will follow and a light with her. I was out one day with the late Mr. Nazaire Turcotte of Quebec, and firing into such a bunch of about fifteen, he chanced to kill the female, when the whole lot came down. "Holy Ste. Anne," he exclaimed, "I never made such a lucky shot before!" It took me a few minutes to persuade him that the others were unhurt. About the end of July the moulters are unable to fly, and remain so for about four weeks. Previous to this they accumulate to the number of many thousands together, near some good feeding grounds and remain there, unless driven off, till the first week in September, when they begin to fly again. When in their half moulted condition the Indians — and sometimes others, too — chase them for food, and strange to say these strong diving birds are then easily drowned. The time selected for such a purpose is from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., when the birds have finished feeding. They then huddle together in a big bunch and sit quietly on the water. Calm and foggy weather is the most suitable, and it is noticed that they will drown much quicker in proportion to the density of the fog. Five or six canoes being ready they all start out, keeping as close a line as possible. As soon as the birds begin to show alarm and move out, which they do at first by flapping the water, the canoes are urged forward, gradually separating more widely, and two canoes getting on the flanks, the idea being to keep them in a mass as long as practicable. The birds soon tire of flapping, and the wings being almost featherless, their progress is slow. Then they begin to dive and disperse, if the canoes are not too close, or else they turn around and dive back to get behind. To add to their terror, the men begin to shoot, at ducks if they can see them, though if none are near the shots are fired just the same. They are probably so frightened by the sight of the canoes so close to them and by the sound of the shots that they dive down too deep, and are drowned before they can return to the surface. Whatever may be the cause, after three or four dives they bob up in all directions, some quite dead, others partly so. These last, if they have time to rest, recover and get away, while others are picked up. Three or four hundred are often captured in one chase.

Scooters seem to be the only kind of duck that can be drowned like this in wholesale quantities.

Little attention is paid by our Indians here to the shooting of the black duck, *anas obscura*, or kindred species. They seem to prefer seabirds, possibly because they are much fatter and easier to kill, or rather, more easily got at, for sea birds will carry off more shot than fresh water ones will. Their mode of shooting these water fowl does not vary, and decoys, either artificial or alive, are never used by the natives. Very few people on the North Shore bother with decoys, relying on their ability to imitate the calls of the birds or lying in wait for them on their lines of flight, which are along the coast line, either up or down. In the winter season, eider ducks of two species, *Somateria*, *Mollissina* and *Spectabilis*, and the old squaws or long-tail, *Harelda glacialis*, and the golden eye, *Buccphala*, two *species*, *Clangula* and *Islandica* are the chief birds that afford sport or are sought after for food.

For golden eye and eider, blinds of ice are built near their resorts, mostly at the end of some point where the strong currents keep the water free of ice. In this blind, all draped in white, the hunter stations himself, and at the first appearance of daylight the birds begin to come in. If the shooter is there for sport he will take them on the wing, but if food is the object he will wait for a *pot shot* and get ten, fifteen, or more. I have heard of fifty-two having been killed in a single shot. Years ago I killed myself twenty-six eider in one shot with a flint lock 24 bore. A canoe painted white is kept near at hand to retrieve the dead birds and finish the cripples.

The long-tailed duck seldom keeps near shore. seeking the open spaces of water among the ice, and never stopping long in any one place. There are immense flocks of them, so that at almost any time of the day there are some on the wing. Sitting or flying they keep up an unceasing call. They are the noisiest duck that I know of. They are very fast birds on the wing and carry an awful lot of shot. If not killed stone dead, it is seldom that they can be recovered. For winter shooting, Indians and most of the residents use double B shot. It is the standard shot for almost everything. For my part I prefer No. 4. Shooting from canoes is about the only way to kill longtails. The canoe should always be painted white and the shooter and steerer clothed in white cotton overalls and bonnet, so as to blend with the surroundings.

Geeſe Shooting

NEXT to big game hunting, in my estimation, there is no more fascinating sport than geese shooting. The birds are much shyer and more difficult to approach than many kinds of larger game. The uncertainty of the sport, which has become proverbial, lends interest to it. We have in the Province of Quebec several famous resorts for geese, at most of which I have shot. And it is noticeable that the methods pursued vary with each locality. Next to a first-class gun and good carefully loaded shells I find patience more essential to success than anything else. I have sat some days in a blind, or hid in the brush for hours, without even getting a chance of a shot, and the next tide or day, I have got fifteen or twenty. The following is a list of the principal places referred to above: The Big Romaine, in Labrador, Victor and Nickerson's Bay, in the Betchuan group; the Great Peninsula, Seven Islands Bay, Manicouagan Shoals, Rimouski, Green Island, Goose Rocks and Seal Reef, opposite l'Islet, and St. Joachim, near Quebec.

At the three last named places, large flocks of the *wavy*, or snow goose, are seen, but very few seem to be killed. I never went to St. Joachim, but at Seal Reef and Goose Rocks the shooting is done from blinds or mud holes, in which you have to stay for hours waiting for the tide to drive the birds in. When within range one shot is taken sitting and another one as they rise, and this is about all you will get in one tide. I hear since I have shot there that live decoys are now used with more success and a chance of some flying shots. This last method is that practised at Green Island, principally in the spring. Snow and ice blinds are built at intervals along the edge of the *batture* ice. Straw or hay, and sometimes an old blanket are laid down inside the blind, which is circular like an Esquimau hut. Outside, a few decoys, cut out of inch boards, are stuck in the snow. Then nine or ten live decoys are put out in a bunch twenty yards away. Generally an old gander is tethered by one leg near this bunch. At the appearance of any wild birds against the sky, this old chap begins to honk and thus lures them in, some actually settling down on the ice if not fired at. Strong N. or N.-E. winds are the most favorable. One has to be in the blind before daylight and from that hour to ten a.m. is the best time. With such conditions I once got seventeen geese in one morning in a blind that belonged to Charles Dion, a local hunter. At Rimouski there are very few people who devote any time to it, but the geese are there in thousands, both in spring and in the fall of the

Young Sports who have been Goose Shooting.

Goose Shooting Camp at Great Peninsula.

year. I am sure that with good management, some fair bags could be secured there. I never spent any time there, but killed an odd one in passing.

On Manicouagan shoals and at Seven Islands, geese are mostly shot from canoes or by hiding near some point where the birds come up with the tide;—what we call here *pot* shots. Shooting from a canoe is much preferable and flying shots are often obtained. The canoe is fitted up with branches of the balsam or spruce sufficiently high and thick to conceal both the steerer and the shooter. When a flock of geese is sighted, the canoe is quietly urged towards them by using the paddles and keeping them always in the water. Advantage is also taken of the wind, if any, to drift down on them, but it must be a very light wind, as if you approach too quickly, they get suspicious and fly off. If very early in the spring and ice is floating about, a cotton blind is the best. Shooter or steerer should also be clothed in white and the head especially should be well covered with a cotton bonnet. I have drifted on geese in this manner almost close enough to touch them with a canoe. As the season advances and trees and other rubbish come down the rivers with the spring floods, branches are the best for blinds, and late in the fall (September and October), dead grass. At the other localities mentioned, principally the Great Peninsula and the Romaine, all the shooting is on the wing. There are large feeding grounds in the vicinity—immense flats covered in places with goose grass. On the flats they feed at low tides, gradually nearing shore as the tide comes in. About half flood tide they begin to rise and fly in towards some lakes and the river. In one place they fly over a high rocky promontory with a gap of half a mile wide in it. Along this guns are stationed. Some mornings I have seen fifteen or twenty hunters taking part in the shoot and scarcely a flock passing by without some one getting a crack at it. With possibly the exception of loons, I do not believe there is any other bird at which so much ammunition is wasted, ninety per cent of the shots being fired entirely out of range! A frequent error, when birds are on the wing, is shooting from behind them, the large size of the bird making it appear slower and closer than it really is. The third barrel often goes off, then, bang, bang, d——— always loaded with smokeless powder it brings down no birds, but they claim it is some satisfaction to let it go! If the time of the tide suits, two shooting spells can be had the same day, because when the tide is about at half ebb, they will all return to the flats again. If one is careful not to molest them on the feeding ground, many days of fine shooting can be obtained, but if shot at by night or on the flats, they are soon driven away, For flight shooting I use double B and treble A shot, and for *pot* shots Number 1 or 2, backed with the best powder I can buy. As to the best size of gun, this will depend on the fancy of the shooter. I use an 8 or 10 bore, but have seen 28 guage used.

A Little Swan Shoot

I HAVE shot three swans in my lifetime and have had chances of killing others, but I would not shoot any more of these fine birds unless I were starving. Young and fat birds may be all right, but old ones are not worth eating, and I consider it a sin to kill a bird or anything else unless some use can be made of it.

It was in 1864 that I shot my first two swans, and they were the first I had ever seen on this coast or in a wild state anywhere. I was inland trapping with my brother on one of the tributaries of the Pentecost River and we were about seventy miles from the sea shore. It was towards the end of September. During the previous day and most of the night it had been blowing a strong gale of south-westerly winds with hazy and somewhat warmer weather than is usual at that season. We were getting our winter quarters ready and preparing dead falls for otter and searching for beaver. We had camped on the edge of a lake about a couple of miles wide, which the gale of the previous day had prevented us from crossing. Early next morning we were off and went direct to the outlet, where there was an otter slide over an old beaver dam. The outlet itself was probably thirty feet wide, bordered by spruce and balsam trees of moderate height. After a short distance it widened out, forming a small lake, bordered with patches of long grass and quite shallow. From the dam one could see into this small lake. On landing I got a glimpse of these two white birds and mistook them for snow geese, *Anser Hyperboreus*, of which we occasionally killed a few, though they are never numerous here. Squatting out quickly, I pushed the canoe out, and we landed on the side where we could not be seen. We each had a gun, my brother a flint lock H. B. Co. gun, 24 bore, and I a double one of the same guage and make, but a percussion cap instead of flint. I arranged that my brother was to make a detour through the woods and get to the eastward of them below the small lake, where he was to try and get a shot if possible, and if not he was to show himself and make them rise, in which case they would have to fly up the outlet and pass over the dam where I was stationed. All being ready he started off and some few minutes later I heard him shoot. Glancing down the outlet through the branches I saw the two birds coming. They were flying very low and looked awfully big, I thought. I soon recognized them, however, and got ready. On they came, rising rapidly, till about opposite to me they were some thirty feet in the air. What a spread! It looked as big as a blanket. Aiming at the neck I brought the first one down. The other was lagging a little behind, and was bleeding. One pellet of AAA shot from my brother's gun had struck him in the breast. As he was passing over I knocked him down also. Golly! What two fine birds! I am sure they were about five feet long. We sat there, my brother and I, over half an hour, turning them around and admiring them. When my brother had gone around, he had no trouble in approaching them as far as the edge of the tall grass below. There he had fired at the two of them in a line, at what he thought was about fifty yards range—but it was actually over a hundred.

The birds were too heavy to carry around with us, so we hung them up in the trees and decided to do some work and come back to the lake that evening and have a grand swan feast. On our return my brother set to work plucking one, while I got camp ready and cut some wood. Shortly afterwards, coming with a load, I found he had given up his job. He said it was like pulling out stakes, every feather held so hard. We had no time to waste, so we ripped the swan open with a knife and skinned it. Half of it was then cut and placed on the spit. It was very lean. After it appeared to have been well cooked we had our supper. My goodness! English oak-tanned sole leather was tender compared to this. We got a little down, with time, as we were pretty hungry, but voted that cooking on the spit was not the proper way for swan. In the evening we cut the other half into pieces and set it to boil, to make a sort of trappers' stew with flour and small pieces of bacon or fat pork. After being on the boil most of the night we found little difference in the morning. That was our last attempt! Both birds were in very poor condition. We threw away the second one. I have read that swans live to a very old age. These must have been bred in Jacques Cartier's time. They were the ordinary trumpeter swan, *Cygnus Buccinator*.

Grouse and Other Land Birds

We are supposed to have four kinds of grouse on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence; the ruffed grouse or birch partridge — *Bonasa umbellus* (Mr. Hammond's frlend) — the willow ptarmigan, *Lagopus Albus* — the rock ptarmigan, *L. rupestris* — and the white-tailed ptarmigan, *L. leucurus*.

The rock ptarmigan is hardly worth mentioning, either for sport or food, for it is too rare and too seldom found near the coast. I have killed them inland, and on the barren mountains of the Labrador. In July and August, 1907, I found several coveys of young birds on the higher ranges east and west of the Washecootai River.

Of the white-tailed species I have only killed one specimen (Dec. 7, '94), and even of that one I am not quite sure, as it possibly may have been an *albino* of the willow ptarmigan. It was a smaller bird than the ordinary ptarmigan.

The ruffed grouse may be classed as common, being found all over the coast as far north as the Mingan Islands. I have not seen nor shot any specimens further north than that. In some years they are abundant for a time, and then disappear. I have noticed that heavy sleet in winter will sometimes drive them away from certain tracts of country. Since 1905 they have been pretty scarce all over the country. I think this must be due to some kind of contagious disease, something similar, probably, to the "grouse disease" of Scotland. There is no other way of explaining their scarcity over such an immense extent of territory. Where the country is opened up, and there are only patches of wood here and there, it would be reasonable to suppose that they might have been exterminated by over shooting and snaring, but where there are thousands of miles of forests, and not one in a hundred shot over, it cannot be put down to excessive shooting. As to natural enemies they do not seem to have been any more numerous here than anywhere else. In the season of 1908, I was over six weeks in the woods with two of my boys, and we only saw six. From various points throughout the country, both inland and along the coast I receive the same reports,—no grouse.

Ruffed grouse shooting in this section is not sport, and is not regarded as such by the residents, for the reason that neither the people nor the birds have been educated to it. I can count on less than the fingers of one hand all the men I know on this shore who will deliberately flush a grouse to shoot it on the wing. As for the birds themselves, unless they happen to be in an open spot, they will not fly any distance. In the woods, which are pretty dense here, when flushed they simply rise off the ground, perching in the nearest tree and stretching their necks to see you walking under them. If it happens that a covey is started, they will frequently be all killed without any of the others around taking flight. Many a time when in the woods trapping, we would not waste a shot on them, but simply go to work and cut down a small sapling, tie a noose or string at one end, slip it over their head and pull them off the branch. At other times for amusement we would go out with a bow and blunt-headed arrow and whack them off the trees at twenty feet range, which is about the usual one that they are shot at here.

What a contrast to the *educated ones*! Some years ago I received an invitation from Mr. C. Beatty, of Plattsburg, Lake Champlain, to go and have a few days of mixed shooting with him. It was late in September, but most of the leaves were still on the trees. The first day we had a grand duck shoot on Missisquoi Bay and after that an outing for woodcock. The last day had been reserved for partridge and grey squirrels. We had breakfast at daylight and were off. We had not far to go to reach our ground,—patches of hardwood trees, with a good deal of underbrush. We soon heard some, whirring off at our approach, but could not even get a glimpse of them. After a time I got a crossing shot at one over fifty yards away, which I bagged, and that was the only bird we got. But we surely heard a dozen or more rising. I was simply astonished that such a bird could be so shy. When I came back here and told the natives about my experience, they thought I was pulling the long bow. I believe it will take many years before our birds get so highly educated.

I have shot since that time in the vicinity of Three Rivers and at St Raymond, near Quebec, and although the birds are considerably shot at and treed by dogs, I found them just about as tame as here. During the close season I heard that lots were snared in the way I have described, and also by setting snares on the ground, the absence of any noise making it difficult to detect the poachers. Half grown birds were also killed and eagerly bought up by the leading hotels, where they would appear on the bill of fare as imported quail or something similar.

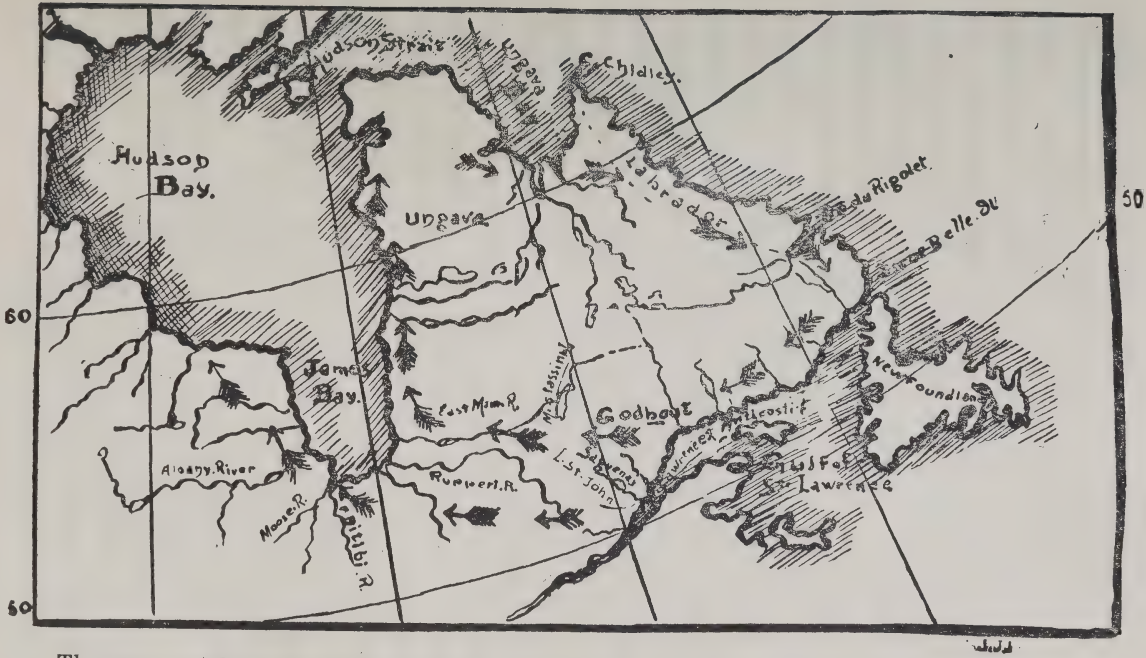
Of all the above species the willow ptarmigan is by far the most abundant and of considerable value as an article of food during its years of passage. It is an irregular migrant, in this wise, that it does not come regularly every season, like most other birds, and sometimes we may be three or four years without seeing any. I have gathered considerable data on this subject and I find that about every tenth year is one of great abundance. Here are some of the dates:

1863 and 1864—Extremely abundant.

1867—Disappeared this year.
1871—A few were seen this year, but none between 1867 and 1871.
1872 and 1873—Very numerous again and total disappearance in 1876.
1882—A few observed.
1883, 1884, and 1885—Great abundance.
1887—Disappeared entirely
1891—A few seen, gradually increasing each year till 1895, when there were considerable quantities.
1897—None.
1903 and 1904—Abundant, and a few seen every winter since to date (1909).

At one time it was supposed that these years of abundance on the coast were due to heavy sleet in the interior, covering up all the buds and preventing the birds from feeding, and thus forcing them to seek food elsewhere. I have noticed that this will affect them to some slight extent, but the dates given show too much regularity for this to be the true cause. My belief is that it is due to the food supply. Having examined thousands of the crops of these birds I found that over ninety per cent contained the buds of a species of willow popularly known here as *pussy willow, Salix artica.* The balance were buds of the birch, poplar and the mountain ash and its berry. I also noticed a few seeds that I could not identify.

After a year or two of great abundance, all


Hudson Bay.
Hudson Strait
Ungava Bay
C. Chidley.
Labrador
du Rigolet
Belle. Il
Ungava
James Bay.
East Main R.
Mistassini
Godbout
Anticosti I.
Newfoundland
Gulf of St. Lawrence
Saguenay
L. St. John
Rupert R.
Albany River
Moose R.
Abitibi R.
60
60
50
50

The arrows on the above map indicate the lines of flight or circle of migration of the Willow Ptarmigan (*Logopus Alpus*) the willows are destroyed by the breaking of the tips and the buds, and the shrub takes about two years to recover, which is generally by fresh sprouts from the root. As the food fails the birds have to move elsewhere. It would, therefore, appear from my data that it takes about ten years to go round their *circle* of migration. I say circle because their line of flight seems to indicate this. They first appear on the Labrador coast line flying *south* and continue so till they reach our large rivers like the Manicouagan, Bersimis and the Saguenay, seldom going west of this last. These large rivers are followed up in a west and northwesterly direction, the birds scattering inland over a tract that includes the Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini region, then drive to the shores of Hudson's Bay, where Dr. Milne and Mr. Peter McKenzie told me they flew north all along the coast line to Ungava, then south again to the Labrador, and so on. The range of the flight on this side of Hudson's Bay would cover about ten degrees of latitude and in round figures form a circle around this big peninsula, of about two thousand miles. As this immense body of ptarmigan moves on during a season of abundance, stragglers are left behind, which breed, giving another and lesser batch to migrate the second year, when fewer stragglers are left, till the third or fourth season, when no more are seen for a time. Their total absence varies from four to six years. They seldom or never breed in the lowlands, always seeming to prefer high and bare mountainous sections. In June, 1893, I saw a pair several times. They probably had their nest within a mile of our house (Godbout). The earliest appearance of any large migration was October 29, 1872, but as a rule it begins here from the 15th of November to December.

The regular flight along the sea shore lasts about four to six weeks. After that the birds seem to scatter inland and feed. When on the move they fly very early in the morning, sometimes so early that it is impossible to distinguish them unless there happens to be some dark background. The morning flight, when abundant, will last an hour or two. The size of the flocks vary in ordinary seasons from ten to fifteen or twenty. In years of great abundance, flocks of a hundred or more are common. On the 14th of November, 1885, I saw at Trinity Bay, six miles east of Pointe des Monts, one flock which contained many thousands. It was a continuous mass of birds *over* half a mile long and from sixty to a hundred yards wide. I had never seen anything approaching this before, nor have I since. When in large flocks they are, as a rule, shy, especially if the weather is very cold or windy, and will rise long before one gets within ordinary range. On the wing, however, they do not seem to mind anything in their way, flying over and around one without apparently noticing him. They are very strong on the wing, not any faster than the ruffed grouse, but capable of sustaining much longer flights, occasionally going five to six miles without resting.

In small bunches and in snowy and mild weather they are quite tame, and when feeding in the thick willow bottoms it is hard work to get them to rise out of them. After feeding they congregate around some clump of willow, and scratching a small hollow in the snow, will lie perfectly still for hours, the top of the head just level with the snow, the black eye and beak alone betraying their presence. The popular idea of their diving in the snow to escape pursuit is most ridiculous. At night they will occasionally burrow in the snow, but only during high winds or very cold weather, the usual way of resting being the small hollow mentioned. Another rather remarkable thing in connection with ptarmigan is the apparent disproportion of the sexes. Out of the many thousands that I have killed and examined, only about twenty-five per cent were males. In winter they prefer low valleys and the borders of rivers and lakes and dense willow patches, but as the season advances they seek the higher ranges, choosing those that face the midday sun. When flying over water, as they often do in crossing bays or large rivers, they keep very near the surface, just about a foot or so above it. Over land the reverse is the case, for sometimes they rise high over the tops of the tallest trees. The most remarkable thing about them, however, is their seasonal change of plumage. In 1885 I had the pleasure of attending the meetings of the American Ornithologists Union, in New York. At one of the meetings a very interesting paper was read by Dr. Stegneger on this subject. The Doctor exhibited two specimens which came from Newfoundland and which, in his opinion, were a sub-species confined to the island. This distinction was based particularly on the coloration of the primaries. The birds shown had nearly all the tips of the primaries black. Since my return I have taken special pains to examine a great number of birds. On those killed prior to 15th November, I found the same coloration, more or less, as on the species shown, but after that date there was a gradual whitening of the primaries and in many cases only the shafts were white.

During the last two migrations, taking the best years, 1895 and 1904, I took some trouble to try and find out approximately how many birds were killed between certain points. During the first year mentioned, between Mingan and Godbout (175) one hundred and seventy-five miles of coast, thirty thousand were killed. In the second (1904) fourteen thousand, but I am sure that during 1885 nearly sixty thousand must have been shot or snared. When a flight begins, every man, woman and boy able to handle a gun is out. To avoid accidents, which are very rare, indeed, each gun occupies a certain point or station and shoots at all the birds that pass or light in his vicinity. The ladies keep watch for those that may light near the houses. The bags vary, of course, according to the skill of the shooter and his method of shooting. If he is there for business he will take all the *pot* shots. He can frequently get five or six in one shot. I have seen fourteen killed in a single shot. A few will only shoot on the wing, but there are many days when the wing shooter comes out ahead. The biggest bag I ever made (it was in 1885) shooting at flying birds, was eighty-two brace in one morning. At Caribou Islands that winter, nets were tried, but they were not very successful, more being got by shooting. Indians frequently snare them by setting their snares around willow clumps where the birds feed. It is a very simple arrangement. A twig is stuck in the snow, a twine snare is tied to it, a very light support placed under it to hold it in position and it is ready. In walking around, the bird runs into it, then tries to rise on feeling the snare, only to tighten the noose. There is a little fluttering and it is all over.

Like the poor Northern hare they have many enemies, chief among which are the falcons and owls, both horned and snowy, lynx, foxes, etc.

We have no other winter birds worth mentioning as affording any sport, but during the spring and fall migrations, we have curlews and plovers of various kinds and snipe in some localities.

Little shore birds and sand larks of several species are common, clouds of them at times where the sand bars are of any length, such as Portneuf, Bersimis and Manicouagan shoals. Dozens are killed in a single shot. Few or any of the natives shoot snipe, considering them too small to waste a shot on, and as it frequently happens that not only one shot, but many, are fired to hit one, they believe there is no money in that species of game and leave them for the "city chaps." Very considerate on their part!

The best time for shore birds and waders is from the opening of the season on Sept. 1st to the 15th of October. During that period, near the entrance of any of our large rivers, on the sand flats or mud banks of the deep bays, good sport can be had.

Some Easy Ways of Getting Birds

IN reading the narrative of Hubbard's expedition in the Labrador, " The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by his companion, Dillon Wallace, I noticed that apparently all its spare time in seeking for food was devoted to fishing. Little or no effort seems to have been made to snare or trap game. Snares are very easily and quickly set and game such as hares and grouse secured which would otherwise possibly never be seen. Steel traps will also help in procuring food that otherwise could not be killed, and a couple of light ones, of the kind known as jumping traps, will more than repay the trouble of carrying them. For all round use, the No. 2 or mink trap is the best. Two of these with chains will weigh about a pound and a quarter. Many large birds of the owl and hawk species can be secured by placing such a trap on the end of a pole, on any elevated ground. Although apparently there are no birds visible during the day, it is extraordinary what a couple of well set traps will secure. I know of a hunter who caught in one winter over a hundred snowy owls, and lots of grey and long-eared ones; besides, gyr-falcons and duck hawks, whisky jacks, etc. The total weight in meat caught in his four or five traps must have been nearly a thousand pounds. As most of these birds are very shy I am quite sure that a dozen good guns could not have secured half that quantity. I think such traps would be specially useful to parties going on exploring trips in northern countries. Prominent points of land along a coast line or on lakes should be selected to set the trap on. Where there are no trees at all, the pole or stake need not be more than three or four feet high. In a case of need, aquatic birds, such as geese and black ducks, are easily trapped by placing the traps on their feeding grounds or where they congregate on the shore to sun themselves. Gulls also can be trapped by using a bait and setting traps near it, or tying the bait on the pan. These birds are often caught by cod fishermen and Indians, by baiting the small hooks with some fat substance that will float. Cod livers are mostly used, but any other fat will do. On sand banks small fish or mussels, in fact anything edible, will answer. Most of the latter kind of birds are not considered worth eating, being classed as oily and fishy. Such little fancies as these do not stand much in the way of a hungry stomach. To persons not reduced to such straits, but desirous of having a little game for a change, I would advise as follows: Clean the birds (removing intestines) as soon as possible after killing; then hang by the legs for from a few hours to two or three days in a cool place in warm weather, but not longer unless you can freeze them. When wanted for the table, remove the skin and all fatty pieces and then stew them. There is another way of cooking them which I think is preferable, but it is wasteful. After skinning as above, take a knife and remove the breasts only, cutting along the bone to the wing, but do not leave any bones on. This will form two nice little pieces of meat. Cook in a frying pan like a steak, using a very small piece of butter, pepper and salt. You will be surprised to see how palatable this is, and few people, unless they know beforehand, will be able to say whether they are eating fresh or salt water birds.

Sea ducks should never be roasted in a pan or oven, as this brings out the oily taste. Murres, (*lomvia troile*) which migrate along the St. Lawrence in myriads, in some years, — occasionally getting as far west as the Great Lakes, and are killed in thousands during these migrations, are mostly thrown away, being considered unfit for food. If they were cooked in the way last described, few would throw them away after having once tasted them.

I have occasionally been asked why the Canada jay (*perisoreus Canadensis*), is called whisky jack. It is a corruption of the Indian name for this bird. *Uiske-stian*, in Montagnais dialect, means "fat-eater," or "one who hides fat" — a very appropriate name, because the first thing it will do upon finding any fat is to conceal it. If the carcass of an animal is hung anywhere in the forest and there any any jays around, all the fat will soon be picked off.

An Indian's Opinion of Sir Edmund Head

In 1859, while we were at Mingan, Sir Edmund Head came down to fish that river for salmon. My father, who was the Hudson Bay Company's agent there, had received orders to make all the necessary preparations for his reception and transport to the fishing grounds near the falls. With this object in view, a lot of Indians and canoes had been hired to carry all the baggage, &c. over a short portage behind the post to the river and then up the stream. These men were under the guidance of a very smart and active fellow named Sam Meshkina, "The Tracker." He was about forty-five years old, a splendid hunter and trapper, and could boast of speaking fairly good English. It was principally for this accomplishment that he had been selected as the leader.

Sir Edmund was greatly pleased to see how quickly everything had been attended to by Sam, and in the evening, after dinner, the latter was invited to the Governor-General's tent, where he was thanked for the able manner in which he had acquitted himself of his work. As Sam was not at all shy, he was asked many questions about the Indian mode of life, and especially about beaver trapping, of which he gave a good account, and which appeared to interest Sir Edmund very much.

The next day my father heard of this from some one of the party, and meeting Sam, said: "I hear that you have been greatly honored by the Governor and been invited to his tent?"

"Yes."

"That was very nice on his part, and what do you think of him?"

In a quiet and pitying tone, Sam answered: "Please don't mention this to anyone; but the poor fellow don't even know how to catch beaver."

Another story, though not quite such a good one, shows the Indian's idea of what a Governor-General is.

In June, 1873, Lord Dufferin and the Countess were the guests for a few days of the Lairds of Godbout. As the sleeping accommodation was rather limited at the fishing camp, Lord Dufferin and the Countess returned every evening after their fishing was over, to their steamer, the D. G. S. Druid, which was at anchor in Godbout Bay. I had been detailed by Mr. Allan Gilmour to attend to this part of the programme, and in the morning went to receive them at the landing in the Bay, and escort them to the river, a walk of about a quarter of a mile, where suitable boats and men were ready to take them up to "the pools."

Just about this same time there was a half-breed Indian named David Picard, — a distant relative of the Picards of Lorette—who had gone out with a surveying party some time before, and had been paid by them with a cheque, which was as good as gold. Picard had tried to change it, but as no one whom he had asked had the necessary cash, they had refused, and he therefore suspected that this was because the cheque was no good. Like everyone else in the place, he knew of the arrival of the Governor-General and thought this was his chance. On the second morning, as we were walking up to the river, we saw Picard coming with the evident intention of intercepting us. When Lord Dufferin felt quite sure of this he stopped. "Bonjour," says David. Lord Dufferin returned his salute. "Conte donc, c'est toi gouvernail"—said David in bad French; equivalent to—"Look here, are you the rudder"? In the Montagnais language, Governor is "tequigan," the literal translation of which in French is *gouvernail*, rudder.

Lord Dufferin looked puzzled and asked me what he wanted.

I said, "He wants to know if you are the Governor-General."

Politely raising his cap, the Governor-General said, "I have that honor."

"Well, look here," said Picard, "I have been employed on some of your work and been paid with a piece of paper that is no good, so now that you are here yourself I want my money," and fumbling in his pockets, he drew out his crumpled cheque and handed it to Lord Dufferin, who examined it carefully, and asked me if I knew anything of this. I told him it was all right.

"Mr. Picard," said he, in good French, "this is all correct. If you come on board the steamer to-night we will pay you, but I want you to remember that any cheque for my work is good," and smilingly he wished him "*bonjour.*" He was very much amused at this incident.

Picard felt so much relieved with the Governor's assurance that he did not go on board for his money, and was paid all right later on for his cheque.

The Great Horned Owl

I HAVE made mention in my bird list at the end of this book, of the boldness of this bird. In my opinion, not even the eagle can approach it on that score. It is a well known fact that this owl will attack and kill porcupines, a feat that few animals will attempt. I once had a dog, a cocker spaniel, killed by one of them. It was in November, and there were only a few inches of snow on the ground. We had the dog with us for partridge shooting. We were at one of our permanent log camps. As camp stoves were not in use in those days we built open fire places and left a good sized aperture in the roof of our camps for the smoke to escape. When the fire burned brightly, it would shed considerable light on the surrounding trees. This frequently attracted owls of various kind, and it was no unusual thing to shoot them from the door of our camp. On the night in question, it was very dark and mild, and as we had been baking bread, it was very hot inside our camp and we had left the door ajar. Our dog was out poking around somewhere when suddenly it gave a yell of pain. It had not barked previously, so I knew that no animal was the cause. I was just going to the door to find out what was wrong, when the dog rushed in, with the owl fastened to his back, and sought refuge behind my brother. The latter threw his coat over him and twisted the owl's neck. Both claws were fastened in the back of the dog, causing injuries from which he died two or three days later.

A great horned owl weighs between five and seven pounds, according to its condition, and this one had tackled an animal about six times its weight.

One evening while we were living at Trinity Bay, a great horned owl dashed through one of the windows of our house and dropped on the floor, having injured one of its wings on the shattered glass. The size of the pane was 16 x 14. I chanced to be sitting in front of the stove, and grasping the poker, I smashed its head with it. It had apparently tried to pounce on my sister's head, as she was sitting only a few feet from the window, the reflection from the lamp on her shining flaxen hair having no doubt attracted it.

I know of two similar occurrences of the smashing of windows by this bird since I have been here. One of our Godbout Indians, "Old Michel," was badly lacerated on the head by one of these owls. The old man, who was a French half-breed, had a fine head of grizzled curly hair. Going out of his camp bareheaded one evening, the bird pounced on him, its sharp claws penetrating the scalp. Immediately putting up his hands, the old man grasped the bird by the legs and tried to loosen its hold, but finding this very painful, he entered the camp, and stooping near the fire, with the aid of his son he put the owl in the flames, which soon loosened its hold and burned the bird to ashes. Ever afterwards, when this old chap went out of his camp at night, he used to put an old Hudson Bay Company's copper kettle over his head!

Of the two cases referred to as attacking human beings, one happened at our neighbour's at Trinity Bay, and I saw the bird and the place where it was killed. Mr. P. Bilodeau was out chopping dry wood in a burned-over patch of spruce near his house. It was about December, and the day was cloudy and dark. While engaged in collecting the cut pieces, he noticed a large horned owl perched on a dry tree about twenty feet from him. He had not seen or heard it coming. Cutting a piece from the branch, he threw it at the bird, not with any intention of killing it, but for the fun of seeing it fly away. Very much to his surprise the bird did not move. A second stick followed, and then a third one, with the same result, the bird simply watching the sticks as they went by him.

The old fellow was illiterate, and crammed full of superstitious beliefs of *loup garou* and *chasse galeries*, and concluded that one of these wandering spirits was there under the form of an owl. He devoutly crossed himself, and picking up his axe, started for home, keeping an eye on the bird as he went. He had not gone far before the owl arose, took flight, and alighted upon a tree a few yards ahead of him, watching his approach.

This was getting serious. The old man vowed to pray for the lost soul, and hurried his steps. As he passed under the tree where the owl was sitting, it swooped down upon him. Bilodeau, who had partly expected to be attacked by this evil spirit, had his axe ready, and with a stroke of its sharp edge, he cut it down, and leaving both axe and bird there, ran home. He could never be persuaded to use that axe again, it being stained with the blood of the *loup garou*, which he had delivered from bondage. The belief which he shared was that for some misdeed such souls are condemned to wander under different forms until delivered by a second death.

The old gentleman always dressed in the old-fashioned style of grey homespun, *etoffe du pays*, and wore that morning a cap made of muskrat fur, which was probably the cause of the attack.

The second instance above referred to occurred at Manicouagan, and I obtained the particulars of it from the man himself who had been attacked, a trapper named Thibeau. He said he was returning to his camp one evening just about dusk with a red fox slung over his shoulders. It was blowing a gale of east wind with snow, and he was stooping forward, making his way through the deep drifts, when without any warning he received a blow in the back that nearly felled him. Straightening up, he turned around to see the cause. He was just in time to meet a second attack from the owl, which he killed with his hatchet.

During the spring time, which is mating season, these birds give regular concerts, at which I have assisted a couple of times. There are generally four or five performers, and although the music is rather monotonous, it is very interesting to watch the birds, apparently vieing with each other in producing the loudest note. It seems to require a considerable effort, because the bird throws itself forward, stretching its neck and partly spreading the wings and tail, as it emits its peculiar hoot, "whoo-hoo-whoo-oou." A minute or two, and another responds, and this is kept up for more than an hour if they remain undisturbed. When one is near the birds, the sound does not seem very loud; yet, in calm weather, it can be heard at three or four miles' distance and sometimes more. I shall sum up these owl yarns with the narration of a trick I played upon my brother Firmin. It was a common thing to shoot owls at night, while they were perched on the outhouses, fence posts and trees in the vicinity of the house. Going outside our door one evening I saw one of our cats crouching on the gable end of the house. Opening the door, cautiously, I said, “Quick, Firmin, your gun, a horned owl on the roof.”

As he came out I told him to shoulder his gun all ready and back out, and as soon as he saw the head of the owl to shoot, which he did. We heard the cat rolling down, and while he ran to pick it up, I cleared out of the way, and had to do so for sometime afterwards whenever “cat” was mentioned.

Three Golden Eagles

EARLY one morning I started out after wild geese. On the previous day I had located several large flocks, noticing where they came in with the tide and rested on the sand banks at high water, cleaning their feathers and sunning themselves. On the previous evening, after dark, I had built a blind by digging a hole in the sand and lining it with dead grass and branches, so that it would harmonize with the surroundings. I had to be in my blind before daylight so that the geese would not see me go to it, and this meant a long wait of nearly four hours for high tide. I had provided myself with a heavy light gray blanket, which blended well with the color of the sand, and also possessed the advantage of being more quickly thrown off than an overcoat could be. One feels rather encumbered when shooting with a heavy overcoat on, which, moreover, renders it extremely awkward for shouldering the gun, unless it be one with a shortened stock. I wrapped myself in the blanket and lay down in the hole, trying to get a few winks of sleep to help the time pass more quickly. There were hundreds of geese feeding, and every now and again I would hear the "honk' of some old sentinel, a sort of "all's well."

I had been alternately dozing and watching for three hours. The first ranks of the geese were about one hundred yards from me and many more were gradually coming in. I had two guns with me, one a double barrelled ten bore, by Dougall, a first class shooter, a handsome present to me from the late Colonel Allan Gilmour of Ottawa. My other was a single barrel 8 bore, made to order, by Greener, of Birmingham, and specially bored for large shot for seal and geese shooting. This gun was christened by my friend, Mr. Robert McLimont, as "sure kill." On such occasions I would use old "sure kill" first, reserving the ten bore to finish any cripples. I saw that both were properly loaded and then lay back, decided to wait half an hour more. By that time the leaders would be about forty yards off.

I was still wrapped up in the blanket, making myself as comfortable as the cramped position would allow, and thinking about how many geese I was likely to get, when, all at once, there was a roar of wings and "honks." I jumped up, throwing down the blanket and grasping "sure kill," but it was too late. The geese were nearly out of range, and I refrained from shooting. I quickly discovered the cause of my troubles. It was a golden eagle, sailing around on the watch for a crippled or sickly bird. I do not habitually use profane language, but perhaps I said something just then. In any case there was vengeance in my eye, and as the eagle came within range I brought him down with the 8 bore, and reloading ran out and picked him up. He was a handsome bird, and I sat down in the blind, examining his beautiful plumage and powerful talons.

Suddenly I heard a shrill cry overhead, and looking up saw two other eagles come together in the air, either fighting or mating. It was then early in May.

Hastily raising the 8 bore again I fired, just as they were separating, and both came down. One was well hit and stone dead, and a stray pellet had broken the wing of the other. Three golden eagles in about as many minutes was an ample revenge for the loss of my shot at the geese! I remained there a few days more, and being troubled no more by eagles I got seventeen geese and one pot shot of five with "sure kill." The measurements of the eagles were:

1st: spread of wings, 5 feet 11 inches.
2nd: spread of wings, 6 feet 7 inches.
3rd: spread of wings, 6 feet 9 inches.

The two last mentioned were those killed at one shot. I had no means of weighing the birds. The date was May 7th, 1895.

The golden eagle is not common on this coast, but the bald headed *Haliatus leucociphalus* is. Both of them are terrors to geese and black ducks. On the water they do not seem to mind them, but if sitting on the shore they will invariably rise if

Three Golden Eagles

Snaring Hares.—The Result.

an eagle comes near. I never saw them attack an uninjured and full grown goose or duck, but it is quite possible that they kill many young birds. They also kill many kinds of small mammals, and the young of some of the larger species. They are regular gluttons, and will gorge themselves till they are unable to rise. I have killed three or four with a stick, in that condition. One of them had stowed away the whole of a twelve pound salmon. They are very powerful on the wing, and will lift and carry off a salmon of about ten pounds. They feed largely on dead fish also, picked up at low tide on the reefs and shoals. The large green lump fish, *cyclopterys lumpus*, is a favorite morsel. They are shy birds, but easily caught in steel traps baited with fish. Both species nest here and winter on the coast.

A Short and Easy Wolf Hunt

ONE afternoon about the end of September, 1885, I was sitting in my office sending telegraphic messages.

Without any rap or other warning, a young half-breed Indian boy rushed in. He was bareheaded and barefooted and I immediately saw by his excited appearance that something serious had happened. I thought at first that some gun accident had occurred. Before I could question him, he exclaimed excitedly : " Meigan ! Meigan !" (Wolves! Wolves!) adding in his own language, "your rifle, quick!"

I hurriedly asked him if any person had been attacked or killed, to which he answered, "No." As his excitement cooled down, I found that he and his uncle had just come from the river, where they had seen the tracks of a pack of wolves about fifteen in number, and that they were still quite close, as they had heard them howling fearfully.

My rifle was a good one,—the old Kentucky Ballard, 46 cal. rim fire, but it was a single loader; and tackling fifteen wolves was, I thought, perhaps a little too much for a single gun. I therefore preferred taking my 10 bore Greener double-barrelled gun, for which I had a lot of cartridges loaded for seals with AAAA and SSG shot. Finding the boy was willing to come, too, I gave him the empty rifle to carry, for which I took about twenty more cartridges. As soon as I had everything ready we started off. On reaching the river I found his uncle there. He informed me that the pack was still very close, as he had just heard them again, but that he believed they were going up the river along the shore. This was on the west bank. The old man refused to come, as he had only a flint lock muzzle loader, H. B. Co. gun.

I must explain that the west side of the river forms a wooded peninsula of a mile and a quarter long and varying in width from one to two hundred yards. On either side of it there is a sandy beach, rising abruptly on the river side, and forming a bank eight to ten feet high.

Jumping into the Indian's canoe we paddled quickly over the river, being only a hundred yards wide. Upon landing on the sand pit I saw that it was indeed covered with the tracks of some very large and some smaller wolves, but there were certainly less than stated. "Muskrat," — the Indian boy—was sure, however, that there were fifteen; his uncle had counted them. While crossing the river we had again heard the howls of the wolves, which appeared to be half a mile up the inside bank of the river. I determined to try and head them off, by running up the inside beach of the peninsula, then crossing the wooded belt, and laying in wait for them as they came up on the main river shore. This would also give me the advantage of a steep bank, supposing the wolves wanted to be nasty. We had both started on the run, and I had gone about five hundred yards, when I noticed that the boy was not with me. The little beggar had sneaked off to take a look across the woods. In a few seconds I saw him coming back, waving his hand to me. I ran up. "They have got scent of us," he exclaimed, "and I have just seen three of them coming back down the river. They are not very far away." Not expecting to go into the woods, I had left home with a pair of heavy soled boots. Hastily removing them, so as not to make any noise, I went across with only my stockings on my feet. I cautioned Muskrat to keep near me in case I should need the rifle, which I kept empty, as I was afraid to trust him with it loaded, behind me. Nearing the bank I peered cautiously over. Sure enough there were three in sight, sixty yards or so away, and coming towards us as the boy had said. Two of them were big, hungry-looking brutes, with a smaller one accompanying them. I looked around carefully for the rest of the pack, but could not see it. At all events there were enough to begin with. I had both barrels of my gun loaded with SSG., and I was now quite sure of one or two wolves at that range, but I felt greedy and wanted the three, so decided to wait till they either got wind of us and turned, or else came very close to us. The brutes had evidently wind of something or had heard some noise, for they were on the alert. Whatever was the cause of their alarm it did not prevent them from coming on till they were within twenty yards of us. Barring a miss-fire a kill was now a sure thing. Getting a sight on one of the big ones, I dropped him stone dead with the left barrel and almost on top of him killed the other one with the right. The small one gave a couple of leaps, stopped and turned round, facing me. By that time I had reloaded, and before he could get away I had doubled him up with my third shot. I gave a hurrah and turned to "Muskrat": he was gone. I shouted to him, meanwhile going down to the bank to have a look at my game and to see if there were any others in sight. That was the whole pack as I soon saw by the tracks There were a dog, a she wolf and probably one of their pups. They were of the kind known here as the grey timber wolf, *Canis lupus.* "Muskrat" having returned, I sent him for the canoe. He took time to advise his uncle of our success, and when we landed, the whole family was there. On the way home I asked the little lad why he had deserted me. "Well," he said, "I had no gun, only your empty rifle, and I thought they were getting too close."

He had run away while I was getting ready for the first shot. He showed more pluck some years later, tackling three bears together, single-handed, with a muzzle-loading shot gun. Two of these he killed, and the third got away from him before he could reload.

The skins of the two largest wolves measured seven feet and a half after being stretched and dried. The smallest was about a foot less in length. I kept them for a time as a trophy, and sold them afterwards to Mr. R. B. McLellan, a lumber merchant, of New Brunswick, who had taken a fancy to them. These wolves within as many minutes, within a mile of one's house, is about as easy a hunt as one can wish for. It leaves Mr. Armstrong's annual wolf hunt "out of sight."

Another Easy Wolf Hunt in Wyoming

In October, 1882, during a hunting trip in that region, we camped one evening near a little spring on the northern slope of the Owl Creek Range—a kind of spur of the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming. The altitude of our camp was about eight thousand feet above the sea level. Next morning I took a stroll around and found signs of game, elk and deer. Baron de la Grange, whose companion I was, decided that we should stay there for a few days in order to secure some meat for our own use and also to bring or send out some for the Officers' Mess at Fort Washakie.

That same afternoon we shot two mule deer, which we packed down whole on our horses. On arriving at our camp I skinned and divided up the carcasses, and according to the usual trapper style I erected a small platform with fork trees to hang and lay the meat on, as it was then quite cold in the mountains. Next forenoon I killed another deer, and going to clean and prepare it in the same place, I noticed that all the scraps and feet which I had thrown away had disappeared. On making a closer examination I saw tracks of either wolves or coyotes, but the ground was too hard and grassy to distinguish well. We went out together in the afternoon, but had no luck, and coming back along a small wood patch I flushed a covey of what the people there called blue grouse. It was in fact the dusky grouse, *Tetrao obscurus.* We had no shot gun, but with my revolver we got four and tied them to the strings of my saddle. On arriving at camp I told Lannigan, our cook, that we wanted them for our breakfast in the morning. I laid the saddle near a box outside of the cook's tent and went away to picket my horse.

We had our supper, and shortly afterwards turned in, as we were to go out early next norning. About half-past three a.m. I heard our cook around, and after a while he came to our tent to find out what we had done with the grouse. I told him that they were tied to the saddle as I had not touched them after laying them down with it. He said that they were not there, and when I had got up to see about them, I found that he was right. The strings were there, with the knots still in them, but the birds were gone. Feathers were strewn around, showing that the grouse had been stolen by some animal. Something else was cooked for breakfast and we went away, but I swore that I would get even with that thief in the evening if possible.

We get one more deer that day, and the Baron got two shots at an elk, through the woods, but had missed it. I followed the tracks for some distance in the hope that he might have been hit, but found no trace of blood. This, however, had delayed us, and we got to camp just a little before dusk. I threw off the deer and saddle and laid my rifle down alongside and hurried to go and picket the horses. As I was walking along with the lariat in my hand I pondered what sort of a contrivance I would rig up that night for my grouse thief. I had no suitable size steel trap for a wolf, so I thought I would set a snare, which was quickly made. Suddenly, within ten feet of me, up started a coyote. I saw a whitish streak going through the grass, and pulling my Colts revolver I fired two shots, which I regretted immediately afterwards, as the light was too dark to shoot decently at such a fast moving target. I was sorry, too, because I had scared the animal away, and thus lost my chance of getting it, as I felt sure that it must have been my grouse thief coming for more.

When the weather was fine we always had our meals outside the tents, near the camp fire, both for comfort and cheerfulness. There was a good blaze to the fire on this particular night, shedding the light around for some distance. Chancing to look towards the west side of the gully I saw a large coyote sitting on his rump on the edge of a small ridge. He was about forty yards from us. Returning to the fire I pulled my revolver. I took careful aim and fired. There was a yell of pain and the whitish form went out of sight over the ridge. I ran for my rifle with the intention of trying to find the coyote with a light, when to my surprise I started another one near our saddles. This was getting rather exciting. My rifle was not loaded, so the animal sneaked away before I was ready. I did not hear the first one any more, and thought best to leave it alone for the moment and to try and get the last one, as apparently the shot at the first had not frightened it and I imagined that it would come back. The idea occurred to me to try and bait it. I took the neck part of a deer and tied it securely by the middle with one of our lariats of half inch rope and sixty feet long. Laying the bait down at one extremity of the rope, to which it was fastened, I tied the loose end to one of the saddles and watched. I did not have to wait long. Soon there was tugging on the rope and I had a glimpse of the coyote in the dim light, for we had allowed the fire to diminish on purpose. I had my rifle this time. There was to be no more pop-gun business. I fired and there was not even time for a groan. There was a hole in the coyote's neck, almost cutting it clean through. The rifle was a 50 cal. Winchester Express!

The sport was too good not to be kept up; and from that time till half-past ten I killed two more coyotes and one cross fox. Next morning I went to look for the first one and found him dead in the grass a short distance away. The bullet had struck him on one side, breaking the shoulder bone and some of his ribs, going out at his back. We had frequently heard coyotes howling during the night, apparently pretty close, (such howls at night are very deceptive as to distance), but I had always believed them to be too cowardly to come up near a fire, or a tent. Possibly our stock of deer meat attracted them or they were pressed by hunger. The wolf skins were prepared for mounting and taken home by the Baron, but the cross-fox I sold to Mr. J K. Moore, post trader of Fort Washakie, for twelve dollars. I have been on a wolf hunt at other times, but these two hunts were the easiest and most successful I ever had.

Charles Moreau

CHARLES was a half-breed Montagnais Indian, originally belonging to Escoumains, Saguenay. While still a baby, his father was drowned while out seal hunting. Gabriel Ashini — "The Rock" — and his wife, Charlotte, adopted the boy as their own and brought him up and this was how it happened that much of his later life was spent at and around Pointe des Monts.

I knew him intimately. He and I were great friends, and for some three or four winters we hunted within a few miles of each other and often met. Sometimes I and my partner would go and spend a Sunday evening at his camp and he would return the visit later. At such times the best he could afford was spread before us. A standing dish was porcupine cooked on the spit, and smoked or fresh beaver. Hares, grouse and fish were only served when larger game was not available. They were considered too ordinary food for such special occasions. Charles was not celebrated as a "mighty" hunter, although he was not a bad one either, but he was a celebrity in another way. He was a "mighty eater." His gastronomic performances were something extraordinary. I have heard and read of better ones, but I never saw any. I will just cite a few which I witnessed, some at his own camp and some at our's. I saw him several times eat at one meal a whole porcupine cooked on the spit, a yearling beaver, or the tail and hind quarter of a large one. None of the above contained less than seven pounds of solid meat and fat. Besides this he would eat a good sized *galette* and drink three or four cups of tea to wash it down.

On another occasion, in summer, I made him a present of a nine to ten pound salmon, which he polished off in one meal. He was once hired by Mr. Gaudet, a land surveyor, who was making some Government survey in this section. The poor fellow had probably been hard up for some time before and thought this was a fine chance to fill up, but unfortunately it did not last very long, as Mr. Gaudet had to discharge him, because he would otherwise have run out of provisions before completing his work. It appears from the cook's statement, that he used to eat from five to seven large sailors' biscuits and two pounds of pork per meal. He even stated—and I believe it—that on one occasion he had eaten about five pounds of pork in one meal! So it was no wonder that Mr. Gaudet did really fear that he might run short of provisions. One day at Pointe des Monts, several of us, who were seal hunters, were together, and Charles was of the number. As these feats of his were well known and frequently talked of, some one asked him how many golden eye ducks he could eat at a sitting. Then some one else mentioned another bird, and so on, and Charles frankly told them how many of each he thought he could use at a meal. Finally some one asked how many snow buntings he could eat. He pondered a little and then said quietly, "If I had nothing else to do and was allowed to go out now and then, I could eat them forever!" Speaking about Indians with the late Col. Allan Gilmour, while he was here one season, I happened to mention to him some of the above facts. He was not incredulous about it, but he said that he would like to see such a performance. As Charles and his family came to Godbout every year in July for the Mission, I determined I would do my best to satisfy him. Some time later Charles came along. I notified Mr. Gilmour that Charles, my man, was on hand. It was arranged that he was to be invited next day for dinner, and the cook, Rodgers, was to keep note of what was disposed of. Going home that evening I called at Charles' wigwam, as I wanted to prepare things so as to have no failure the next day. I said to him, "You are going to be invited to-morrow by Mr Gilmour to dine at the camp, and I want to advise you what to do. When gentlemen like Mr. Gilmour invite a guest it is "Indian etiquette" or its equivalent that prevails. You must eat all you can of every dish set before you; otherwise, if you eat too little, it will be considered a slight or an insult. "If I were in your place," I added, "to be quite sure of success I would have no breakfast to-morrow, and then I would be sure to have a fine appetite." He said it was all right and that I could rely on him.

Next day about noon he strolled into the camp. I introduced him to Mr. Gilmour, and he was sent to be taken care of by Rogers, whose report was as follows:—"Three salmon steaks about one and a half pounds, one ox tongue weighing two pounds, about two pounds of cold ham, bread and potatoes and five cups of tea were disposed of. Then, for desert, a one pound pot of Keiller's marmalade was set before him. He took about half of it, and then calling Rodgers, he said, 'I am very sorry I cannot eat the whole of it, but I don't like the bitter taste!'" Needless to say the performance was considered quite satisfactory.

Mr. Gilmour was always in the habit of giving some slight present to any Indians who came to visit him, and on this occasion he gave Charles a pair of blankets, adding, aside, that he hoped he would live long enough to use them! Meeting him a day or two afterwards, I thought I would have a little fun with him on the subject. So I said, "Well, Charles, what was wrong with you at camp the other day? You did not make half a meal! They were pleased with you because they did not know what you can do sometimes." "Well," he said, "I will tell you. That morning I was awfully hungry and I held off till about nine o'clock, and then I had breakfast before going up! I hope you are not vexed with me." The poor chap was always afraid of doing anything that would displease me.

Indians are said to be ungrateful, but ingratitude was certainly not one of his traits. The reason of his great friendship for me was that I had saved his life on one occasion. He was bathing with another Indian boy of his age in the Godbout river. The shores are pretty steep, and in some places there are deep pools with a strong current. Neither he nor his companion could swim, but with the help of two small cedar paddles, Charles would float himself for a minute or two. Coming down to the river, I saw them there, and hiding behind some bushes I sat there watching them, for they would neither bathe before me nor with me. After he had splashed around for some minutes, the current drifted Charles out into the channel. Letting himself down to rest, the water went over his head and he found it deeper as he drifted. This so surprised him that he let go his paddles, striking the bottom with his feet. The first time he rose, his head came out of the water and he went down again almost as quickly. His companion on the shore did not appear to notice anything wrong, thinking he was playing "seal." I rushed down the bank just as he disappeared for the second and last time. I had partly stripped while running down the bank and jumping in I soon reached the place where I had last seen him. Looking around in the water I saw his long hair spread out looking like a jelly fish (*Medusae*). I dived and got a good grip of his hair and raised him out of the water. While I was doing this, he turned and got a grip on my arm which I felt for some time. I soon had him ashore. He was already unconscious, but soon recovered, as I had first given him a good shaking face down, holding him by the middle of the body. The other chap had run away in the meantime, calling out and crying that Charles was drowned. In a few minutes the whole Indian population was down on the beach and Charles was carried up to his wigwam.

Five years later I saved him a second time. It was in the month of April at Pointe des Monts. The day was fine and we were out sealing some three miles or so from the shore. There were a few scattered pans of ice here and there, and among these we were on the watch for hooded seals. Charles and a young Indian boy were about half a mile to the eastward of us. I heard him shoot, and standing up in my canoe I saw him harpoon his seal. When there are no pieces of ice around, it is customary for another canoe to go and help to ship it in, as it is impossible for one canoe alone to ship such a large seal. Small or medium sized seals can be managed alone without much risk. In this case there was plenty of ice and no need for our help. He towed his seal to a nearby piece where he and his partner hauled it up on the ice. The canoe was then brought up alongside and partly turned over, one man holding it while the other rolled the seal over the gunwale. Then the canoe was righted again and the seal placed in a good position to balance the canoe evenly. While they were at work doing this, the united weight of seal, canoe and the two men, was too much for the strength of the ice they were on and it broke up, upsetting the canoe at the same time and scattering the pieces. They managed with a little wetting to get on one of the largest pieces, with the canoe, paddles and seal drifting away. They shouted with all their might, but it was too far to hear them. I chanced to see them however, waving their arms and hats. I knew there was something wrong. We paddled with all our might towards them till we saw how they were fixed, and as there was no immediate danger we eased off a little. We got them both in and afterwards recovered the canoe and outfit, and also the seal, which being a fat one, was still floating.

This second incident increased Charles' friendship still more and he could not sufficiently express his gratitude. Alas! poor fellow! he was bound to be drowned. Two years later, one fine and calm morning in May, he was out ducking in a bark canoe. The same young lad was with him, a son of William Jordan, the poacher. They were off Pointe des Monts lighthouse, about a quarter of a mile from shore. They fired a good many shots, and Mr. Ferd. Fafard, sr., who was then the lighthouse keeper, watched them for a long time through his telescope while they were shooting. The last time he saw them they were apparently chasing a wounded bird. Having something to attend to he entered the lighthouse, hearing a shot as he went in. A few minutes afterwards he returned and was rather surprised that the canoe was not in sight. He looked around carefully, but could see nothing. He then presumed that he had been away longer than he thought and that the canoe had gone ashore in one of the several little bays in the vicinity. They had gone out early in the morning. About one o'clock in the afternoon, seeing they did not return, old Gabriel got anxious about his adopted son. So he went to the lighthouse where he thought he might possibly be. He was then informed by Mr. Fafard of what he had seen, and it was thought that he might have gone to Trinity Bay, six miles east, for some goods or ammunition, as a store was then kept there to which they often went. Night came, however, without any tidings of them. Early the next morning several canoes went out searching for them in every direction. Other people went on foot along the beach, but no trace of the missing hunters or their canoe was ever found anywhere. Some persons supposed that the canoe was cut or capsized by a large shark, but personally, I think the fatality was due to a gun accident. The young lad Jordan, who steered the canoe, had a gun as well as Charles, and I believe that his gun, either accidentally or otherwise, went off and burst the bottom of the canoe or killed his companion, who may have upset the canoe in falling. Old Gabriel was very much affected by this loss and showed more grief than is usual amongst Indians. Charles had married a tall Nascapis woman, called Marie, when she was christened by the missionary. No one knew her by any other name. With her he had five daughters, only one of whom is now living. The accompanying photo shows all the then sorrowing members of the family. It was taken a year after the death of Charles.

ANGELIQUE MICHEL
A Montagnais Woman who Died at the Age of 106 Years

(Photo by J. G. Bruneau)

Old Gabriel, sitting; Behind him Charles Moreau's Widow and Child; in the Middle, Charlotte, Gabriel's Wife. The Others are Daughters of Charles. Of this Group, Charles' Widow, and the Girl on the Right, are the only ones Living (1909)

Dr. W. H. Drummond

I HAPPENED to spend a few days in Montreal in November, 1897, where, I may say *en passant*, I have many warm friends. While there I had the honor one evening of being the guest of Mr. George Boulter, ex-President of the Montreal Gun Club, and it was at his house that I first had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Drummond. Needless to say, we spent a most enjoyable evening. Some of the Doctor's poems, amongst others, "Le Vieux Temps," were admirably rendered by one of the guests. The Doctor was one of the members of the "Weymahegan Salmon Club," and, of course, some of the topics of conversation were fishing and shooting. Some time later, I received by our winter mail a copy of "The Habitant," with the best wishes of the author. On the fly-leaf of the book was written:—

" The Sirens of the Godbout's shore
Must be a very different species
To those who sang on Cretan cliffs
And played the devil with Ulysses,
For *he*, poor chap, instead of Heaven
Soon found himself Alas! in Hades,
While *you* "O'Komo" seem to thrive
Among the Godbout's rock-bound ladies!"

W. H. DRUMMOND.

Montreal, Nov. 26th, 1907.

He also enclosed at the same time the original manuscript of a poem, which I believe was never published, and which, in order that it may be saved from possible oblivion, I now insert. All honor to him, and to "Baptiste mon Frere!'

The Pilgrim's Tale

O Pilgrim from the Godbout's shore
Where broad Atlantic billows roll
Speak! hast thou seen the Commodore (1)
He whose unconquerable soul
A thirst for wilder, fiercer game
Than haunt the calm Laurentian streams
Burned to achieve a greater fame
And realize his fondest dreams
Speak! hast thou seen his grizzled locks
By Ocean's vagrant breezes fann'd
Where Weymahegan's (2) giant rocks
Keep watch and ward o'er sea and land
Hast seen him where the currents lave
Fair Mistassini's (3) silver shore
On river—sea—by land or wave
Speak! hast thou seen the Commodore?
The Pilgrim spoke, while down his cheek
The salt tears coursed grievously
Good Sir, I feeble am and weak
Yet I my tale may tell to thee
I saw the veteran's wasted form
That form we used to mark with pride
Lie prostrate mid the wrack and storm
Of Weymahegan's awful tide
Small strength alack of wind or limb
Had he upon that fearful day

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(1) W. H. Parker, Manager Laurentian Club.
(2) A Rapid on the Godbout.
(3) River Mistassini.

But though his eagle eye was dim
Yet gazed he o'er the hills where lay
The Laurentides where he had spent
So many happy, happy hours
Safe from the storms of life, content
Amid the Pêches' (1) tranquil bowers.
'Twas thus he spoke: "O why was I
By youthful traveller's tale beguiled
To quit the pleasant Pêche and die
In this inhospitable wild?
What lured me on to cast aside
The simple pleasures of my youth
Until I longed for Godbout's tide
And cared no more for trout forsooth!
O rash was I to lend an ear
To all those legends of the sea
To bring my faithful legion here
Does this reward their constancy?
I cannot say, but this I know
Should I behold the Pêche again
Could I but see its water flow
I'd be the humblest of the train
That worships there—no more I'd roam
In search of other piscine fields
Contented with my humble home
With all that old Laurentian yields
I'd gladly live and cheerful die."
But here his accents 'gan to sink
We thought his hour had come, till I
Administered a generous drink,
The veteran gasped but when the flask
He saw—tho' feeble as a child,
Bravely essayed the pleasant task
Of trying to empty it and smiled
Yes, though he had almost passed away
In one brief moment from our ken
Yet wondrous 'twas to see that day

---

(1) *Lac la Pêche*, Laurentian Club House.

His rapturous look as he smiled again
New strength came back to the wasted limbs
The roses bloomed in his cheek once more
And the sound of our glad thanksgiving hymn
Rang out o'er Weymahegan's shore.
He prayed us to pardon his misdeeds
He wept when the legion embraced his neck
And swore by the sacred Laurentides
He'd never more venture below Quebec.
So gently we bore the repentant chief
Tenderly placed him that awful day
On board of the gallant ship "Relief" (1)
And swiftly to the Westward sailed away.
The Pilgrim ceased, his mournful task
Was ended at last and all was well
Then raised to his lips the magic flask
And silently bade me a last farewell.

Pean

Joy! Joy! at the Pêche—let the Caribou dance
Let the fatted oxen at once be slain
Let the men get full and the bull moose prance
For the Commodore has come home again.

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1. A powerful wooden tug formerly owned by Mr. Ross, Quebec.

Mail Service

When my father settled at Trinity Bay in 1859, we had no mail service at all in this part of the country, the nearest post office to the Bay that I remember having been Bersimis. During the summer we sent or received letters by trading vessels or fishing schooners which outfitted in Quebec and returned there after the season's operations were over. In winter, about the middle of January, a private mail was sent by the Hudson Bay Company from their post at Mingan, which was, and still is, the chief one on Western Labrador and the North Shore, east of Bersimis. The distance from Mingan to Bersimis and return, by land, counting all the detours that have to be made, is over six hundred miles.

Three men were generally sent on this trip, including one of the junior clerks who always had charge of the despatches and saw to the purchase of provisions and other necessaries during the voyage, which generally took six weeks. The whole trip had to be performed on snowshoes, and the mail and provisions, etc. were carried in a pack, each one taking his share My early companion and friend, Mr. Peter McKenzie, made the trip several winters in succession. When the party happened to put up for the night at some settlement, letters were accepted and carried free for the family, if possible, but in other places a charge of twenty-five cents per letter was exacted, and was willingly paid. Except in a few places near settlements, there were no roads or paths of any kind, and the mail party had to work its way through the woods, sometimes for miles, to avoid bad places along the sea coast. On these long portages, if a guide was available, one was taken if not they had to go through as best they could.

On McKenzie's first trip his party was lost for two days in the Manitou portage, and Tom Flett, an Orkney man, who was with him, had his feet badly frost bitten. On another occasion the whole party broke through the ice while crossing a river, the Sheldrake, if I remember rightly, and all would have been drowned had it not been for Peter McKenzie's great muscular strength. He managed to get hold of some tree or branches, and as the others clung to him he pulled them out.

While on this subject I may suggest what is a good thing to do in passing over weak or doubtful ice, as in crossing a river or lake early in the season. Cut a long pole and carry it by the middle, if alone, and if you do break through, the pole will support you, as it covers so much surface and you will be able to draw yourself out. Two poles are sometimes used if the distance is short. When two persons go together, one end of the pole should be held by each. This wrinkle has saved many lives. Unless in very cold weather salt water ice of less than three inches thick should not be trusted, and if it be very mild even four inches is not safe. Half that thickness of fresh water ice will bear the weight of an ordinary man safely.

To resume, a few years later we got a monthly summer mail via Rimouski, but none in winter. When the Moisie Iron Works were opened by Mr. Markam Molson, the company had a private mail service between Moisie and Bersimis. The tariff for letters taken en route was the same as that charged by the H. B. Co., twenty-five cents each. Two men were employed and they made four or five trips each winter, about fifteen to twenty pounds of mail matter being carried on the average each trip. After my first voyage with the old Indian, Ploute, to Bersimis, I frequently went as guide for these mail carriers over the long portage to Manicouagan River. Ten to twelve dollars was considered good pay for such services in those days, and they were hard earned dollars.

On one of these trips, two of Molson's men, Brochu and Levesque, for whom I was acting as guide, nearly lost their lives. It was our first day out from Godbout and we proposed to camp that night near the Mistassini River. About four miles before reaching the river the route passed near the sea shore to avoid the spur of a high mountain. Standing in the path one could see through the trees the edge of the beach which at that point was level. I was some distance ahead breaking the road, and as I carried no mail, but only my provisions, my pack was considerably lighter and I often had to wait for them on the way. When the two carriers, both young men, got to this place, a fancy struck them to go along by the hard beach instead of following my track through the woods. It was all right for a short distance, but they soon met a steep cliff which they could not get around, as the sea covered the base of it. Instead of returning to the path they stupidly set to work to climb around it. In doing so, Levesque, who was in the lead, lost his footing in the loose snow and slid down into the water. His companion, trying to turn back, met the same fate. Fortunately the tide was low and they found footing on some loose rocks in four or five feet of water. After much trouble and exertion they scrambled up wet through and chilled. I had gone on some distance and waited for them, but after a reasonable time had elapsed I got anxious and turned back to see what the trouble was and found their tracks leading down to the sea shore. I knew of the cliff in the way and presumed that by this time they must have gone around and were on their way to the camping place; so as it was getting late in the day I felt that I must hurry up to prepare the camp. I was undecided, however, about resuming my return track. Somehow I felt that there was something wrong and I hurried down. It was most fortunate that I did so, for I met them at the edge of the woods, shivering with the cold and not a dry match between them. Levesque had lost his mittens and his axe in his fall. I advised them to keep moving while I started a fire, after which I cut some branches to sit on and urged them to wring out part of their clothing. In the meantime I melted some snow and we had some hot tea. It was then too late to continue and as we were in an exposed and inconvenient situation, I decided that we should walk back half a mile and sleep in a deserted trapper's camp that I knew of. In due time we got there and soon had a good blaze in it, and we passed a fairly comfortable night. We all wore sealskin moccasins for snowshoeing, and Levesque's shoes being dripping wet, he hung them up on a cross bar near the smoke hole. I cautioned him to remove them before he went to sleep. However, he was too tired to do so, or forgot them, and I being tired also, soon dozed off. How long I slept I don't know, but the fire was getting low, so I piled on more wood, and in the bright light I saw Levesque's shoe all shrivelled up and about five inches long each. They were burned and in trying to straighten one of them it broke. Wet green hides of any kind are easily burnt, even by the moderate heat of the sun. Next morning we had to improvise a pair of shoes out of our canvas provision bags and a pair of woollen socks served him for mitts. Except for a bruise on one foot which Brochu had received in his fall, they did not appear any the worse for the enforced cold salt water bath.

Two days later we reached Manicouagan, where Thibeau, the trapper, had a comfortable house. Brochu's foot was so painful that he could not continue, and I arranged, for a consideration, to carry his mail bag to Bersimis and return, while he stayed at Thibeau's to rest his foot. Levesque bought a pair of shoes and we started early, reaching Bersimis that same night, as the walking was very good, especially over the ice, following the coast line.

The Postmaster, Mr. W. S. Church, who was also the Hudson Bay Co. Agent, told us our return mail would be ready at ten o'clock next day. This would make it too late for us to return to Manicouagan, but I determined we should start any way and sleep at Pointe aux Outardes. We had been invited by the Revd. Pere Arnaud to stay with him at the Mission and were made very comfortable. In due time, we got our mail and left. The coast line here forms a deep bay with Pointe aux Outardes jutting out on the east side of the river, which is four miles wide at its mouth. In a direct line it is only twelve nautical miles, but by the detour it is fully sixteen. As I said before, the ice was good and appeared to be so as far as we could see. Levesque was for making the short cut and two or three times proposed to do so. I told him that it was too risky, as the ice might move off shore with the strong ebb tide or the wind; and, moreover, that it might be weak far out, as to follow a straight line would take us about five miles off land for a time. All this I had explained to him, and as he had said nothing I concluded that he had given up this idea. What was my surprise a few minutes later to see that he had left me and was heading straight out. I shouted to him, but to no purpose, seeing which I continued following our old tracks along shore. I called at Chief Estlo's wigwam near the Outarde River, and had lunch with him, and gave him the Bersimis news, and then left, arriving at Pointe aux Outardes at dusk. Inquiring, I was told that Levesque had not been seen there. What had happened no one could say and it was too late to go out and search. Only one thing could be done, viz., to put out some lights in case he might be out on the ice somewhere, which many thought doubtful, as they believed he was drowned. It was not so, however, and about nine o'clock, Levesque turned up, very tired, but otherwise allright.

His story was that after leaving me when about four miles from shore, he saw a lane of open water ahead of him. As it appeared narrow in the distance, he ran in the hope of being able to jump across. To his despair it was more than thirty feet wide and gradually getting broader. He could not swim a stroke, so there was no possibility of his getting over. To the westward the lane of water seemed to be gradually narrowing, till, in the distance, the pieces appeared to join. He ran in that direction for two miles, only to find that it got wider as he approached. Then he realized that he was adrift, but that there was no immediate danger, as the ice was strong enough to bear him, though how long he might be on it he could not tell. As there was no wind he had some hopes that he might be rescued from shore in the morning. He knew nothing about the action of the strong tides in that vicinity, or he would have known that the ebb was then carrying the ice out and that the flood would bring it back if a strong wind did not intervene. He kept pacing up and down to keep warm and luckily for him it was not very cold. How far out he drifted he could not tell us, but from what I know of the place, he must have gone nearly two miles. With the strong flood tide the ice set back again and joined the firm and fast shore ice. As soon as possible he made for shore, the lights we had placed out guiding him. I think he learned a good lesson, because although I had occasion to guide him on two more trips, I never heard any more suggestions of short cuts.

During the first winters in which we had a regular mail service of three and four mails, mishaps of various kinds happened to the carriers, but no lives were lost. Some got badly frostbitten, others broke through the ice, and on one occasion they were eleven days in the Manicouagan portage and forty-five miles, having lost their way in a snowstorm. In spite of all these dangers mail matter was seldom lost, though often received in a more or less damaged condition.

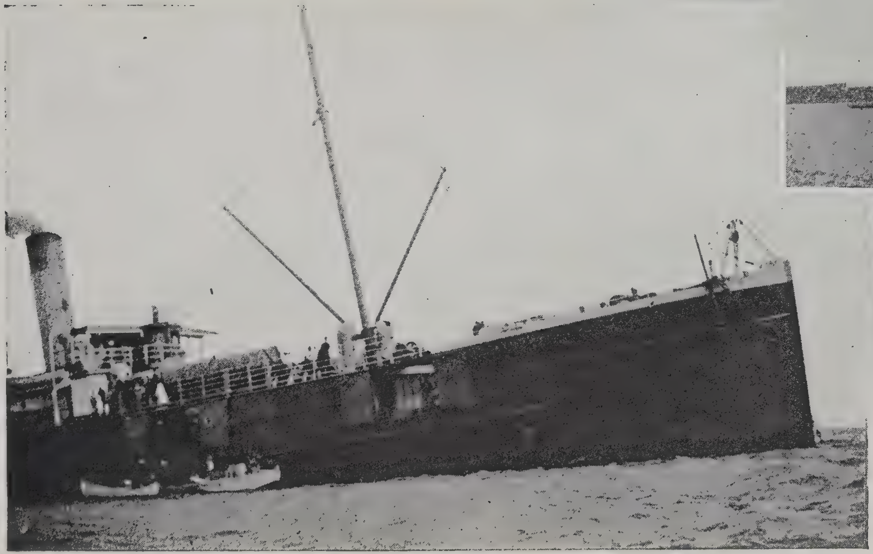
One night two of the carriers nearly perished through the burning of their camp while they were asleep. They escaped with part of their clothing burnt and the loss of half of one of the mail bags.

On another occasion a landslide on the Manicouagan upset our mail carriers boat and the four men were thrown out by the shock. As the water was only four or five feet deep, they saved themselves and recovered the mail bags the next day. This was on the last trip of the season, about the middle of April, and half an hour or so before daylight. I happened to be near at the time, hunting geese, and heard the rumble, which sounded and felt like a moderate earthquake. It frightened all the geese away and I returned to the telegraph station where I was on duty. A short time afterwards the men arrived and told us of the accident.

Within recent years three mail bags have been lost, but it was more from want of proper care than anything else, they having been left over night in too exposed a situation and been carried off by the sea and ice.

Forty years ago the whole winter mail weighed about one hundred pounds. To-day (1909) six thousand pounds are carried and nearly as much remains over winter in the Quebec Post Office, this last being mostly parcels, books, calendars, etc. In 1877 our first post office was opened here, and since then we have had a regular service, both winter and summer. From four winter mails we have reached ten now, and from a monthly summer service have grown to a ten-day one. The little yawl, double-ender, or fishing boat, which ran between Rimouski and the North Shore in the old days, has given place to two modern steamers. All of this we are glad to note as signs of increasing prosperity in this long neglected portion of the Province.

North
Shore
Mail
Boat
of Fifty
Years
Ago.



SS. Aranmore, the North Shore Mail Boat of To-Day. (1909)

Trout

ONE of the worst enemies of the salmon is, in my opinion, the trout. Doubtless, in making this statement, I shall arouse the ire of a great many trout anglers, who very naturally wish to see their favorite protected. Nevertheless, by those who own salmon rivers and who want to keep them as such, trout must be looked upon as an enemy and a poacher of the worst type. In support of this statement I will cite facts that have come under my own observation. Many years ago when I was engaged in trapping, I had a camp near a salmon spawning bed on the head waters of the Trinity River. Every fall, in October, this pool would become full of trout, and it was just a matter of a few minutes to pull out all we wanted either for food or to use in baiting our traps. On cutting open these fish we invariably found them full of salmon spawn, and occasionally, but not often, salmon parr or some of their own kind. Now, just imagine what havoc a few hundred trout would create in a few days in such a pool! Very likely what was happening there was applicable to other portions of the river. We often got trout in that pool up to the middle of December. After that they disappeared, or would not take, because we never got any again before the end of March. I often tried fishing in the deep portions of the river, but without success. In the lakes, however, we could get them all through the winter, which made me think that possibly they left the rivers in December and went to the lakes for the winter. In March and April they were abundant again, and when the ice broke up in May they moved out to sea with the salmon. In the spring they are in poor condition and very voracious and will feed on anything they can swallow, living or dead. This is the time also when they feed most on the parr. Mice are commonly found in their maw and are considered by the Indians one of the most deadly baits. I can endorse this from experience. From the middle of May to the end of June there are very few trout left in the rivers, but even these few, chiefly fingerlings, are willing to do all the mischief they can. It is no uncommon thing to get one of these small trout on the fly while salmon fishing and to find a parr in its stomach nearly half its own size. More than that I have seen them with the tails of the parr sticking out of their mouths. The proprietors of the Godbout River, Messrs Law and Manuel, will corroborate this, because they have caught them similarly gorged, themselves. It is a wonder that such a mouthful would not satisfy them. Where and how can they afterwards stow away another object the size of a salmon fly? They apparently rise at it for food, but perhaps they have the instinct of the cat and kill for pleasure.

Trout were unmercifully netted and seined during the period that the Hudson's Bay Co. had the monopoly of our northern rivers, and to this fact, perhaps, we can ascribe the continued supply of salmon in spite of the excessive netting. Experiences and observations go to prove that one cannot have an abundance of trout on a salmon river without the latter suffering from it. Prior to 1876 no salmon had ever been killed on the Trinity River with the fly. Several noted anglers had given it a trial: Dr. Adamson, Messrs. W. F. Whitcher and Richard Nettle, and two English gentlemen named Moore and Dalmitch, who had got a lease of it, but all of them without success for salmon, though any amount of trout was taken and it was thus considered as a trout river only. Early in 1876 I applied for and got a free permit from the Marine and Fisheries Department at Ottawa to give the river a trial for salmon. In July of the same year I spent a week on it and killed two salmon and a few grilse, and enough trout to fill three and a half barrels! The following season Judge Henry was induced to lease it and killed eight salmon, and the task of reducing the quantity of trout on it was begun. Three to four hundred of these would sometimes be taken in one haul of the net in a pool. With the diminished numbers of the trout the salmon score kept increasing. The river changed hands, but the warfare continued. The present score is now and has been for some years past about two hundred salmon on the average per season. The Trinity is not an exception in this respect. Equal success has been obtained on other rivers. The Godbout has been systematically netted for years, and for its size no other river in Canada, or I might say, in the world, can compare with it as a salmon river. During the first years that I was guardian I used to do this netting with fixed nets, but as the then proprietors thought it interfered in some way with the free entrance of the salmon in the river, the netting was stopped. The effect was soon felt and the netting had to be resumed. This is now done with a seine instead of fixed nets. My average catch was about two thousand pounds a year while I used the fixed gill nets. Six years later when the fishing was resumed, one single haul of the seine produced three thousand four hundred pounds! The trout ranged from half a pound to seven and three-quarter pounds in weight. Aside from the regular seining carried on each year, about one thousand trout on an average are taken with the fly by tourists and the proverbial "small boys." These last are very liberally supplied each season by Mr. Manuel with a free outfit of flies and fishing tackle. The same thing is done, I am told, by Mr. Morton Paton on the Trinity and Mr. I.

W. Adams at Moisie, where a regular seining of the trout is to be carried on in future. In Saguenay County, to the west of the Bersimis river, netting for trout, in any way, has been prohibited by the Provincial Government. This regulation has now been in force for some years. It was through the influence and recommendations of a local Fishery Officer that this measure was adopted, as he was desirous of preserving the trout for angling. This may be very desirable from his point of view, but it is very much to the detriment of the salmon, I am afraid. Notwithstanding the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of young salmon fry deposited each year in nearby waters, there are complaints of the gradual decrease of salmon in that section. Last season (1908) this falling off was very marked, while to the east of Bersimis there was comparative abundance. I have no doubt there may be other causes responsible for this, but the trout is an important factor.

What is a Sea Trout

QUITE recently there was in *Forest* and *Stream* a long and bitter controversy on this subject. Some said that there was no such thing as a sea trout. Others claimed that there was, while still others maintained that river and sea trout were one and the same fish, the change in color, etc., being due to the change from fresh to salt water, and so on. Those who read these articles can draw their own conclusions. For my part I say we have in our northern rivers *two* distinct species and will now give my observations on them. When I was residing at Trinity Bay with my father, we often caught bright silvery trout, both in the nets and by angling. Fishermen called them sea trout, others salmon trout. More learned ones said they were hybrids between the salmon and trout. Anyway, the difference was noticed. Many years later, about 1880, I made the acquaintance of an eminent scientist, Dr. C. H. Merriam, now Chief of the Biological Department at Washington, D.C. The Doctor was a most ardent lover of nature and as I had some inclinations that way myself, we enjoyed each other's company. During our rambles together we talked of beasts, birds and fishes, and casually I mentioned what was said about the sea trout. He said he did not believe in this hybrid theory, but that it was probably a distinct species and asked me to send him some specimens for identification. For various reasons I could not do this before July, 1883. During that month while fishing for salmon in the "Upper Pool" of the Godbout river, I caught several of these so-called salmon or sea trout, and selecting one of each kind, river and sea trout, sent them both, preserved in alcohol, to Dr. Merriam, who forwarded them to the Smithsonian Institution, and here is the reply he got:—

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM
UNDER DIRECTION OF
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

WASHINGTON, OCT. 17, 1884.

DEAR DOCTOR:

The two trout which you sent to the Museum from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, represent two very distinct species. The one with dark coloration, without evident red spots, and with a narrow band of hyoid teeth, is *salvelinus oquassa.* The other with very distinct red spots and without hyoid teeth is *S. fontinalis.*

If you desire any further information about these species I shall be glad to furnish it.

Very respectfully yours,

T. H. BEAN,
Curator, Dept. of Fishes.

In a private letter, Dr. Merriam added that this species had only been rcently described by, if I remember rightly, Mr. C. Gilbert, and that the specimen came from the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine. Subsequently, in 1896 and '97, I killed some specimens of *salvelinus oquassa* at the Cocashoo and Big Romaine rivers, in Labrador. In July, 1903, Mr. Charles Stewart Davison, who was fishing the Trout River near Moisie, killed a specimen of *salvelinus oquassa*, which I saw and helped to preserve for him. This specimen was later on presented to the New York Aquarium. I append Mr. Davison's letter:—

56 WALL STREET.
NEW YORK, July 30th, 1903.

NAPOLEON COMEAU, Esq.:—
Godbout,
Province of Quebec, Canada.

MY DEAR MR. COMEAU:—

I sent the trout to the New York Aquarium and have a letter from Mr. Townsend, the director, in which he says that it "appears to be one of the forms of oquassa, just which I am unable to state, as the Aquarium has no specimen for comparison. I can probably inform you on the point a little later."

He adds that the trout "would be welcome in our Aquarium collection, if you do not want it." I therefore told him to keep it and have written him a letter in relation to it, of which I enclose you a copy, and I am sure that he would be very glad if you would write him anything bearing on the subject which may be within your knowledge or experience.

Yours very truly,
Charles S. Davison.

I therefore feel that, backed by such competent authorities as those above cited, we can well say we have two distinct species of trout in our rivers. Continuing my investigations with regard to *salvelinus oquassa*, I found that they were irregular in their migrations and that although many followed and associated with *S. fontinalis* in their ascent of the rivers, the majority spawned in or near tidal waters. I have also observed that both species of trout are liable to a contagious disease of a fungoid character that attacks their gills and fins. I have witnessed two such epidemics since I have been here. These are generally confined to one river. The last one I saw was on the Trinity River, in 1879, when hundreds of trout were found dead strewn on the beach in the vicinity.

A Lucky Cast

It has been said that "there is nothing new under the sun," which I dare say is very true, but there are things that happen so rarely that they may be considered new when they do occur. So far as my experience goes, the following is one of them:

Trout are netted on the Godbout, not to exterminate them as some people wrongly imagine, but simply to keep the numbers in reasonable bounds, so that they will not cause too much damage. Enough are left to enable anglers to enjoy the sport of fishing for them.

One stormy day the Dominion Government steamer "Constance" was anchored here waiting for the weather to clear. The Commander, Captain Geo. M. May, had come ashore to send despatches. I was just getting ready to go fishing when he landed, so after the despatches had been sent I said to the Commander: "Why don't you come and try your luck with the trout, with me?" Not having brought any rod or tackle ashore with him he did not like to spoil my sport, he said, by depriving me of my rod. However, I prevailed upon him and off we went. We fished turn about,—each for half an hour at a time, and each netted for the other. We had splendid sport and got a little over three dozen fine trout from half a pound in weight to four and a half pounds. After a time the trout gave up rising in the pool where we were fishing, and as it was my turn to fish, I climbed up a bit of steep rock where sometimes a good cast could be made in a small eddy at the foot. As my tackle was light and the fish heavy and strong, we had been using one fly only. I had no sooner dropped the fly in the eddy than there was a swirl in the water and I was fast in a good sized trout, which I knew to be at least three pounds in weight. I played it from my place on the cliff and while I was so doing thought it very strange to find that my trout had suddenly become much stronger than it was at first. I commenced to think that I had been mistaken in my first slight glimpse of the fish. So I called out to Commander May that I had a whopper and asked him to get the net. Quietly I brought the trout in near the shore, but before the net could be placed under it, the Commander shouted out, to my great surprise, "Why, you have two trout!" I said nothing, as I thought that he might have seen another near it, which is something that occasionally happens, for quite often one trout will follow another that is fast to the end of a line. After a minute or so I got back again to the shore the fish which had made another short run in the meantime, and the Commander netted *two* trout. He had not been deceived. One of them weighed three and a half pounds and the other two pounds, and both were caught together on the one fly! I could hardly believe it! Have you found the "Siamese twins?" I said to the Commander. On examination we found that the first one had been caught in the corner of the mouth with the barb of the hook protruding through to the outside. The second one could see the fly and had probably come for it too, and, in so doing, had got fast in the barb of the hook, being caught near the eye. So I consider it as quite a lucky cast, and are you not, gentle reader, of the same opinion?

Salmon Rivers

During the last fifteen years I have received hundreds of letters of enquiry about salmon rivers, I have always replied to them to the best of my ability. For the benefit of those who may seek information, I will add a few notes on our different rivers and some of their scores, and will venture to say something in regard to what I think might be done with some others.

Before going any further, however, I may say that there are two things absolutely necessary to a river before it can become a salmon river, and these are perfectly clean water and a reasonable area of spawning ground, namely good clear gravelly bottom. Salmon may enter muddy or polluted streams, but they will not spawn in them and even if they did I do not believe that the ova would thrive, so that no amount of re-stocking would ever do any good.

A case in point is the Ste. Anne River a few miles east of Quebec. On October, 1878, I was requested by Mr. H. Stanley Smith, who was then the proprietor of the Ste. Anne, to inspect his river with a view to ascertaining whether it could be improved in any way. He told me that he had spent about fourteen thousand dollars on the river in various ways, such as paying a number of guardians, buying neighboring property and stocking the river with fry. I believe he stated that he had placed in the river altogether, at different times, over one hundred thousand young salmon fry, and all this with apparently no result. He was not then getting any more salmon than he did when he had first bought the river years before.

We drove down from Quebec in the afternoon with a remarkably fine pair of horses of his own, I remember, and in the evening I inspected the mouth of the river. There was nothing in or near the mouth that could interfere with the entry of the fish. Next morning early we drove up to the falls, where I was provided with a canoe. On examining this first pool just below the falls I found that the whole bottom of this pool was covered with sawdust and other debris. In some places this was three to four feet thick, and the stench when I dredged some of it up was worse than that of a sewer. The other portions of the river from the falls to the mouth were not quite so bad, but I noticed that the bottom was very rocky for the greater part of the way. There was not in the whole of the river a decent place where twenty salmon could spawn. On making enquiries I found that all this sawdust and debris came from some mill or mills situated at St. Fereol, above the falls. This was not very encouraging information to give to Mr Smith, but I told him that in my opinion the river could not be improved unless at great cost. I advised him to sell it, if he was not satisfied with its present condition, which he does shortly afterwards. His successors repeated his experiments of restocking on a larger scale, but it does not yield more salmon than it did thirty years ago, when I inspected it, if, indeed, it yields as many.

There are many rivers between Tadousac and Labrador in which there are no salmon at all and others in which there are only a few. The first mentioned contain no salmon because of natural obstructions where they empty into the sea, such for example as the Sault au Cochon, the Manitou, etc. On others where there are a few miles, more or less, between the tide way and these obstructions, natural or artificial, salmon will generally be found. Of this class of rivers there are several, some of them beautiful streams with good size tributaries, notably the Outarde, Manicouagan, Pentecost and Ste. Marguerite. On each of these below the falls I have seen salmon, positive proof that if they had the chance they would go further. Considering the immense area of undisturbed spawning grounds that these could afford, it seems a great pity to see them wasted as it were. Salmon rivers are so valuable to-day that I believe it would be a good investment for the Government or capitalists to take hold of these rivers and build fishways on them. Now would be the time to do this before there are any or too many vested rights on them. It would not be an experiment either, as proved by what has been done in Norway, where the river conditions are very similar to our own. In that country, fishladders have been built at a moderate outlay on falls of over fifty feet in height. The Escoumain was at one time a good salmon river, but ruined by the dam built on it and the neighboring mill. Previous to this an old fisherman named Moreau told me that he used to net about seventy-five barrels of salmon a year in the river. About thirty years ago lumbering operations were suspended for a time and the dam washed away. Salmon at once returned to it. Fortunately there are not many rivers on the North Shore hampered in this way.

There are a good number of small rivers that could be improved and that would then afford fair sport for one or two rods. As improvements of this kind are costly and the benefit from them only felt after the lapse of a few years, the Government should grant the lessees of such rivers as these, liberal conditions and longer leases. To show what can be done by judicious management, I will cite the case of the Jupitagan. When Dr. A. B. Johnson leased it some years ago there were very few fish in it. He only killed about ten salmon during his first season. He set to work and bought the net-fishing rights near the entrance, thus removing an obstruction and at the same time ensuring a supply of fish for breeding. At present he gets more fish in one day than he did before in a whole season. What was done there can be repeated elsewhere. I look upon a salmon river just as I do upon a piece of land. The latter has a capacity for raising a certain number of bushels of grain, etc. If you do not get that amount of crop it must be that it is either badly cultivated or overgrown with weeds. A river has a capacity for a certain quantity of fish. When you do not get that, there is a cause for it.

Some years ago Mr. Alex. Laurie, of Quebec, who fishes the Laval river, asked me why it was that they seldom got any small fish on that stream. It is really noted for its large salmon. My answer was that I thought only the big ones had a chance to survive there, all the smaller fish being gobbled up. The river only runs a few miles and then forms a good sized lake, which is infested with pike, some of them of enormous size. I found one dead pike in the spring of 1898 on the mud flats of Laval Bay that must have weighed nearly forty pounds. It had a pair of jaws like an alligator and could have taken in a ten pound salmon. If there are many such fish in the lake above referred to, it is no wonder that small fish are seldom seen there.

Few rivers on the North Shore can compare with the "Bersimis" as a salmon river, and for size of its fish only the "Moisie" can approach it. In 1860 it was granted by the Government with a certain amount of land, to the Montagnais Indians, as a reserve. They are under no restrictions of any kind as to the fishing of it. Spearing, however, is the favorite method of taking fish, although a few do set nets in the early part of the season when the water is high and fish just beginning to enter. Towards the end of July all the nets are taken up and spearing begins in earnest. This is carried on all through the summer and till late in the fall, in fact right up to the time that the ice sets in. Of course at this late season all the spearing is carried on at the spawning grounds. During the first years of the Reserve it was no unusual thing for one canoe to bring in forty to fifty salmon, the product of one night's spearing.

The Montagnais Indians have an annual feast on the 15th of August, to which I have had the honor of being invited several times. This is a religious festival as well, and most of the weddings take place on that day. On one particular occasion, (1871), there were to be some fourteen or fifteen couples united, and great preparations were made. The old Chief of the Montagnais, Jean Baptiste Estlo, had organized a spearing party in which forty-seven canoes took part and over nine hundred salmon were speared that night, which I estimated at about eighteen thousand pounds weight, as no small fish are speared. For many years this went on without any apparent decrease in the number of salmon, but three or four years after the establishment of the Bersimis Lumber Mills by Messrs. Girouard & Beaudet, a falling off was noticed. The Indians placed the blame on the mill owners, and these in their turn said that the Indians were themselves to blame by their continual spearing on the spawning beds. There is no doubt that both contributed to the decrease. In any case, from an annual yield of about eighty thousand pounds of salmon, the production dropped to twenty thousand, which is about the figure at the present day.

Last year (1908) I had a talk with the present Chief—Moise—and he seemed to think that salmon have increased during the past few years, that is to say since the mills were closed. The present value of the salmon taken at Bersimis by the Indians for local consumption and sale is about one thousand dollars a year. Now, I am quite sure that this river could be made to yield double that amount of revenue if the Indian Department at Ottawa were at all willing to deviate from the old rut. There are some fine tributaries and two nice pools on the river that would rent for far more than the value of the fish that the Indians get out of the river. The Indians would consent to such an arrangement provided, of course, that the rental went to them, for I have made personal enquiries of them. The Indian Department states with pride in its report that the Montagnais Indians are almost self-supporting. If it is the aim to make them so, why not allow their river to be rented and make them still more so?

I wonder if the Department knows what a burden the Indians are to the settlers and others on the coast, since this so-called period of self-support has set in.

A couple of years ago we had an old Indian widow that was left behind by her relatives when they left for their winter hunt. They were too poor to supply her with provisions for the winter. In fact they could not get enough for themselves, so she was left with practically nothing to eat. To add to her troubles a sick child was left with her. For a while the old woman toiled, making sealskin shoes and other little jobs of that kind, but this was of short duration owing to the limited demands of the small population. When winter came she was cared for by a charitable person, who had very little to spare himself. The old woman felt this very keenly and one day she asked me whether I could not obtain some help for her from the Indian Agency. I promised that I would try to do so and on my return home I wired the Indian Agent, giving him the details of the case. Next day I received an answer to give her "four pounds of lard and half a barrel of flour and advise her not to waste anything!" About four dollars worth of provisions to keep her and her child through the whole winter! I know of a number of similar cases. If these are the general lines of the relief given by the Agents, it is no wonder that these Indians are classed as self-supporting.

I trust that some day the Bersimis Indians will receive the full benefit of their river in the manner I have suggested, not only from the rental that it would bring them, but also in the way of employment by anglers, as guides and canoemen, at which all of them are experts.

Formerly, immense numbers of the harbor seal used to ascend this river to the first falls, causing great destruction. But now, owing to the continual hunting and shooting carried on by a large number of Indians in the vicinity, the natural enemies of the salmon are very few on this stream. Possibly some wealthy and influential angler can find means of obtaining some concessions on this river from the Indian Department. If so, I think the sport he would get will well repay his trouble, for the fish are there and fine ones, too.

Salmon Records on Our Best Rivers

THE following is the score, considered a record one, at that date, of the fly-fishing on the River St. John, Gulf of St. Lawrence, during the season of 1871. This river is now the property of Mr. J. J. Hill, the railway magnate of the West:

	Salmon	lbs.
Mr. Alexander Dennistoun, of Montreal	185	2099
Mr. Thomas Havemeyer, of New York	116	1258
Mr. Post, of New York	45	587
Mr. Harriotte of New York	30	310
Mr. J. J. Redpath, of Montreal	40	501
Totals	416	4755

The individual scores in detail were as follows:

MR. DENNISTOUN

Date	Fish	Weights lbs.
June, 23	2	12, 7.
" 24	3	19, 16, 8.
" 26	7	14, 11, 9, 10, 7, 19, 8.
" 27	7	17, 17, 10, 10, 10, 9, 7.
" 28	11	5, 8, 8, 9, 10, 23, 20, 12, 10, 9, 8.
" 29	18	17, 19, 10, 12, 9, 11, 11, 9, 10, 18, 10, 10, 8, 9, 10, 11, 9, 10.
" 30	5	9, 11, 12, 14, 6.
July, 1	10	18, 14, 9, 10, 11, 19, 9, 8, 11, 6.
" 3	12	10, 10, 11, 10, 8, 10, 8, 10, 8, 8, 11, 9.
" 4	11	20, 21, 18, 17, 10, 11, 17, 10, 8, 8, 7.
" 5	8	21, 20, 10, 10, 10, 11, 8, 8.
" 6	15	23, 11, 11, 9, 8, 7, 8, 10, 16, 10, 8, 11, 9, 10, 8.
" 7	3	7, 9, 11.
" 8	6	11, 11, 10, 10, 9, 8.
" 10	8	9, 10, 10, 17, 8, 8, 9, 8.
" 11	8	20, 21, 10, 10, 9, 10, 10, 9.
" 12	10	21,13 23, 10, 10, 10, 19, 19, 11, 10.
" 13	6	21, 13, 11, 13, 11, 10.
" 13	6	21, 13, 11, 13, 11, 10.
" 14	3	9, 11, 13.
" 17	24	10, 11, 10, 9, 9, 9, 10, 9, 10, 11, 19, 10, 18, 11, 11, 8, 10, 10, 10, 18, 17, 19, 17.
" 18	8	11, 21, 11, 10, 10, 8, 7, 11.

MR. HAVEMEYER

Date		Fish	Weigths lbs.
June,	27	1	8.
“	28	13	9, 9, 8, 17, 14, 12, 9, 9, 10, 11, 9, 9, 7.
“	29	6	9, 9, 11, 11, 10, 10.
“	30	5	12, 10, 7, 9, 9.
July,	1	4	20, 13, 11, 8.
“	3	11	9, 9, 10, 11, 12, 9, 10, 8, 11, 11, 10.
“	4	5	12, 10, 9, 9, 11.
“	5	4	26, 10, 8, 8.
“	6	9	10, 10, 10, 8, 6, 8, 9, 9, 13.
“	7	4	23, 11, 9, 8.
“	8	8	24, 11, 11, 18, 8, 10, 8, 8.
“	10	2	11, 17.
“	11	10	21, 9, 8, 10, 9, 12, 9, 8, 11, 18.
“	12	10	8, 10, 11, 11, 10, 7, 9, 10, 10, 11.
“	13	5	20, 12, 13, 10, 11.
“	14	6	10, 10, 12, 26, 10, 12.
“	15	3	10, 12, 15.
“	17	6	10, 10, 10, 10, 8, 13.
“	18	4	9, 12 10, 10.

MR. POST

DATE	Fish	Weigths lbs.
June, 28	1	8.
“ 29	1	9.
“ 30	2	18, 18.
July, 4	2	11, 12.
“ 5	1	8.
“ 6	4	9, 10, 9, 10.
“ 7	2	8, 10.
“ 8	2	8, 21.
“ 10	1	21.
“ 11	1	12.
“	10	20, 19, 13, 11, 9, 8, 21, 16, 9, 8.
“ 13	3	20, 11, 9.
“ 14	2	10, 9.
“ 15	4	10, 11, 13, 14.
“ 17	5	22, 10, 16, 8, 22.
“ 18	4	26, 13, 8, 9.

MR. J. J. REDPATH

Date		Fish	Weights lbs.
June,	27	2	10, 12.
"	28	2	9, 20.
"	29	2	12, 10.
"	30	2	24, 19.
July,	1	4	12, 10, 9, 8.
"	3	8	7, 8, 9, 10, 22, 6, 10, 17.
"	4	3	11, 10, 8.
"	5	2	8, 9.
"	6	1	8,
"	7	2	11, 11.
"	12	3	9, 12, 15.
"	13	4	25. 19, 19, 19.
"	15	1	8.
"	17	2	10, 8.
"	18	2	17, 20.

MR. HARRIOTTE

Date	Fish	Weights lbs.
June, 24	1	9.
" 29	3	11, 9, 9.
" 30	5	21, 15, 10, 10, 18.
July, 1	2	10. 14.
" 3	5	11, 10, 10, 8, 7.
" 4	3	9, 9, 8.
" 7	2	11, 9.
" 11	1	9.
" 12	6	9, 9, 9, 8, 8, 9.
" 17	2	13, 10.

Mr. Dennistoun was the only one of the party who had any experience in angling; all the others were new hands. Mr. Havemeyer's score was really an exceptionally good one for a beginner. As will be noticed, the fishing began about ten days at least later than it should have done, to get the full benefit of the river, and when the party left, fish were still abundant and taking the fiy well. The late Mr. Dennistoun, from whom I got this record many years ago, was of the opinion that five good rods could easily have scored one thousand salmon that year by fishing through the whole season.

A record of sixteen days' fishing on the River Moisie, by the late Mr. John Brown, then of Hamilton, Ont., published by the *Daily Spectator*, (Hamilton, C.W.), July 24th, 1869:

DATE	Fish	Weights lbs.	Total lbs.
June, 19	1	11	11
" 21	5	10, 12, 11, 10, 10	53
" 22	2	20, 8	28
" 23	6	10, 23, 22, 22, 11, 19	107
" 24	9	12, 9, 22, 28, 24, 21, 14, 20, 11	161
" 26	6	19, 20, 26, 11, 20, 18	114
" 28	14	18, 13, 21, 19, 25, 19, 12, 11, 22, 13, 37, 20, 22, 29	281
" 30	10	10, 23, 12, 20, 23, 28, 15, 11, 12, 10	164
July, 1	14	11, 12, 22, 9, 12, 24, 11, 12, 20, 23, 15, 20, 12, 12	215
" 2	16	13, 16, 21, 22, 23, 22, 19, 10, 25, 11, 20, 22, 21, 11, 24, 11	291
" 3	8	25, 24, 30, 20, 24, 11, 30, 22	186
" 5	5	10, 11, 17, 20, 11	69
" 6	10	23, 23, 11, 21, 20, 13, 22, 21, 12, 20	186
" 7	4	24, 10, 24, 21	79
" 8	16	23, 24, 10, 17, 9, 26, 10, 19, 22, 11, 16, 21, 9, 23, 10, 10	260
" 9	12	12, 23, 19, 11, 21, 24, 21, 14, 20, 8, 11, 24	208

16 Days, 138 Salmon weighing 2,413

Average nearly 17 1-2 pounds.

Salmon Record, Moisie River, 1871

Record of salmon angling with fly on "Moisie" by three rods, July, 1871:

	Fish	lbs
Mr. John Brown, of Hamilton	200	3676
Mr. John Ogilvy, of Montreal	87	1511
Mr. Thos. Ogilvy, Brechan, Scotland	38	692½
Totals	325	5879½

It is worthy of note in this connection that the first named gentleman of the above party, Mr. John Brown, of Hamilton, was one of the earliest fly-fishermen on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, or at all events one of the first to whip the now famous Moisie river for salmon.

He was a brother of Mr. Adam Brown, ex-M.P., for some time President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and later, Postmaster of Hamilton, Ont.

A snap shot picture of Mr. John Brown, taken a few years before his death, appears in this book, facing page 66.

Mr. Brown was an old friend of Messrs Fraser and Holliday, the original proprietors of the salmon netting privileges on the Moisie.

The individual scores of Mr. Brown and his companions for 1871 were as follows:—

M. BROWN

Date		Fish	Weights lbs.
July,	3	5	10, 19, 19, 11, 27½.
“	4	2	35, 20.
“	5	16	20. 24, 21, 21, 16, 23½, 19½, 9, 22, 31½, 12, 31, 19, 10, 25, 21.
“	6	10	28, 25, 23, 11, 19, 20, 13, 24, 20, 23.
“	7	21	23, 25, 21, 23, 18, 10, 20, 12, 10, 14, 22, 24, 9, 25, 9, 28, 21, 20, 21, 21, 11.
“	8	21	10, 11, 22, 21, 21, 11, 23, 24, 32, 10, 27, 19, 12, 19, 26, 20, 10, 26, 20, 12, 20.
“	10	2	26, 17.
“	11	8	25, 21, 25, 13, 24, 29, 9, 10.
“	12	13	10. 10, 24, 24, 30, 25, 23, 23, 10, 20, 10, 21, 11.
“	13	14	20, 19, 17, 21, 22, 20, 13, 18, 11, 11, 31, 24, 10, 24.
“	14	12	22, 18, 23, 23, 10, 25, 21, 21, 22, 22 10, 10.
“	17	11	11, 25, 23, 9, 19, 21, 23, 18, 11, 8, 22.
“	18	20	22, 23, 22, 20, 10, 11, 18, 25, 20, 22, 10, 25, 23, 22, 21, 10, 14, 12, 9, 22.
“	19	11	11, 25, 9, 20, 10, 26, 11, 23, 29, 11, 9.
“	20	13	21, 12, 12, 22, 10, 9, 21, 23, 21, 24, 20, 22, 27.
“	21	7	10, 22, 9, 20, 20, 10, 22.
“	22	14	21, 17, 8, 23, 9, 11, 24, 9, 10, 21, 8, 21, 11, 10.

Total: 200 Salmon. Average: 18 lbs. and 6 oz.

Mr. Brown's score was really 202 fish, two having been caught on the Sunday morning for use of the party and their men and not counted. The party had arrived in camp on Saturday, July 1st, and these were killed on the second. The weights were 10 and 21 lbs. On the 15th Mr. Brown's friends left, for business reasons, and he went down the river to see them off, losing that day's fishing. On the 23rd July, when he himself left, the fishing was still at its height, as shown by his score of the day previous. The year 1871 seems to have been an exceedingly good one on all our northern rivers. The waters were very high early in the season.

MR. JOHN OGILVY'S SCORE

Date		Fish	Weights lbs.
July,	3	4	22, 21, 31, 24.
"	4	3	21, 11, 10.
"	5	14	16, 22, 21, 23, 11, 22, 21, 20, 11, 21, 21, 20, 10½, 10.
"	6	2	18, 19.
"	7	6	19, 20, 22, 11, 24, 8.
"	8	11	20, 14, 8, 19, 22, 24, 11, 18, 25, 36, 11.
"	10	4	21, 18, 12, 8.
"	11	7	21, 17, 22, 10, 16, 26, 9.
"	12	12	17, 10½, 20, 19, 11, 17, 8, 24, 18, 8, 10, 29.
"	13	11	18, 23, 22, 9, 20, 9, 18, 12, 34, 17, 24.
"	14	11	22, 11, 9, 11, 20, 20, 16, 23, 11, 8, 16.
"	15	2	19, 9. Left at 8 A. M. for Montreal.

Total: 87 Salmon Average: 17 lbs. 5 3-4 oz.

Mr. THOMAS OGILVY'S SCORE

DATE	Fish	Weights lbs.
July, 3	1	8.
" 7	6	9, 23, 10, 12½, 23, 24.
" 8	5	22, 27, 24, 9, 30.
" 11	8	10, 25, 21, 11, 20, 9, 21, 9.
" 12	12	26, 19, 20, 18, 11, 17, 9, 10, 23, 22, 23, 23,
" 14	6	26, 21, 18, 20, 20, 20.

Total: 38 Salmon. Average: 18 lbs. 3¼ oz.

Measurements of all the largest fish were taken to see how length would correspond with weight, but it was found to vary too much to be a reliable guide. As an example, one fish of 24 lbs measured 40 inches; two of 25 lbs the same, and one of 30 lbs, ditto. One of 22 lbs measured 39 inches. The longest fish of the lot measured 46 inches and weighed 35 lbs.

Trout River Record

The following is a record of the score made on this small stream by Mr. Charles Stewart Davison, of New York. I merely give it to show what might be done on many such small streams if properly fished and well cared for. There is no doubt that this particular one could be improved with time and with small expense:

1903

Date		Fish	Weights lbs.	Total each day
June,	26	2	11, 13	24 lbs.
"	27	1	11	11 "
"	29	4	13, 11, 13, 20	57 "
"	30	1	13	13 "
July,	1	2	12, 11	23 "
"	2	1	13	13 "
"	3	1	12	12 "
"	4	1	20	20 "
"	8	1	10	10 "
"	9	1	14	14 "
"	10	5	13, 10, 22, 11, 16	72 "
"	11	1	10	10 "
"	12	2	14, 13	27 "
"	13	1	12	12 "
"	14	3	12, 12, 14	38 "
"	15	1	21	21 "
"	16	1	11	11 "

Total: 29 Salmon weighing	388 lbs.
Add five grilse: 4, 5, 4, 4, 6 lbs	23 "
Total weight	411 "

The above score was very kindly given me by Mr. Davison on his return from his fishing that season. The fishing might have begun ten days earlier and ended two weeks later. This small river was generally considered heretofore as not worth fishing.

Fifty Years' Salmon Fishing on the Godbout

THROUGH the courtesy of the proprietors of the salmon fishing on the Godbout, I am permitted to give a statement of fifty years' salmon fishing on the River Godbout, from 1859 to 1908 inclusive, and did space permit, I might have given the weight of every fish caught in the river during the last 45 years, with the name of its captor.

The following is a statement of the salmon taken with the rod at River Godbout during the season 1859 to 1863 inclusive:—

FIRST FISH	LAST FISH	No. of Fish	No. of Rods	REMARKS
July 11, 1859.....	July 25....	167	Three.	Much Rain.
June 18, 1860....	July 27....	47	Two...	Dry weather.
June 7, 1861....	July 24....	252	Four..	Much Rain—floods
June 12, 1862....	July 18....	279	Three.	2 Grilse.
June 8, 1863....	July 28....	194	Three.	Wet Weather.

(NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.)—1860 was my first year as Guardian of the Godbout. The anglers were Dr. Adamson and Captain Holyoake. The small score was due more to a rising of the Indians than to the weather, and salmon were speared almost daily in the pools. In 1861 the party was composed of Dr. Adamson, Capt. Holyoake, Col. Charteris and Major Howard. My duties as Guardian only began when the party left the river. Owing to a strong wind which delayed my arrival I did not meet them, so I have no record of who were Dr. Adamson's guests that year. In 1863 the anglers were Dr. Adamson, Capt. Holyoake and Robert Hare Powell, Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A.

1864

In 1864 the river was fished by Messrs. J. Law, A. Gilmour and Robert Hare Powell. The Rev. Dr. Wm. Agar Adamson, author of "Salmon Fishing in Canada," was a guest on the river, but did not fish. Between the 23rd June and the 19th July, both days inclusive, Mr. Law fished 20 days and killed 61 fish, Mr. Gilmour 18 days, killing 46 fish, and Mr. Powell 20 days, with a score of 57. Total, 164 fish, weighing 1,518 lbs. Mr. J. Law's largest fish weighed 20 pounds, Mr. Allan Gilmour's 19 pounds, and Mr. Powell's, 18 pounds.

1865

In 1865 some excellent scores were made on the Godbout.

The river was fished by Captain Noble, Mr. A. Cross, Mr. J. Law and Mr. Allan Gilmour.

The season during which the members of the party fished was from June 17th to July 14th.

On the 10th July, Mr. Allan Gilmour killed no less than 46 salmon, weighing 426 pounds. On the 5th July he killed 30, weighing 306 pounds, and on the 30th June ten fish weighing 87 pounds. His total score for the season was 165 salmon.

Captain Noble killed 49 salmon, his best days' score having been ten fish on the 7th July. He had to his credit one salmon of twenty pounds.

Mr. Law's score was 154 salmon, including two fish of 23 pounds each and one of 21. His two best days' score were fifteen and sixteen fish respectively.

Mr. A. Cross had to his credit a total of 109 fish, his three best days having given him 21, 16 and 12 fish respectively.

The total catch of the season was 477 fish, averaging close upon ten pounds and making a total weight of 4,690 pounds.

1866

The catch with rod and line during the season from June 16th to July 21st was 526 fish, weighing 5,158 pounds.

The anglers during that season were Messrs. Allan Gilmour, J. Dykes, D Law and J. Law.

Mr. Allan Gilmour again made the best score, a total of 207 fish, of which four single days gave him 23, 21, 20 and 18. Three of his fish weighed 26, 25 and 23 pounds respectively.

Mr. Dykes killed 75 salmon, his best day giving him ten fish.

Mr. D. Law only fished a portion of the season and scored 46 salmon.

Mr. J. Law had 46 fish to his credit, his best days having been 24 on the 9th July weighing 234 pounds, 12 on the 16th, weighing 96 pounds, 13 on the 2nd, weighing 156 pounds, 11 on June 9th, and ten each on two other days.

1867

In 1867 the Godbout was fished by a party consisting of Mr. Allan Gilmour, Dr. Adamson, James Law and Mr. Gilmour, Jr.

The scores of these gentlemen, in the order in which their names have been mentioned, were 165, 89, 123 and 50 salmon respectively, making a total of 427 fish, weighing 4,667 pounds.

Several very excellent days' fishing were had during this season. On July 1st, the date of the birth of the Dominion of Canada, Mr. A. Gilmour killed 13 fish weighing 146 pounds, and Dr. Adamson an equal number weighing 129 pounds. On the 11th July, Mr. A. Gilmour's score was 26 fish; on the 6th, 21, while another day's sport brought him 11 fish, and 10 was his score on three other occasions. The 11 fish killed by him on the 2nd of July included two of 23 pounds each and one of 22 pounds. The largest salmon killed on the river during the season was, however, the 28-pounder caught by Dr. Adamson on the 21st of June.

Mr. James Law and Mr. Gilmour, jr., each had a day of ten salmon killed.

1868

There were only three anglers in the Godbout party in 1868, and they remained but a short season on the river, so that the total score for the year was but 273 fish. The average weight was very good, however, being about eleven and a quarter pounds, making a total of 3,066 pounds.

Messrs. Allan Gilmour, A. Cross and W. M. Ramsay comprised the fishing party, and they only fished from June 15th to July 3rd.

Mr. Gilmour, as usual, made the top scores, killing on his best days 23, 14, 13, 12 and 12 respectively, and a total of 113 fish.

Mr. Ramsay who made a total score of 67, killed 19 salmon on the 30th of June and Mr. Cross getting, on his three best days, 18, 16 and 16 respectively, and 93 in all.

1869

That of 1869 was a very big season for the Lairds of the Godbout. Three Gilmours were among the party of four that fished the river that year: Mr. Allan Gilmour, of Ottawa; Mr. Gilmour, of Quebec, and Mr. John Gilmour (now Sir John Gilmour), of Glasgow. The fourth member of the party was Mr. D. Law, of Montreal.

The fishing commenced on the 16th of June with a score of 11 fish for the four rods, and ended on the 17th of July.

No less than 515 salmon fell victoms of the angling skill of the Godbout party that year, with a total weight of 5,493 pounds.

Fish of 24 and 22 pounds and a number of 20 pounds and thereabouts were killed by Mr. Allan Gilmour in 1869, but the heaviest salmon of the year on the river fell to the rod of Mr. Gilmour of Quebec, and weighed 28 pounds.

Mr. Gilmour, of Glasgow, had to his credit fish of 26, 24, 23 and 21 pounds, but no salmon weighing more than eighteen pounds trusted himself that year to the tender mercies of Mr. Law.

Mr. Law's total score was 87 fish; that of Mr. Gilmour of Quebec, 125, while Mr. Allan Gilmour scored 139, and his Scotch kinsman topped the list with 164 to his credit.

There were some good individual days' sport that year, Mr. Gilmour, of Glasgow, getting 23, 20 and 14 respectively on three different days.

Mr. Allan Gilmour's best days that year gave him 16, 14, 12, 11, 11, 10, 10 and 10.

Mr. Law made a score of 14 on the 3rd of July and one of 12 on the 8th.

1870

Five anglers were included in the Godbout party of 1870, namely, Dr. Campbell, A. Urquhart, Mr. Allan Gilmour, Mr. D. Law and Mr. C. F. Smith.

The river was fished for exactly a month, from the 16th of June to the 16th July, and the score was 399 fish weighing 4,349 pounds.

It should be mentioned, however, that Mr. Smith only fished for the last nine days of the season, his contribution to the total score having been 15 salmon.

Mr. Gilmour had a 27 pound fish to his credit and Mr. Law one of 25. A number of fish of 23 and 21 pounds were also taken.

Dr. Campbell killed 111 fish, Mr. Law 101, Mr. Gilmour 91, and Mr. Urquhart 81.

Dr. Campbell's best days gave him 15, 11 and 10 fish respectively, Mr. Urquhart's 10 and 9, Mr. Gilmour's 16 and 13, and Mr. Law's 13 and 9.

1871

Of the 509 salmon killed in the river in 1871, Mr. D. Gilmour, of Quebec, took 120; Mr. D. Law, Montreal, 140; Mr. A. Gilmour, Ottawa, 102; Mr. A. Cross, Montreal, 54; and Mr. A. T. Patterson, Montreal, 93.

Mr. Cross, however, only fished from the 15th of June to the 1st of July inclusive, and Mr. D.

Gilmour, of Quebec, left on the 8th of July. The other members of the party fished up to the 9th of July inclusive.

Mr. Allan Gilmour had three days of ten fish each and one of twelve, in 1871, while Mr. Law's best days gave him 19, 12 and 11 fish respectively.

Mr. D. Gilmour had scores of 13, 12, 11 and 10 for his best four days of the season, but by far the best daily scores were those of Mr. A. T. Patterson, who only commenced fishing on the 6th of July and killed 22 salmon on the 7th, 18 on the 12th and 20 on the 14th.

1872

Mr. Allan Gilmour, of Ottawa; Mr. D. Law, of Montreal; Mr. D. B. Meigs, of Jersey City, and Captain Dick, of Toronto, fished the Godbout in 1872, but from the 20th of June to the 9th July only. Captain Dick only fished for the last two days, getting 16 salmon, and Mr. Meigs was only on the river about ten days. His total was 34 fish, of which 12 were the result of one day's fishing.

Mr. Law's score was 99 fish and Mr. Gilmour's 68.

The total was a score of 217 salmon weighing 2,346 pounds.

The biggest individual scores for a day's fishing this season were 14, 12, 12, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 10 and 10.

1873

Lord and Lady Dufferin visited the Godbout in 1873 as guests of the proprietors, and enjoyed a couple of days' fishing. Their Excellencies captured three salmon on the 26th of June, weighing 10, 11 and 10 pounds respectively, and four on the following day, of 10, 9 , 10 and 11 pounds respectively.

Mr. G. Denholm, of Montreal, fished the river from the 4th to the 12th of July, and only three rods were on it throughout the entire short season which commenced the 19th June, namely, those of Mr. Allan Gilmour, Ottawa, and Messrs, A. Cross and R. Muir, of Montreal.

Mr. Allan Gilmour had one remarkably good day, killing 25 fish on the 30th of June. Otherwise there were no particularly large catches that year.

The total score of Mr. Gilmour was 50 and that of Mr. Cross, 55. The season's total was exceptionally small, having been 132 salmon, weighing 1,491 pounds.

1874

The visitors to the Godbout in 1874 spent only a few days on the river, and fished from the 26th of June to the 7th of July. In those few days, 273 salmon were killed, weighing 2,067 pounds.

The members of the party were Mersrs. Allan

Gilmour, Ottawa; D. Law, Montreal; Rev. D. M. Gordon, Ottawa, and Mr. R. W. Shepherd, Montreal.

Mr. Law had some exceptionally good days' sport, with scores of 24, 17, 14, 13, 12, 11 and 10.

Rev. Mr. Gordon caught 20 salmon on the 7th July.

The heaviest fish of the season, one of 29 pounds, was killed by Mr. D. Law on the 6th of July. Mr. Shepherd killed one of 25 pounds on the 2nd of July.

After the departure of the visiting anglers, the river was fished by the author of this book, when the following scores were made:—

DATE		Weights of Fish	Total Weight Daily
July 8......	7	12, 13, 14, 9, 10, 6, 16	80
" 9......	57	10, 16, 9, 18, 14, 11, 9, 10 11, 9, 11, 11, 10, 10, 10, 9, 10, 10, 14, 8, 11, 9, 9, 9, 11, 12, 8, 10, 11, 12, 8, 11, 11, 8, 10, 12, 11, 11, 10, 8, 12, 8, 11, 12, 18, 13, 10, 9, 9, 17, 24, 20, 9, 11, 10, 9, 10	634
" 10......	25	9, 9, 10, 14, 21, 9, 9, 8, 11, 11, 9, 17, 9, 10, 16, 23, 7, 11, 7, 10, 9, 13, 8, 8, 14	282
" 11......	34	10, 11, 10, 9, 11, 9, 10, 10, 12, 11, 8, 9, 12, 12, 8, 10, 10, 29, 13, 9, 8, 10, 9, 11, 8, 12 10, 8, 9, 11, 10, 9, 11, 12	361
" 13......	40	11, 8, 13, 9, 8, 9, 19, 10, 12, 11, 14, 11, 7, 10, 9, 15, 9, 14, 10, 8, 12, 11, 9, 11, 9, 11, 12, 10, 8, 12, 11, 12, 18, 11, 12, 11, 11, 11, 9, 10	438

DATE		Weights of Fish	Total Weight Daily
July 14......	25	7,9, 8, 10, 9, 10, 10, 11, 12, 8, 11, 9, 13, 10, 10, 14, 12, 13, 11, 9, 11, 10, 9, 8, 9..	253
" 15......	16	11, 11, 9, 15, 10, 10, 10, 9, 11, 11, 12, 11, 12, 9, 11, 10......................	172
" 16......	37	12, 8, 10, 13, 11, 10, 12, 13, 12, 10, 10, 7, 12, 20, 8, 9, 11, 11, 12, 10, 10, 8, 8, 10, 9, 13, 9, 9, 9, 12, 13, 11, 10, 12, 11, 9, 10	394
" 17......	16	10, 11, 12, 12, 9, 25, 10, 11, 10, 13, 10, 13, 8, 9, 11, 9......................	183
" 18......	28	9, 10, 10, 11, 10, 8, 11, 12, 10, 8, 11, 12, 11, 9, 9, 14, 10, 8, 10, 11, 10, 10, 10, 11, 10, 11, 11, 9......................	286
" 20......	27	10, 11, 13, 11, 10, 8, 9, 9, 11, 7, 10, 11, 10, 11, 9, 10, 9, 12, 11, 11, 12, 11, 9, 9, 9, 10, 10.........................	273
" 21......	13	12, 12, 11, 11, 11,9, 10, 7, 7, 8, 7, 10, 9...	124
" 22......	20	10, 10, 12, 8, 8, 9, 12, 9, 7, 9, 10, 8, 12, 12, 12, 12, 8, 10, 12	198
" 23......	6	10, 9, 11, 11, 12,10......................	63
" 24......	3	10, 10, 10..........................	30
" 27......	3	12, 12, 9..........................	33
" 28......	2	10, 9..........................	19
" 31......	1	9..........................	9
	360		3832
	5	Grilse, average 3 4-5 lbs.	

360 Salmon, average 10 64-100 lbs.—3830 lbs.

18 days fishing caught 360 Salmon, or an average of 20 each day during the whole time.

1875

The season of 1875 was a short one on the river and the Godbout house party a small one. Only three composed the party, Messrs D. Law, R. W. Shepherd and Robert Muir, all of Montreal. They only fished from the 28th of June to the 8th of July, but made some good individual scores.

Mr. Law killed 20 in one day and 16 in another. Mr. Muir killed 14 in one day and 12 in another.

In the ten days' fishng, the three rods killed 177 fish weighing 1,936 pounds, and on the 10th of July Messrs. McNab, Molson and party were invited to fish and killed eight salmon weighing 76 pounds, and Mr. Comeau killed four fish weighing 45 pounds. These are not included in the number and weights above given for the season, to which Mr. Law contributed 81 salmon, Mr. Shepherd 41, and Mr. Muir, 55.

1876

Several rods whipped the Godbout in the season of 1876, but it was not remarkable for large scores.

The season opened on the 19th of June and closed on the 15th of July.

Mr. Law left the river after the first eight days' fishing, and Mr. Shepherd left half a dozen days later. Mr. C. F. Smith, of Quebec, and Mr. Anderson, of India, spent the last ten days of the angling season on the river. Each of them killed ten fish.

The total score was 227 fish, weighing 3,017 pounds, 60 of the salmon having been killed by Mr. A. Dennistown, of Montreal; 52 by Mr. Allan Gilmour; 40 by Mr. John Manuel, Ottawa; 28 by Mr. Law; 13 by Mr. Shepherd, and after the visitors had left, 11 by Mr. Comeau and 3 by Mr. McNab.

1877

The fly-fishing in 1877 showed much better returns than in the preceding year. The river was only whipped from the 15th of June to the 13th of July, but yielded 395 salmon, weighing 4,464 pounds.

Messrs. Allan Gilmour, of Ottawa, Mr. C. F. Smith, of Quebec, and Mr. J. Manuel, of Ottawa, were the first three anglers on the river, the three others, Rev. D. M. Gordon, Judge Henry and Col. Irwin only arriving nine days before the party closed the season

The respective scores were: Mr. Allan Gilmour, 114; Mr. C. F. Smith, 61; Mr. John Manuel, 144; Rev. Mr. Gordon, 18; Judge Henry, 32, and Col. Irwin, 26.

Mr. Allan Gilmour and Mr. John Manuel each killed twenty salmon in one day during the season of 1877.

1878

There were several guests on the river this season, including the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, then Prime Minister of the Dominion. Mr. Mackenzie made but a short stay upon the river. He killed two fish on the 20th June and three on the 21st.

Rev. Mr. Gordon fished during the last five days of the angling season.

Mr. Law, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Smith left early in the season.

Mr. John Manuel was the only angler to fish throughout the season on the river, namely, from the 11th of June to the 3rd of July, having to his score the handsome total for so short a season of 120 fish.

The total angling catch was 239 salmon, weighing 2,811 lbs.

1879

No less than eight rods whipped the Godbout for salmon in 1879, for a longer or shorter period, namely, Mr. Allan Gilmour, Ottawa; Mr. Charles Hallock, New York; Mr. Robert Muir, London, England; Mr. C. F. Smith, Quebec; Mr. John Manuel, Ottawa; Mr. Fulton, Toronto; Mr. G. Denholm, Montreal, and Judge Taschereau, Ottawa. The last mentioned fished after the others had left the river, and in the six days preceding the 19th of July, killed 40 salmon, weighing 446 pounds.

Some members of the fishing party mentioned above remained but a very short time upon the river. Thus Mr. Hallock was only there a few days, killing three fish. Mr. Fulton killed two fish and Mr. Denholm, three. Mr. C .F. Smith caught 16 fish, Mr. Allan Gilmour, 19, Mr. Muir, 42, and Mr. John Manuel, Ottawa, made the top score of the season, 80 fish.

Mr. Comeau, during the season, killed 18 salmon weighing 223 pounds, the total kill of the season on the river having been 183 salmon, or 2,611 pounds.

1880

Messrs. D. Law and John Manuel commenced the season's fishing of the Godbout on the 14th of June, and Mr. Law left on the 2nd of July, after killing 44 fish.

Mr. Manuel fished until his departure on the 10th of July, making a score of 87 fish.

Rev. Mr. Gordon fished from the 1st to the 10th July, killing 17 fish.

Upon his last day on the river, Mr. Law killed 11 fish.

Mr. Manuel, on the 28th of June, killed 13 fish.

The total score of the river for the season's fishing was 151 fish, weighing 1,955 pounds.

1881

This was one of the poorest seasons on record on the river.

Mr. Allan Gilmour spent from June 14th to June 23rd on the river, but did not fish.

Two rods fished for eight days, killing 32 fish weighing 640 pounds.

The large average of the fish killed was something remarkable, being twenty pounds. Six fish killed by Mr. John Manuel on one day, June 16th, weighed respectively 24, 22, 20, 19, 24 and 29 pounds.

Of the 32 fish killed, 15 fell to the rod of Mr. D. Law, Montreal, and 17 to Mr, Manuel's.

1882

Mr. Allan Gilmour again headed the Godbout party, but fished very little, killing but 4 fish.

Mr. Manuel fished from June 16th to 27th and from July 4th to 18th and killed 180 salmon and 10 grilse. On the 10th July his score was 24 fish; on the 11th, 30; on the 13th, 23; on the 14th, 10; on the 15th, 13; on the 17th, 16.

Mr. Law fished seven days, getting 17 fish. The total catch of the season was 263 salmon, weighing 2,845 pounds, and 11 grilse, averaging 4½ lbs. On one day, the 10th July, Mr. Law killed 17 fish.

The visitors during the season were Napoleon

A. Comeau (guardian) who killed 39 fish weighing 435 pounds; Alexander Dennistown, Montreal, 3 fish weighing 34 pounds; Baron de la Grange, of Paris, 4 fish weighing 42 pounds; Vicomte de Talhouet, Paris, 2 fish, 17 lbs., and Peter MacNaughton, Quebec, 14 fish, weighing 151 pounds.

After the fishing party had left the river, the Comte de Ses Maisons, Consul-General for France at Quebec, killed 8 salmon and 5 grilse.

1883

Mr. Allan Gilmour killed 3 salmon this season; Mr. Manuel, 73, and Mr. D. Law, of Montreal, 18.

The total catch for the river party was 94 fish weighing 1,339 pounds.

The biggest day's catch was Mr. Manuel's. He killed 11 fish on the 9th July.

In addition to the above, Mr. N. A. Comeau (guardian), caught during the season, 12 fish weighing 176 pounds.

Mr. J. D. Gilmour, Quebec, from the 20th to the 25th July inclusive, killed 42 fish weighing 475 lbs., and 9 grilse weighing 33 pounds.

Mr. E. J Hale,. of Quebec, had a 12-pounder to his credit.

Judge Taschereau, of Ottawa, killed 25 salmon weighing 225 pounds, and 9 grilse weighing 33 pounds.

The visitors brought the score up to 174 salmon and 21 grilse for the season. The salmon weighed in all 2,227 pounds and the grilse averaged 3 9-10 pounds.

1884

Mr. A. Gilmour visited the river, but did not fish.

Messrs. John Manuel, Ottawa; James Law, Montreal, and Alex. Campbell, Toronto, composed the river party.

Mr. Campbell spent but two or three days on the river, killing only a couple of fish.

Of the party's total catch of 194 salmon, Mr. Manuel's share was 127 and Mr. Law's, 65.

In addition to the above, Mr. N. A. Comeau killed 68 salmon averaging 10 pounds each.

Mr. Manuel's three best days gave him 17, 12 and 10 fish respectively, and Mr. Law killed 10 on the 16th July.

Mr. Manuel's best three fish weighed 20, 20 and 29 pounds, and Mr. Law's 24, 23 and 21 respectively.

One of Mr. Campbell's two fish was a 28-pounder.

1885

Mr. A. Gilmour fished 6 days, getting 12 fish. Two of his fish weighed 23 pounds each and one of them 22 pounds.

Messrs. John Manuel and James Law enjoyed

25 days of excellent sport on the river this season.

Mr. Manuel's total was 188 fish and Mr. Law's 105.

Mr. Manuel's best days gave him 19, 15, 9, 8, 12, 18, 16, 13, 10, 9, 10 and 20 fish respectively. His heaviest fish were 28, 24, 22, 22, 22, 22, 21, 21, 20, 20 and 20 lbs. respectively.

Mr. Law's heaviest were 27, 26, 24, 23, 22, 21, 21, 21, 21, 20 and 20 lbs., and his best days' sport gave him 14 fish.

The total catch of the season was 309 fish, including 3 grilse, weighing together, 3,752 pounds.

1886

Mr. Allan Gilmour again headed the Godbout party, but did not fish.

Messrs. John Manuel, of Ottawa, and Robt. Muir, of Montreal, fished from the 21st June to the 17th July, and Mr. D. Law, of Montreal, from the 21st June to the 12th July.

The total catch was 265 salmon weighing 3,488 pounds.

Mr. Manuel's catch was 134 fish, including one of 28 pounds, one of 23, one of 22, three of 21, and eleven of 20 pounds. His best catches per day were 23, 20, 19 and 12.

Mr. Muir killed 70 fish, one of 26 pounds, one of 24, one of 21 and three of 20 pounds. He scored 13 in one day and 10 in another.

Mr. Law killed 61 fish, his best fish weighing 23, 22, 21, 20 and 20 pounds respectively. His two best days' catches numbered 15 and 11 respectively.

1887

This was Mr. Allan Gilmour's last season upon the river. He killed his two last salmon on the 11th July.

His companions on the river were Messrs. John Mamuel and James Law. The former killed 90 fish, the latter 68.

Col. Irwin and Captain Irwin fished for a couple of days each, the former getting four fish, and the Captain, five.

Mr. Mauuel made the top score as usual, namely, 90 fish, including one 30-pounder, one of 26 pounds, one of 25, one of 22 and two of 20. No very large days' scores were made that year.

Mr. Law got 68 fish, which included one of 25 lbs., one of 24, one of 23, one of 22, two of 21 and two of 20.

The 169 salmon of the year weighed 2,156 pounds, and ten grilse weighed 44 pounds.

1888

Mr. John Manuel headed the Godbout party this year, his companions being Mr. James Law and Mr. Thos. Law.

Their combined score was 369 salmon, 3,991 pounds in all, exclusive of 23 grilse, averaging close upon four pounds each.

Mr. Manuel's biggest salmon was 20 pounds, and his total score 133 salmon and 10 grilse. His best days' sport gave him 14, 12 and 11 pounds respectively.

Mr. James Law killed 131 fish, his largest ones having been 24, 24, 21, 21 and 20 pounds respectively. His best day gave him 16 salmon, and he had two other days of 15 each.

Mr. Thomas Law caught 18 salmon in one day and 16 on another. His three best fish weighed 20 pounds each, and his total score was 105.

1889

The catch of 231 salmon in 1889 weighed 2,802 pounds, and 31 grilse added 111 pounds to the total.

The fishing commenced on the 17th June, and Mr. Manuel fished up to the 18th July. Messrs. James Law and Thomas Peck, of Montreal, were with him up to the 6th July, and Mr, W. H. Blake, of Toronto, from the 1st to the 6th July inclusive.

Mr. Blake's score was 13 salmon and a grilse, Mr. Peck's 27 salmon and two grilse, Mr. J. Law's, 61 salmon and 2 grilse, and Mr. Manuel's, 130 salmon and 26 grilse.

The 231 salmon weighed 2,802 pounds. On the 8th of July, Mr. Manuel's catch was eighteen salmon. His two largest fish of the season were 29 and 27 pounds respectively, but he had also salmon of 25, 23 and 21 pounds each.

1890

This was a good fishing season on the river. No less than 504 salmon were killed by anglers, and they weighed 5,350 pounds.

This year, Mr. Law got one more fish than Mr. Manuel, namely, 190, Mr. Manuel's score being 189.

Mr. Thos. Peck, Montreal, was the third member of the angling party and got 125 fish. His best day on the river gave him 28 fish, and his two largest salmon weighed 20 pounds each.

Mr. Manuel's best days' catch that season was 17, and Mr. Law's, 30. On another day the latter mentioned, killed 22.

Mr. Manuel's best fish weighed 26, 25, 24, 24, 22, 22, 21, 21, 21, 21 and 20, and Mr. Law's, 24, 24, 23, 23 and 22.

1891

The Godbout was fished in 1891 from June 20th to July 23rd. The angling party consisted of Messrs. John Manuel, Ottawa, W. F. Kingsmill, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and J. B. Paterson, Montreal.

Their combined catch was 234 salmon, weighing 2,857 pounds.

Mr. Manuel's catch was 117, Mr. Kingsmill's 51, and Mr. Paterson's 66. No more than 14 fish were killed on the river this year in a single day, and the largest individual salmon was one of 28 pounds, killed by Mr. Paterson.

Mr. Kingsmill's largest was 24, and Mr. Manuel killed three of 23 pounds each.

1892

The season of 1892 was rather an off one.

Mr. John Manuel fished from June 17th to July 15th and only killed 68 fish, having four blank days. His two best days yielded but 8 and 7 fish respectively to his well-handled rod. His fish were large, however, the weights of the best having been 27, 26, 23, 23, 22, 22, 22, 22, 22, 22, 21 and six of 20 pounds.

Mr. Paterson's best fish weighed 30, 26, 24, 24, 23, 22, 21, 20 and 20.

Mr. W. H. Blake, of Toronto, only fished from the 27th of June, and got 35 salmon.

Mr. Z. A. Lash, of Toronto, fished from the 28th of June and killed 25 fish.

1893

The season's catch amounted to 221 salmon and 11 grilse, the former weighing 2,519 pounds and the latter 44 pounds.

Mr. John Manuel only commenced fishing on the 26th June and remained until the 13th of July, killing 53 salmon.

Mr. James Law, who commenced fishing on the 13th of June, killed 104 fish.

Mr. Peck fished nearly as long as Mr. Law and caught 64 fish.

Only on one occasion during this season did any one rod kill more than ten salmon in a day, and that was on the 22nd of June, when Mr. James Law caught 13. Mr. Law also killed the heaviest fish of this season during his early days on the river, two of them weighing 27 and 26 pounds respectively.

In addition to the scores of the usual Godbout party above given, it should be mentioned that Mr. Dennistoun, who visited the river, killed 11 fish weighing 143 pounds.

1894

There were several rods on the Godbout in all, during 1894.

General Montgomery-Moore, commander of the forces in Canada, spent a few days on the river, getting 4 salmon and a grilse.

Mr. W. T. Kingsmill, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, fished from the 11th of June to the 12th of July, with Messrs. Manuel, Law and Peck. Mr. Kingsmill's score was 42 fish, Mr. Manuel's 95, Mr. James Law's 45, and Mr. Thomas Peck's 32. Messrs. Law and Peck, however, fished the same pools.

The total score of the river for the season for the Godbout party was 205 salmon, weighing 2,407 pounds, and 14 grilse, weighing 50 pounds.

No very big catch was recorded for any one day of the season by either of the individual anglers. Some large fish were killed, however, Mr. Manuel getting one of 33 pounds on the 13th of June, and one of 29 on the 3rd of July.

After the fishing party had left, Mr. N. A. Comeau killed 43 salmon weighing 426 pounds; Mr. W. J. Fraser, Quebec, 8 salmon weighing 75 pounds, and Mr. Chas. V. Norris, six salmon weighing 63 pounds. Ten grilse were also caught by these visitors, weighing 31 pounds.

1895

Messrs. James Law, Thomas Peck and Alex. Paterson, of Montreal, commenced fishing the river on the 4th of June, Mr. Paterson remaining to June 24th, and the others to July 11th.

Mr. John Manuel and Captain Streatfield, of Ottawa, arrived on the 24th June and fished till the 11th July.

Messrs. Law and Peck fished the same pools.

The total score of the entire party was 187 salmon and 20 grilse. The fish were of good average, the total weight of salmon having been 2,445 pounds, or an average of over 13 pounds.

The individual scores were Mr. John Manuel, 56 fish; Mr. James Law, 53; Mr. Thomas Peck, 29; Mr. Alex. Parerson, 17; Captain Streatfield, 32.

A few large fish were killed, but no very big daily scores were made.

Mr. Law killed a fish weighing 29 pounds, and Mr. Peck one of 26 pounds.

1896

This was an exceedingly favorable season on the Godbout.

The total kill was 348 salmon and 20 grilse, the weight of the salmon having been 4,482 pounds.

Angling opened early, five anglers having commenced fishing on the river on the 12th of June, namely, Messrs. John Manuel, James Law, Thomas Peck, Dr. Manuel and A. C. Henry.

The latter mentioned gentleman only fished till the 23rd June, getting 6 fish in all.

All the other members remained till the 16th July, but none of them fished every day of the season.

The individual scores of the other members of the party were Mr. John Manuel, 124 salmon; Mr. James Law, 82; Mr. Thomas Peck, 72, and Dr. Manuel, 64.

On the 3rd July of that year, Mr. Manuel killed his 18 salmon, but no other day of the season yielded either of the Godbout anglers more than 10 fish to his own rod, that number being reached by Mr. James Law on the 25th June.

Mr. James Law killed the heaviest fish of the Godbout season that year, — one weighing 27 pounds, Dr. Manuel killing one of 25 pounds and Mr. John Manuel one of 24 pounds.

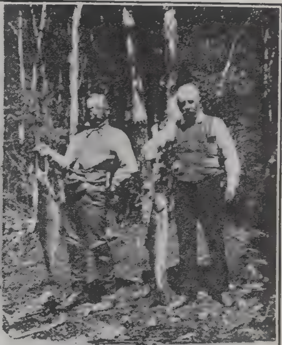
1897

The Godbout was fished this season from the 14th June to the 15th July, but only three of "the Lairds" spent all the intervening period on the river, namely, Messrs. John Manuel, James Law and Thomas Peck.

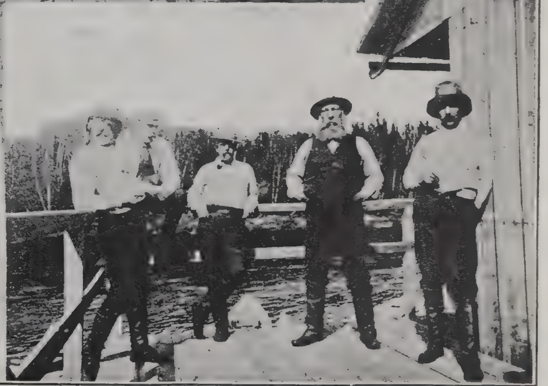
Mr. A. C. Henry came to the river with them, but left it again on the 26th of the month, and Mr. McD. Paterson, of Montreal, arrived on the 28th June and stayed for the remainder of the season.

This was another year of pretty big fish for the Godbout, Mr. John Manuel having to his credit fish weighing 32, 30, 28, 26, 24 and 23 pounds, Mr. Henry, one of 28 pounds, and Mr. Peck, one of 27 pounds.

Founders of Weymahegan Salmon Club



Fishing the "Shay" Pool—Godbout River



THE LAIRDS OF THE GODBOUT.—(From Left to Right:—Thos. Peck, Jas. Law, A. C. Henry, John Manuel, Dr. Manuel)

In two days fishing, Mr. John Manuel killed 19 and 16 salmon respectively.

Mr. John Manuel's catch for the season was 115 fish; Mr. James Law's, 57; Mr. Thomas Peck's, 42; Mr. Paterson's, 28; and Mr. Henry's, 10.

The total catch was 252 salmon or 2,952 pounds.

1898

The salmon score of the Godbout anglers for 1898 was 232 salmon weighing 3,002 pounds and 19 grilse of four pounds each.

The fishing commenced on the 11th June, and lasted till the 14th July, but only Mr. John Manuel and Mr. James Law were on the river during the whole of that period. The score of the former mentioned was 101 fish and of Mr. Law, 75.

Of those who spent a shorter time in camp, Mr. Alex. Paterson killed 42 salmon ; Mr. Thomas Peck, 12, and Col. E. A. Whitehead, Montreal, 2.

Mr. Law's catch included a fish of 28 pounds; Mr. John Manuel's one of 27, and another of 26, and Mr. Paterson's one of 26.

1899

Six rods in all whipped the Godbout this season.

Messrs, John Manuel, James Law, Thomas Peck and Alex. Paterson commenced together on the 12th June, the three first mentioned fishing up to the 24th July, and making scores of 120, 73 and 64 respectively.

Mr. Paterson fished till the 6th July and killed 44 fish.

In twelve days' fishing in July, Col. E. A. Whitehead killed 7 fish, and Mr. J. A. Walker, of Montreal, the same number.

Mr. Paterson's best fish was one of 27 pounds, and Mr. John Manuel's, one of 25. Both Mr. Manuel and Mr. Peck killed fish of 23 pounds each.

The catch of the entire party totalled 315 salmon or 3,544 pounds, and 25 grilse amounting to 103 pounds.

1900

Messrs. John Manuel and James Law opened the season's fishing on the Godbout on the 13th June and were followed two days later by Mr. Thomas Peck and Col. E. A. Whitehead. They all fished up to the 28th July, except that Mr. Law was absent from June 16th to June 30th.

Mr. Manuel killed 107 salmon; Mr. Law, 45; Mr. Peck, 66, and Col. Whitehead, 38.

In all, 256 salmon and 39 grilse were killed, the former weighing 3,159 pounds, and the grilse, 165 pounds.

The biggest fish of the season on this river was Mr. Peck's 27 pounder, but Mr. Manuel caught others weighing 26 and 25 pounds, and Col. Whitehead also had one of 25 to his credit.

There were also three visitors to the river: Captain Panet, of the Royal Engineers, who caught 14 fish weighing 172 pounds; Mr. Peter McKenzie, of Montreal, who killed two weighing 19 pounds, and Herr Von Gelder, who also killed two weighing 18 pounds.

1901

The first salmon were killed by anglers on the Godbout in 1901 on the 11th June. There were four fishermen in the party and each killed fish. The members of the party were John Manuel, Ottawa; James Law, Montreal; Colonel Whitehead, Montreal; and Alex. Paterson, Montreal. The latter left on the 26th June, and on the following day Mr. A. Gilmour, of Ottawa, arrived. During the last few days of the season, Mr. Thomas Peck, of Montreal, fished some of the pools, getting five salmon and three grilse.

Colonel Whitehead and Mr. Law fished the same pools.

The 363 fish, including the 13 grilse, which constituted the total result of the fishing of the entire party during the season, weighed 4,033 pounds.

Mr. John Manuel's total was 134 salmon and four grilse; Mr. James Law's, 85; Col. Whitehead's, 34; Mr. Alex. Paterson's, 61; Mr. A. Gilmour's, 35 salmon and 6 grilse, and Mr. Peck's, 5 salmon and 3 grilse.

1902

This was a big season for the fly-fishermen of the Godbout.

The catch of salmon numbered 543, and there were ten grilse. The salmon weighed 5,895 pounds.

Of the above catch, Mr. John Manuel contributed 216 salmon and 5 grilse, Mr. James Law, 164 salmon and three grilse, Colonel Whitehead, 70 salmon, Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, Montreal, 26, and Mr. A. Paterson, 67 salmon and 2 grilse.

Mr. Wanklyn fished from the 12th June to the 25th, and Mr. Paterson from the 5th July to the 23rd. The others fished from the 11th June to the 23rd July.

Mr. Manuel killed 20 fish on the 11th July, 13 on the 15th, 11 each on the 28th of June and the 5th and 8th of July. He killed a 30-pounder on the 16th and a 28-pounder on the 28th of June, and of his other big fish may be mentioned two of 27 pounds, one of 25, five of 23, and a number of 22, 21 and 20 pounds respectively.

Mr. Law made one day's catch of 18 fish, another of 12 and another of 10; and his three best fish turned the scales at 29, 26 and 23 pounds.

1903

This was another good year.

The 548 salmon killed by the anglers on the Godbout averaged over 11½ lbs. each, making a total weight of 6,334 pounds.

The fishing commenced on the 8th June, an exceptionally early date, all the members of that year's angling party being then upon the river, namely, Mr. John Manuel, Mr. James Law, Col. E. A. Whitehead and Mr. James Manuel. The three first mentioned fished until the 20th July, but Mr. James Manuel left the river on the 13th of that month.

The individual scores were: Mr. John Manuel, 234 salmon; Mr. Law, 174; Col. Whitehead, 51, and Mr. James Manuel, 89.

Mr. John Manuel's best days this season gave him 18, 13, 12, 12, 11, 11, 10 and 10 fish respectively, and his biggest fish were 31, 28, 23, 23, 23, 22, 22, 22, 21 and 21 respectively.

Mr. Law killed 16 fish on the 4th July and 12 on the 30th of June, and the weights of his largest fish were 25, 24, 24, 23, 22, 22, 22, 21, 21 and 21 respectively.

Mr. James Manuel got 16 fish on the 2nd July and 10 on the 6th.

1904

Nearly 4,000 pounds, — to be exact, 3,903 pounds,—was the weight of the 328 salmon killed on the fly in the Godbout during the season of 1904.

Two of these, weighing together 40 pounds, were taken by a visitor to the river, Mr. Peter McKenzie.

The regular Godbout party was the same as in the preceding year: Messrs, John Manuel, James Law, Colonel Whitehead and Mr. James Manuel.

The individual scores were Mr. John Manuel, 129; Mr. James Law, 91; Colonel Whitehead, 28, and Mr. James Manuel, 78.

The last mentioned left the river on the 13th July. The three others remained till the 20th July, as in the preceding year. They also commenced to fish on the same date as in 1903, namely, the 8th of June.

The fishing was fairly good throughout the season, no extraordinary day's catch having been made, however, Mr. John Manuel killing his greatest number, — 12, — on the 20th June. Included in that day's catch were two salmon weighing 26 and 25 pounds respectively.

A 27-pounder was killed by Mr. Law, and a 26-pounder by Mr. James Manuel.

1905

The fishing was commenced on the Godbout this year on the 7th June, but so little was done for the first ten days that not more than one fish per day to the four rods was killed up to the 17th of the month.

The party was the same as in 1903 and 1904, except that it was joined on the 27th June by Mr. Thos. Law, of Toronto, while Mr. Paterson left on the 30th.

The fishing was continued up to the 21st July.

The catch of 263 salmon, which weighed 2,962 pounds, was made up as follows: Mr. John Manuel, 81; Mr. James Law, 65; Col. Whitehead, 13; Mr. Paterson, 41; Mr. Thomas Law, 63.

Mr. Law and Col. Whitehead fished together, and the latter only fished rather less than two-thirds of the time he was on the river.

Mr. James Law killed the largest fish of the season, a 33-pounder, and a 27-pounder was killed by Mr. Paterson.

The largest day's catch of the season, 11 fish, was made by Mr. John Manuel on the 28th of June.

1906

The two first fish of the season in 1906 were caught by Mr. James Law on the 5th of June, an exceedingly early date. They weighed 26 and 17 pounds respectively. Mr. Law was accompanied by Col. Whitehead.

Two days later Messrs. John Manuel and James Manuel arrived.

The latter left the river on the 2nd July and Mr. Alex. Paterson arrived on the same date.

A little fishing was done up to the 20th July.

Mr. John Manuel's catch for the season was 164 fish; Mr. James Law's, 145; Col. Whitehead's, 36; Mr. James Manuel's, 125, and Mr. Alex. Paterson's, 46.

A visitor, Mr. John Walker, of Montreal, caught five fish.

The total catch was 521 salmon, weighing 5,660 pounds.

Mr. Law and Mr. Whitehead again fished together.

The 26th June was a successful day on the river. Mr. John Manuel killed 18 fish and Mr. James Manuel 17, Mr. James Law 8, and Colonel Whitehead, 2,

Mr. John Manuel's catch during the season included fish weighing 25 and 24 pounds each, and several others of 20 and over.

Mr. James Manuel killed two fish of 25 pounds each.

1907

The Godbout party in 1907 scored 416 fish weighing 4,643 pounds. The last of these were caught on the 23rd of July. Some members of the party fished the river on the 24th, 25th and 26th of July, but caught nothing.

After the party had left the river, however, Mr. Thomas Law killed 31 fish, weighing 257 pounds.

Mr. James Law killed the first Godbout salmon of the season on the 7th June. It weighed 19 pounds. The two next days proved blanks. Col. Whitehead killed a fish of 15 pounds on the 11th, Mr. John Manuel one of 19 on the 12th, Col. Whitehead one of 10 on the 13th, Mr. John Manuel one of 23 on the 14th, and Mr. James Law one of 11 on the same date. After that date the fishing improved.

The only members of the party to fish throughout the season were the first arrivals, Messrs. John Manuel, James Law and Col. Whitehead. Their scores were respectively 120, 148 and 64.

Messrs. Robert McD. Paterson and Charles Hoare, of Montreal, arrived on the river on the 24th June and left again on July 1st. They killed 22 and 11 salmon respectively.

Mr. Alex, Paterson, Montreal, reached camp on the 6th July and fished to the end of the season, taking 51 salmon. Twice during his stay, Mr. Paterson killed 13 fish in a day.

Mr. James Law killed 16 fish one day and 12 on another, and Mr. James Manuel 13 one day and 10 each on three other days.

Two 28-pounders and four 27-pounders were killed during the season. The first mentioned were secured by Mr. Law and Mr. Robert McD. Paterson.

Mr. Law secured two 27-pounders, Mr. Robert McD. Paterson 1, and Mr. John Manuel, 1,

1908

Mr. John Manuel opened the angling season on the Godbout, killing a bright 22-pound salmon on the 9th June.

The season was not remarkable for especially big fish, though one of 28 pounds was secured by Col. Whitehead, The total score was good, however, showing 387 salmon and a weight of 4,389 pounds.

Mr. John Manuel had to his credit 109 fish, Mr. James Law 104, Col. Whitehead 8, Mr. James Manuel 121, Mr. A. Paterson 31, and Mr. J. A. Walker, 14.

It should be mentioned, however, that Col. Whitehead left the river on the 24th June, that Messrs. A. Paterson and J. A. Walker only arrived on the 8th July, and that Mr. James Manuel left on the 15th of that month.

Mr. James Law killed 14 salmon on the 4th July, and 10 each on two other days.

Mr. James Manuel killed 17 fish on the 3rd July, 13 on the 15th of June, and 10 on the 17th.

Mr. John Manuel killed 10 salmon on each of two different days.

Long may the Lairds of the Godbout live to enjoy the royal sport of matching their science and skill against the cunning, agility and strength of the kingly salmon of their far-famed river; and may good fortune, health and appetite wait upon all who respond to the call of "Life and Sport on the North Shore"!

List of Birds

Having made frequent reference to various species of birds in this work, it may be of interest to some of my readers to have a full list of all I have observed here. Unless otherwise mentioned, I have shot every variety noted, and where I was uncertain as to the species, the skins were sent to Dr. C. H. Merriam for identification. To the original list first published by Dr. C. H. Merriam in 1882 I have since added a few more species, and have also been able to better observe the habits and migrations of others. Where this has been done I have placed my initial note.

From Bull. Nutt. Orn Club. *Vol. 7, N. 4, Oct.* 1882.

List of Birds *ascertained to occur within ten miles of Pointe des Monts, Province of Quebec, Based chiefly upon the notes of* Nap. A. Comeau, *by* C. H. Merriam, *M. D.*

Pointe des Monts is the southward termination of a high rocky promontory that separates the river from the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the North Shore. It is in latitude 49° '19 north. The country is well wooded, the forests consisting chiefly of spruce (both black and white), and balsam Scattered about are a few birches, poplars, cedars and tamaracks; and on a sandy terrace near the Godbout river is a quantity of the Northern scrub pine (*Pinus Banksiana*) that here attains a height of 30 and sometimes 40 feet. The region is so far north that not only are the oaks and hickories absent, but even the hardy beech and maple do not grow here. (I have found a few beech trees since. N. A. C.) I visited this section of the coast in July, 1881, and again in July, 1882; and with the observations made at these times I have incorporated the notes kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. Napoleon A. Comeau, guardian of Godbout.

The nomenclature followed is that of the second edition of Dr. Coues' Check List of North American Birds.

1. *Turbus migratorius.*—Robin.—A common summer resident, arrives about the first of May and remains till late in Novem-

ber. Seen Dec. 22, 1879. (Winters, occasionally, in years when the mountain ash berry is plentiful, feeds on sea beach also, N. A.C.)

2. *Turdus unalascœ nœvius.*—HERMIT THRUSH.—Tolerably common. Breeds. (May 6th, 1889. N.A.C.)

3. *Turdus ustulatus swainsoni.*— OLIVEBACKED THRUSH.— Not uncommon, breeds, (Nest found with young June 14th, 1889. N.A.C.)

4. *Sialia sialis.*—BLUE BIRD.—Extremely rare. During a residence of many years at Godbout, Mr. Comeau has seen but one pair of these birds; they were nested in a stump near his house in July, 1880. (Seen again June 3, 1887, N.A.C.)

5. *Regulus calendula.*—RUBY CROWNED KINGLET.—Male, Shot June 4th, 1882. (June 3rd, 1885).

6. *Parus articapillus.*—BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE.—A common resident.

7. *Parus hudsonicus.*—HUDSONIAN CHICKADEE.—A common resident like the last.

8. *Sitta canadensis.* — RED-BELLIED NUTHATCH. — Tolerably common in winter, but not observed in summer. (Breeds. N.A.C. June, 7, 1884. May 11, 1885.)

9. *Eremophila alpestris.*—HORNED LARK.—First seen April 21, 1882, after which they were very common for about three weeks, then disappeared. I found a young one dead at Godbout, in July, 1881. (Breeds and remains late in the fall, October and November. N.A.C)

10. *Anthus ludovicius.*—TITLARK.—Tolerably common summer resident and doubtless breeds. I have seen flocks of them in July feeding on the beach at low water. First seen May 7th, 1882. (Breeds N.A.C.)

11. *Helmintophila peregrine*—TENNESEE WARBLER.— A tolerably common summer resident. First shot June 6th, 1882.

12. *Dendrœca œstiva.*—SUMMER WARBLER.—Not very common. First seen June 6th, 1882.

13. *Dendrœca virens.*—BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER.—A tolerably common summer resident.

14. *Dendrœca coronata.* — YELLOW-RUMPED WARBLER. — A rather common summer resident. First seen May 29th, 1882.

15. *Dendrœca blackburnœ.*—BLACKBURN WARBLER.—Rather rare. Shot June 9th. 1882.

16. *Dendrœca striata.*—BLACK-POLL WARBLER.—Rare. Mr. Comeau shot a male June 7th, 1882. (Observed frequently since Late migrant. N.A.C.)

17. *Dendrœca maculosa.*—BLACK AND YELLOW WARBLER.—The commonest warbler, breeding abundantly. Earliest seen May 29th, 1882.

18. *Siurus nœvius.*—WATER THRUSH.—Rather rare. Shot June 6th, 1882. Others seen. (Breeds. N.A.C.)

19. *Geothlypis trichas.*—MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.—Not common. Saw two in the clearing about Mr. Allan Gilmour's camp on the Godbout. (Breeds. N.A.C.)

20. *Myiodioctes pusillus.*—BLACK-CAPPED YELLOW WARBLER.—Rather rare. Shot June 9th, 1882. Others seen.

21. *Myiodoctes canadensis.*—CANADIAN FLYCATCHING WARBLER.—A tolerably common summer resident.

22. *Setophaga ruticilla.*—REDSTART.—Tolerably common. First seen June 9, 1882.

29. *Hirundo erythrogastra horreorum.*—BARN SWALLOW.—Rare and not known to breed. Mr. Comeau shot one May 29th, 1882. (Very irregular straggler. Breeds. Oct. 30th, 1890. N.A.C.)

24. *Iridoprocne bicolor.*—WHITE-BELLIED SWALLOW.—Common, breeds plentifully. First seen May 12th, 1882.

25. *Petrochelidon lunifrons.*—CLIFF SWALLOW.—A small colony nested in the deserted Hudson's Bay trading post at Godbout this year (1882).

26. *Ampelis cedrorum.*—CEDAR BIRD.—A tolerably common summer resident. (Very irregular, some years none seen. N.A.C.)

27. *Lanius borealis.*—GREAT NORTHERN SHRIKE.—Occurs, but is not known to breed. (Not common. Once saw three feeding on seal carcasses in winter. N.A.C.)

28. *Pinicola enucleator.*—PINE GROSSBEAK.—A tolerably common resident. In autumn it feeds extensively upon the berries of the mountain ash. I have already published a note on the breeding of this species at Godbout. * (Observed breeding again, since. Very abundant some years. N.A.C.)

29. *Carpodacus purpureus.*—PURPLE FINCH.—Not very common. First seen April 26th, 1882. (June 9th, 1887. N.A.C.)

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* See this Bulletin Vol. VII., 120, 121.

30. *Loxia leucoptera.*—WHITE-WING CROSS-BILL.—Tolerably common but somewhat irregular in appearance. I found this species to be very abundant here in July 1881, while in July, 1882, I did not see any. (Very irregular. N.A.C. Feb. 14th, 1896.)

31. *Ægiothus linaria.*—RED-POLL.—Very abundant in winter, large flocks being seen every day. They all seem to move in one direction, following the shore westward. (Some observed in May. N.A.C.)

32. *Chrysomitris pinus.*—PINE LINNET.—Generally common, but somewhat irregular. (Sept. 2nd, 1888. N.A.C.).

33. *Astragalinus tristis.*—AMERICAN GOLDFINCH.—Rather rare. I saw a small flock in 1882. (One shot June 7th, 1884. Rare. N.A.C.).

34. *Plectrophanes nivalis.*—SNOW BUNTING.—Very common in flocks in winter. Seen as late as middle of May. (Occasionally absent from January to end of February. Plumage gets rusty colored in May. N.A.C.).

35. *Centrophanes lapponicus.*—LAPLAND LONGSPUR.—Large flocks of this species appear on this part of the coast during the latter part of April, remaining till about the middle of May. They are then very abundant, occuring both alone and in flocks with the preceding.

36. *Passerculus sandvicensis savana.*—SAVANNA SPARROW.—Tolerably common, breeding on the thinly grassed sandfields about the mouth of the Godbout. Mr. Comeau shot one as early as April 21st, 1882. (August 25th, 1885, N.A.C.).

37. *Melospiza fascita.*—SONG SPARROW.—A rather common summer resident in suitable places, arriving early in May. Particularly numerous in the clearing about Mr. Allan Gilmour's camp on the Godbout.

38. *Junco hiemalis.*—BLACK SNOWBIRD.—Very common. First seen May 16th, 1882. (April 26th, 1889. Very late in leaving, November 19th, 1904. Many perish during heavy snowstorms in fall. N.A.C.).

39.—*Zonotrichia albicollis.*—WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.—The commonest sparrow, breeding everywhere. First seen May 14th, 1882. This bird is the "Nightingale" of the Canadians.

40.—*Zonotrichia leucophrys.*— WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW. — Breeds, but is not common. (Common but irregular. I once saw about eight or ten birds feeding on soap scraps left on the edge of a cold soap boiler. N.A.C.).

41. *Agelæus phœniceus.*—Red-shouldered Blackbird.—Very rare. The only one ever seen here was a female, and was shot by Mr. Comeau May 22nd, 1882.

42. *Xanthocephalus icterocephalus.*—Yellow-headed Blackbird.—An accidental straggler from the West. Mr. Comeau shot a male of this species in his door yard at Godbout early in Sept., 1878.*)

43. *Quiscalus purpureus.*—Crow Blackbird.—Rare. Sometimes seen in flocks in spring (and in the fall irregular immigrant. N A.C.).

44. *Corvus corax.*—Raven.—A common resident.—May 12th, 1882, Mr. Comeau found one of their nests, on the face of a cliff about half way down between Godbout and Pointes des Monts. It contained four full-fledged young that must have been at least three or four weeks old. (Breeds in March, found a nest with four young as big as pigeons April 2nd, 1889. Have seen lots of young birds flying about at end of May. A bird very much hated by trappers on account of its habit of robbing the baits from fox traps. The bird also suffers great cruelty from ignorant people on account of a superstitious belief, that if the eyes of the young birds are put out, the old birds will bring to the nest a certain kind of stone that will restore their eye-sight, and be left in the nest. This stone, it appears, has many mysterious properties, chief of which are rendering the wearer invisible and enabling him to see in the dark. N.A.C.).

45. *Corvus frugivorus.*—Crow.—A common summer resident, sometimes wintering. I have observed that the crows here find much of their food along the beach at low water. (Dead fish of all kinds and possibly small live ones, clams and other shell fish, especially sea-urchins and star fish form their chief foods. N. A.C.).

46. *Cyanocitta cristata.*—Blue-jay.—Resident, but not very common. (Not resident but a very irregular and sometimes abundant migrant. June 14th, 1889, abundant. N.A.C.).

47. *Perisoreus Canadensis.*—Canada Jay.—A tolerably common resident. (Exceedingly abundant 1903 and 1908. Very early breeder. Have seen young birds flying early in June. N.A.C.).

48. *Tyrannus carolinensis.*—King-bird.—Not rare. Earliest seen, June 9th, 1882. (May 27th, 1884, June 4th, 1885. N.A.C.).

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* See this bulletin Vol. VI., p. 246.

49. *Empidonax flaviventris.*—Yellow-bellied Fly-catcher.—I have seen a specimen that Mr. Comeau shot June 15th, 1882. (June 6th, 1884, June 9th, 1885. Breeds. N.A.C.).

50. *Chordeiles popetue.*—Night-hawk.—A common summer resident. First seen June 5th, 1882. I saw night hawks flying about overhead nearly every day while at Godbout, both in July 1881, and July 1882. (One observed May 27th, 1889. N. A.C.).

51. *Chætura pelasgica.*—Chimney Swift.—Generally tolerably common, but not seen this year (1882).

52. *Ceryle alcyon.*—Belted Kingfisher.—A rather common summer resident, arriving about 1st of May. About June 13th, 1882, Mr. Comeau found three Kingfishers' nests in a bank, and each contained seven fresh eggs. (Very destructive to young salmon and trout fry on a river. N.A.C.).

53. *Hylotomus pileatus.*—Pileated Wood-pecker.—Very rare. Mr. Comeau has shot but one here. (Have seen a few since, and one shot April 22nd, 1902. N.A.C.).

54. *Picus villosus.*—Hairy Woodpecker.—A tolerably common resident, being particularly fond of the burnt-over scrub pine barren near Godbout.

55. *Picus pubescens.*—Downy Woodpecker.—A torably common resident like the last.

56. *Picoides arcticus.*—Black Three-toed Woodpecker.—Resident. Not rare.

57. *Colaptes auratus.*—Golden-winged Woodpecker.—A tolerably common summer resident. First seen May 14th, 1882. (One shot May 2nd, 1889. N.A.C.).

58. *Bubo* Virginianus.—Great Horned Owl.—A rather common resident. (A very bold bird. Have known several instances of its attacking human beings. N.A.C.).

59. *Asio Wilsonianus.*—Long-eared Owl.—Rare. Mr. Comeau shot three in May 1877 and 1878.

60. *Asio accipitrinus.*—Short-eared Owl.—A rather rare summer resident. Earliest seen May 9th, 1882. (Breeds. N.A.C.).

61. *Strix nebulosa.*—Barred Owl.—A tolerably common resident.

62. *Nyctea scandiaca.*—Snowy Owl.—Very irregular in appearance; some times very abundant in winter, and sometimes not seen for several years. Mr. Comeau shot one May 17th, 1882,

and Mr. Gregoire Labrie killed one May 31st, 1880. These are the latest dates at which they have been seen in this region. (Still the latest record. N.A.C.).

63. *Surnia funerea.*—HAWK OWL.—Common in winter, generally appearing in November and not remaining later than February. (Shot March 18th, 1904. N.A.C.).

64. *Nyctala tengmalmi Richardsoni.*—RICHARDSON'S OWL.—A common winter resident and very tame. This owl has a low liquid note that resembles the sound produced by water slowly dropping from a height, hence the Montagnais Indians called it *pillip-pie tshish*, which means "water-dripping bird. These Indians have a legend that this was at one time the largest owl in the world and that it had a very loud voice. It one day perched itself near a large water-fall and tried not only to imitate the sound of the fall, but also to drown the roaring of the torrent in its own voice. At this the great Spirit was offended and transformed it into a pigmy, causing its voice to resemble slowly dripping water instead of the mighty roar of a cataract.

65. *Nyctala acadica.*—SAW-WHET OWL.— Not very common. In winter Mr. Comeau once saw one of these little owls fly out from within the carcass of a great Northern hare that had been caught in a snare. The owl had eaten away the abdomen and was at work within the thoracic cavity when frightened away. (Shot March 14th, 1902.)

66. *Circus cyaneus hudsonius.*—MARSH HARRIER.—A tolerably common summer resident. Three individuals seen as early as May 5th, 1882. (Oct. 19th, 1887. Breeds. N.A.C.).

67. *Astur atricapillus.*—GOSHAWK.—Not rare. Breeds Nov. 24th, 1883. N.A.C.)

68. *Falco sacer obsoletus.*—LABRADOR GYRFALCON.—Mr. Comeau has killed several of these rare falcons in the vicinity of Godbout. (Jan. 10th, 1885. Nov. 8th, 1892. N.A.C.)

69. *Falco columbarius.*—PIGEON HAWK.—Not rare and doubtless breeds. (May 2nd, 1884, May 21st, 1889. N.A.C.)

70. *Falco sparvevius.*—SPARROW HAWK.—Rare. One shot May 5th, 1882. (Tolerably common, breeds. N.A.C.)

71. *Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis.*—ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD.—Breeds and is rather common. The southward migration commences about the last of September and continues into November. During this period large numbers of these hawks are constantly passing over this part of the coast on the way to

their winter quarters. (Oct. 7th, 1885, Oct. 22nd, 1889, and many others at different times. N.A.C.)

72. *Pandion haliœtus.*—FISH HAWK.—A few pairs of fish hawks breed in this vicinity every year. They were first seen May 2nd, 1882. They depart in November. Nov. 9th, 1889. One of the most regular of migrants, scarcely ever varies more than one day in appearing here. Found it breeding abundantly in Labrador 1897. N.A.C.)

73. *Aquila chrysœtus.*—GOLDEN EAGLE.—Breeds and is not particularly rare. Mr. Comeau has shot three and knows of half dozen that were caught in steel traps. (See Three golden eagles, page 312 of this book. May 7th, 1895. N.A.C.)

74. *Haliœtus leucocephalus.*—WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.—Tolerably common. Breeds. They arrive in March and remain till December or January, Mr. Comeau found a nest early in June, that contained three young about the size of crows. (Found a nest with three eggs May 16th, 1889 nearly hatched. Winters frequently. N.A.C.)

75. *Ectopistes migratorius.*—WILD PIGEON.—A rather rare and very irregular visitor. (June 27th, 1889 five shot. Occasionally seen yet. 1908. N. A. C.

76. *Zenaidura Carolinensis.*—CAROLINA DOVE.—Of this Southern species Mr. Comeau has killed two at Godbout, the first a male he shot October 10th, 1881, and the second a female, June 6th, 1882. (Several more seen or shot since. N.A.C.)

77. *Canace cnadensis.*—SPRUCE GROUSE.—A resident species but rather rare.

78. *Bonasa umbella.*—RUFFLED GROUSE.—A resident like the last but not common. This appears to be the northern limit of the grouse on the east coast, and I was unable to find any evidence of its presence lower down along the north shore of the gulf. (Abundant some years. Breeds as far down as Mingan N.A.C.)

79. *Lagopus albus.*—WILLOW PTARMIGAN.—Very abundant during the early part of some winters, but during other years it does not occur at all. Individuals generally arrive about the first of December and a few remain till the first of May. They are always most abundant in December, and Mr. Comeau once killed six hundred before Christmas. He has shot as many as eighty-two in a single morning. (See chapter in this work entitled "Grouse and other Land Birds.")

80. *Squatarola helvetica.*—BLACK-BELLIED PLOVER.—Rather rare and irregular in occurence. Mr. Comeau has shot it in May and September. (June 9th, 1904 five birds. N.A.C.)

81. *Charadrius dominicus.*—GOLDEN PLOVER'—Tolerably common in September and some times seen in spring. Getting more rare of late years. N.A.C)

82. *Ægialites vociferus.*—KILDEER PLOVER.—Mr. Comeau says that this species breeds and is not rare.

83. *Ægialites semipalmatus.*—RING-NECK PLOVER.—Occurs in spring. (Breeds fairly numerous, and in Sept. also. N.A.C.)

84. *Strepsilas interpres.*—TURNSTONE.—Tolerably common in September.

85. *Steganopus Wilsoni.*—WILSON' PHALAROPE.—Mr. Comeau tells me that this phalarope occurs during the fall migration, but is not common.

86. *Phalaropus fulicarius.*—Not rare in September. (June 4th, 1887, flocks. N.A.C.)

87. *Gallinago Wilsoni.*—SNIPE.—A rather late migrant. Earliest killed May 9th, 1882. (Fairly numerous much further north in suitable places. Breeds. Natashquan, August 6th, 1897. N.A.C.).

88. *Macrorhampus griseus.*—RED-BREASTED SNIPE.—Occurs during fall migration. (August 12th, 1886, September 23rd, 1895. Rare migrant. N.A.C)

89. *Ereunetes pusillus.*—SEMI-PALMATED SAND-PIPER.—Tolerably common. First seen during latter part of May, and common in August and September.

90. *Actodromas minutila.*—LEAST SANDPIPER.—Rather common in spring and fall.

91. *Actodromas maculata.*—PECTORAL SANDPIPER.—Occurs in fall, but is not common.

92. *Actodromas Bonapartii.*—WHITE-RUMPED SANDPIPER.—Mr. Comeau shot one May 31, 1882. (Common in fall migration. N.A.C.)

93. *Calidris arenaria.*—SANDERLING—Occurs in the fall migration.

94. *Totanus melanoleucus.*—GREATER TATTLER.—Common spring and fall. Earliest shot May 9th, 1882. Passes south in September. (August 21st, 1886. July 17th, 1887. Breeds. N.A.C.)

95. *Totanus flavipes.*—YELLOW SHANKS.—Common during the migrations. Occurs with the preceding. (Breeds. N.A.C.)

96. *Rhyacophilus solitarius.*—SOLITARY TATTLER.—Tolerably common, breeding about the fresh water lakes and streams. (May 12th, 1885, May 20th, 1887. N. A. C.)

97. *Tringoides macularius.*—SPOTTED SANDPIPER.—A tolerably common summer resident.

98. *Numenius borealis.*—ESKIMO CURLEW.—Common in August and September.

99. *Numenius hudsonius.*—HUDSONIAN CURLEW.—Rather rare. Mr. Comeau has shot it in August. (Earliest shot August 4th, 1885. N.A.C.)

100. *Ardea herodias.*—GREAT BLUE HERON.—Rather rare and generally seen in September. (May 19th, 1885, May 7th, 1903. N.A.C.)

101. *Ardea egretta.*—GREAT WHITE EGRET.—Accidental straggler from the South. One seen June 9th, 1882, on an island in Godbout River. (Not shot, and no other seen here since. N. A.C.)

102. *Botaurus mugitans.* — AMERICAN BITTERN.—Rare. Mr. Comeau has shot several here and tells me that they are common at Manicouagan, thirty miles west of Godbout. (August 7th, 1889, May 12th, 1895. Two specimens. Breeds. N.A.C.)

103. *Cygnus* SP—?.—A swan was shot at Pointe des Monts by an Indian in 1870. (Cygnus buccinator. N.A.C.)

104. *Chen hyperboreus.*—SNOW GOOSE.—Rare. Mr. Comeau has shot it in October. (Shot frequently since 1882.)

105. *Bernicla brenta.*—BRANT GOOSE—Breeds, and is by no means rare. Arrives in April, remaining into November and sometimes December. (March 27th, 1887. Height of the migration, large flocks 1st to 10th of June. N.A.C.)

106. *Bernicla Canadensis.*—CANADA GOOSE.—A common migrant, arriving during the latter part of March, and departing in November. It breeds at Natashquan, Western Labrador. (Breeds on Anticosti Island, straggler. N.A.C.)

107. *Anas obscura.*—BLACK DUCK.—A tolerably common summer resident, breeding about the fresh water lakes. (Arrives earliest end of March and leaves in November, late date Nov. 27th, 1896. N.A.C.)

108. *Dafila acuta.*—PINTAIL.—The only one Mr. Comeau ever

saw here he shot June 7th, 1882. (Frequently shot since, irregular migrant. Never numerous. May 14th, 1907. Probably breeds occasionally. N.A.C.)

109. *Querquedula carolinensis.*—Green Winged Teal.— Rare here, but breed at Manicouagan.

110. *Querquedula discors.*—Blue-winged Teal. — Rare, but oftener seen than the preceding. Has been shot early in May. (May 4th, 1904, N.A.C.)

11. *Fuligula affinis.*—Scaup Duck.—Tolerably common in October. (Sept. also. N.A.C.)

112 *Fuligula collaris.*—Ring-neck Duck.—Mr. Comeau has killed two in spring. (Rare here Sept. 23rd, 1895. N.A.C.)

113. *Changula glaucium.*—Golden-eye.—A resident species and tolerably common. Breeds on fresh water only. Remains throughout the winter.

114. *Clangula islandica.*—Barrow's Golden- eye.—A common resident, breeding like the foregoing on fresh water, and remaining on the Gulf all winter. (The most abundant of the three species. N.A.C.)

115. *Clangula albeola.*—Butter-ball.—Rare. Has been shot in October. (May 9th, 1885, May 7th, 1889. Irregular. Seen in September some years. N.A.C.)

116. *Harelda glacialis.*—Resident.—Very abundant in winter, the largest flocks being seen in December, January and February. Mr. Comeau shot one in full summer plumage as early as April 23rd, 1882. Tolerably common in summer, and supposed to breed. (One of the most abundant of our ducks. Breeds. N.A.C.)

117. *Histrionicus minutus.*—Harlequin Duck.— Rare and only seen during the latter part of April and early in May. This year Mr. Comeau saw two April 16th, and shot one May 8th, out of a flock of four. (April 5th, 1889. Seen occasionally since. The bird appears to be decreasing fast. In May (1908), I saw a pair. One evening, May 10th, 1889, I was returning home late from a shooting excursion, when I heard the noise of wings, frequently produced by a large flock of birds, and lookup almost overhead, I saw a large flock of ducks passing. It was too dark to see what they were and the range was a long one. I fired one shot at the bunch and a bird dropped. Much to my surprise it was a male harlequin duck. Were they all harlequins? I cannot say, but presume they were. If so there were

probably two or three hundred in the flock. They were going in a northerly direction. N.A.C.)

119. *Somateria spectabilis.*—Rare. Has been known to breed.

120. *Œdemia americana.*—Black Scooter.—Common from early in April, till some time in November. They do not remain through the winter.

121. *Œdemia fusca.*—Velvet Scooter.—A common resident. The largest flocks are seen in April and November, and the species is common all the year round. (Probably an error in printing. It does not winter but remains late. Dec. 29th, 1889. N.A.C)

122. *Œdemia perspicillata.* — Surf Duck. — Very common from April to November, but does not winter. The males greatly preponderate over the females in this species, and Mr. Comeau tells me that the proportion is always about seven males to one female.

123. *Mergus merganser.*—Shelldrake.—Tolerably common breeding about the fresh water. (Breeds early, nest found May 12th, 1884, contained five eggs. N.A.C.)

124. *Mergus serrator.*—Red-breasted Merganser.—Very common, frequenting both fresh and salt water. (Some times winters and when not wintering an early migrant. N.A.C.)

125˙ *Sula bassana.*—Gannet.—Occasional.—I have found it breeding in numbers at the west end of Anticosti, but do not think it nests farther up the gulf. (Breeds abundantly on Perroquet Islands. Some years abundant here, following herring and mackerel. N.A.C.)

126. *Phalacrocorax carbo.*—Common Cormorant.—Rare, but Mr. Comeau has shot several here.

127. *Phalacrocorax dilophus.*—Double-crested Cormorant.—Mr. Comeau shot a female May 19th, 1882. (Rare, does not breed here. N.A.C.)

128. *Stercorarius pomatorhinus.*—Pomarine Jaeger.—Rare. (Seen occasionally in August and September. N.A.C.)

129. *Stercorarius parasiticus.*—Parasitic Jaeger. — Rather rare. Mr. Comeau shot six in one day about the middle of May 1874. (Seen frequently end of May, then August and September. A parasite of the kittywake gull and the terns. N.A.C.)

130. *Larus glaucus.*—Glaucous Gull, Ice Gull.— Rather

rare. Usually seen in February, March and April. I have a handsome male which was shot by Mr. Comeau April 29th, 1882.

131. *Larus leucopterus.*—White-winged Gull.—Not common. Commonly appears and disappears with the last. Mr. Comeau has shot it as late as May 1st. (Said to breed on the Seven Islands. N.A.C.)

132. *Larus marinus.*—Great Black-backed Gull.—Breeds and is tolerably common. It is absent only in January and February. July 17th, 1882, I found one of their nests on Great Boule, one of the Seven Islands. It consisted of a little coarse grass placed in a slight depression in the rock and was lined with a sort of pad, about four inches in diameter, of beautiful soft down, on which reposed a single egg. The egg had been incubated, but failed to hatch. (Generally lays three to four eggs. N.A.C.)

133. *Larus argentatus Smithsonianus.*—Herring Gull.— Very abundant, breeding plentifully on suitable rocks. Arrives about the middle or latter part of April, remaining into November.

134. *Rissa tridactyla.*—Kittywake.—Breeds abundantly. Arrives late in April or early in May, remaining into December. This and the preceding are the commonest gulls along this part of the coast, and are constantly seen, both singly and in immense flocks. They follow the receding tide and cover the sand flats that are exposed at low water, feeding upon the molluses and other marine animals that abound in such situations. I have seen more than a thousand at one time.

135. *Pagophila eburnea.*—Ivory Gull.—Very rare. Mr. Comeau shot a male in April, 1877, at Pointe des Monts. The specimen was presented to the Museum at Bersimis, Mission where it is now preserved. (Dec. 9th, 1895, March 7th, 1906, Jan. 5th, 1908. N.A.C.)

136. *Chroecocephalus philadelphia.* — Bonaparte's Gull.—A tolerably common summer resident, arriving late in May.

137. *Sterna macroura.*—Arctic Tern.—Very abundant at certain places where it breeds. Mr. Comeau once killed sixteen at one shot flying. It arrives early in June. (A very regular migrant, seldom varies more than a day or two in the date of arrival. N.A.C.)

138. *Cymochorea leucorrhoa.*—Leach's Petrel.— Common in

summer (Probably an error. Not common May 21st, 1889, Sept. 25th, 1895, June 3rd, 1904. N.A.C.)

139. *Colymbus torquatus.*—LOON.— Common. Breeds about the fresh water lakes of the interior. I saw many, and heard others in the gulf near Pointe des Monts in July. Earliest seen, April 12th, 1882.

140. *Colymbus septentrionalis.*—RED-THROATED DIVER.—Common, breeding with the last, but not arriving so early, usually coming in May. (Height of the migration about first week in June. N.A.C.)

141. *Podicipes griseigena holbœlli.*—RED-NECKED GREBE.—Rare. One shot in September. (October 19th, 1904. N.A.C.)

142. *Podilymbus podicipes.*—DAB CHUCK, HELL DIVER.—Not rare. Killed both spring and fall.

143. *Fratercula arctica.*—PUFFIN SEA PARROT.—Not common as far up as Pointe des Monts, but very abundant on the Mingan Islands, where they breed by thousands. (Irregular stragglers up the St. Lawence. Shot one near Tadousac in September, 1906. N.A.C.)

144. *Alle nigricans.*—DOVEKIE.—Very abundant in flocks during some winters, arriving early in December, and continuing till some time in February. During other winters it is rare or does not occur at all. (October 20th, 1883, October 28th, 1895, earliest recorded arrival. In November, 1904, there was an exceedingly large migration, which continued for about two weeks. They were flying westwards. For two or three hours each morning large flocks would be passing up about as fast as we could count them. Millions passed during these two weeks. N.A.C.)

145. *Uria grylle.*—BLACK GUILLIMOT.—SEA PIGEON.—A common resident, breeding not only here, but even on the islands off the mouth of the Saguenay, a hundred and fifty miles further up the St. Lawrence. (Nest found with four eggs, June 10th, 1889. Godbout. N. A. C.)

146. *Lomvia troile.*—FOOLISH GULLIMOT.—MURRE.—Like the Dovekie the Murre is sometimes very abundant here in winter, while during other winters it does not occur at all. It is not wary and does not even know enough to keep out of the way of dogs along the shore. It is well named the "Foolish" gullimot for both its habits and appearance deserve this appellation. In fact it looks like a perfect idiot, swimming over on one side as if one leg were broken and staring vacantly at its enemies with-

out attempting to escape. Its *tout ensemble* is stupid and gawky. During the winter of 1875 they were so exceedingly abundant that Mr. Comeau shot about a thousand for their feathers, and his dog caught over fifty. They were all in very poor flesh, some being little more than animated skeletons, and a great many died and were washed ashore. (During the last few years there has been some extraordinary migrations of this bird, following the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario and possibly further. Countless thousands died, apparently of starvation or exhaustion, flying till they dropped down. Anywhere in the woods or on our lakes and rivers one was sure to find them dead. A large migration of snowy owls followed in their wake each time, feeding on them extensively. Last November (1908 I saw large numbers of Murres near Quebec. N.A.C.)

147. *Utamania torda.*—Razor-billed Auk.—Not common here but breeds on the Mingan Islands. (Fairly abundant some years, moves south in November. Much shyer bird than the murre and a very strong diver. Considerable numbers seen August 20th, 1890. N.A.C.)

From Bull. Nutt. Ornith Club, *Vol.* 8, *No.* 4, *Oct.* 1883, *p.* 244,

ADDENDUM *to list of birds ascertained to occur within ten miles of Pointe des Monts, Province of Quebec, Canada, based chiefly upon the notes of Napoleon A Comeau. Mr. Comeau has recently sent me skins of the following species, that were not in the original list. They were all killed at Godbout in May and June,* 1883.

148. *Dendrœca cœrulescens.*—(Black-throated Blue Warbler.—Not common. June 7th, 1883. N.A.C.)

149. *Vireo flaviviridis.*—Yellow Green Vires.—For further remarks upon this species, which has not previously been recorded from Northern North America, see page 213. (A Southern bird accidental here, May 13th, 1883. N.A.C.)

150. *Dolichonyx oryzivorous.*—Bob-o-link.—Rare. Not known to breed here. (June 2nd, 1884. N.A.C. June 6th, 1883.)

151. *Scolecophagus ferrifeneus.* — (Rusty Grackle. — Tolerable common spring and fall. May 2nd, 1883, May 3rd, 1885, and November 9th, 1900. N.A.C.)

152. *Empidonax minimus.*—(Least Fly-catcher.— Common and from dates seen probably breeds. June 6th, 1883. N.A.C.)

153. *Empidonax traillii.*—(TRAILS FLY-CATCHER. — Tolerably common. August 6th, 1883. N.A.C.)

154. *Contopus borealis.*—(OLIVE-SIDED FLY-CATCHER.— Rather rare bird. June 6th, 1883, June 3rd, 1888. N.A.C.)

155. *Triyngtes rufescens.*—(RED-BREASTED SAND-PIPER.— Rare. August 7th, 1883, August 28th, 1883. NA.C.)

156. *Tringa alpina americana.*—DUNLIN OX-BIRD.—Rare. Aug. 28th, 1883, Sept. 7th, 1888. N.A.C.)

(*From* THE AUK, *Vol.* I, *No.* 3, *July*, 1884.)

SECOND ADDENDUM *to list of birds, by C. H. Merriam. Mr. Comeau has sent me skins of the following named species, taken by him at Godbout, and not previously recorded from that locality.*

157. *Saxicola œnanthe.*—(WHEAT-EAR.—A straggler from Europe via Greenland. I have established beyond any doubt that this bird breeds here, as the following dates of capture will show: May 17th, May 18th, 1884, two female birds. May 24th, 1885, Sept. 19th, 1885, Sept. 30th, 1889, Oct. 17th, Oct. 19th, 1889 two young birds. Nov. 9th, 1886, Sept. 14th, 1891, Sept, 9th, 1894. Ten birds shot to be absolutely sure of its identity, and I saw probably as many more that I did not shoot. N.A.C.)

158. *Passerella iliaca.*—(FOX SPARROW.—Not common.— (Oct. 11th, 1883, May 1st, 1888. N.A.C.)

159. *Spizella monticola.*—(TREE SPARROW.— Tolerably common. August 7th, 1883, June 1st, 1885. N.A.C.)

160. *Passer domesticus.*—(ENGLISH SPARROW.— Apparently do not migrate very fast in this direction, as I have only seen one other specimen since I shot the present one mentioned. May 27th, 1884. N.A.C.)

161. *Empidonac flaviventris.*—-(YELLOW-BELLIED FLY-CATCHER. Rather rare. August 9th, 1883, June 6th and 15th, 1884, June 9th, 1885.

162. *Tringa canutus.*—ROBIN SNIPE — KNOT.— Rare. Two specimens August 7th, 1883. Not seen since. N.A.C.)

163. *Accipiter fuscus.*—(PIGEON HAWK.— Tolerably common. Breeds May 2nd, 1884, August 25th, 1889. N.A.C.)

164. *Melospiza lincolni.*—-(LINCOLN'S FINCH.—Rare June 2nd, 1884. August 25th, 1885. Seems to go much further north.

Saw one specimen at Kegaska, Labrador, in August, 1897. N.A.C.)

165. *Melospiza palustris.*—(SWAMP SPARROW.—Tolerably common. June 2nd, 1884. N.A.C.)

166. *Falco peregrinus nævius.*—(DUCK HAWK.—I have shot several of these hawks, but they cannot be considered as common. June 2nd, 1884, Nov. 20th, 1884, Sept. 8th, 1906. N.A.C.)

167. *Passerina cyanea.*—(INDIGO BUNTING.—Rare. Straggler. June 8th, 1884. N.A.C.)

168. *Siurus auricapillus.*—(OVEN-BIRD.—Not very common. Breeds. Its loud note often heard in the evening. June 9th, 1884. N.A.C.)

169. *Sphyrapicus varius.*—(SAPSUCKER.—Not rare. June 13th, 1884. N.A.C.)

170. *Picoides tridactylus americanus.*—(BANDED WOODPECKER. —A resident. Species not very common in summer. Nov. 10th, 1883. June 2nd, 1895. April 12th, 1899. N.A.C.) C. Hart MERRIAM, M. D., Locust Grove ,New York.

Since the original list and the two addenda have been published I have added the following species, all taken within the original limit described by Dr. Merriam. The Nomenclature and order followed is that given in Coue's "Key to North America Birds," 1872.

171. *Turdus palassii.*—HERMIT THRUSH.— Not common. Nov. 10th, 1886.

172. *Anorthura troglodytes.*—WINTER WREN.—Tolerably common. Breeds. July 7th, 1884.

173. *Dendrœca castanea.*—BAY-BREASTED WARBLER.— Apparently rare. May 25th, 1885.

174. *Dendrœca palmarum.*—PALM WARBLER.—Not common. May 25th, 1885.

175. *Cotyle riparia.*—SAND MARTIN.— Common. Breeds. May 26th, 1885.

176. *Progne purpurea.*—PURPLE MARTIN.—Not common. May 20th, 1896.

177. *Pooecetes gramineus.*—GRASS FINCH.—Irregular migrant. April 24th, 1885.

178. *Spizella socialis.*—CHIPPING SPARROW.—Rather rare here. June 1st, 1905.

179.—*Molothrus recoris.*—Cowbird.—Rare. Only two specimens. shot. July 7th, 1884.

180. *Sturnella magna.*—Field-lark.—Rather rare. Breeds. April 19th, 1900, May 4th, 1902.

181. *Milvulus forficatus.*—Scissor-tail.—Rare. Only specimen seen and shot. August 14th, 1894.

182. *Sayornis sayus.*—Says Flycatcher.—Apparently rare. October 19th, 1895. One specimen only.

183. *Trochilus colubris.*—Rury-throated Humming Bird.—Rare. August 10th, 1885, July 16th, 1895. A few others seen.

184. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus.*—Black-billed Cuckoo. Rare. August 11th, 1885. Only one other bird of this species seen since.

185. *Scops asio.*—Screech Owl.—Tolerably common. A very noisy bird and easily attracted by a fire. Can bark, whistle and yell and make the most unearthly sounds. Many a tender foot has been frightened by its howls in the middle of the night. Often shot specimens. One date, Nov. 9th, 1889.

186. *Syrnium cinereum.*—Great-grey Owl.—Not rare. Feb. 6th, 1889. March 10th, 1902.

187. *Accipiter cooperii.*—Chicken Hawk.—Tolerably common. May 12th, 1884, May 8th, 1885.

188. *Falco colombarius.*—Pigeon Falcon.—Not common. May 21st, 1889, May 2nd, 1894.

189. *Buteo pennsylvanicus.*—Broad-winged Buzzard.—Tolerably common. Seems to breed further north. Southern migrations begins about end of September. October 8th, and 9th, 1884.

190. *Cathartes aura.*—Turkey Buzzard.—Very rare. I know of only one specimen which I identified. It was caught in a steel bear trap by a hunter here August 27th, 1894.

191. *Lagopus leucurus.*—White-tailed Ptarmigan. Apparently a very rare bird here. I shot one on December 7th, 1894. The bird was somewhat smaller than the ordinary willow ptarmigan, but possibly an albino of the same.

192. *Philohela minor.*—Woodcock.—Very rare. Shot the only one I ever saw here on August 17th, 1886, after a very strong gale of southwesterly winds. A year or two later I killed another at Manicouagan, thirty miles west of here, some time in September.

193. *Limosa hudsonica.*—Hudsonian Godwit.—Rare. Sept. 17th, 1895.

194. *Totanus semipalmata.*—Willet.—A few stragglers. Aug. 21st, 1886, Sept. 19th, 1895.

195. *Actiturus bartramius.*—Field Plower.—Not common. May 12th, Aug. 20th, 1883, May 15th, 1887, Sept. 2nd, 1906.

196. *Porzana carolina.*—Carolina Rail.—Not common. Breeds. August 24th, 1906, August 17th, 1907, August 10th and 15th, 1885.

197. *Anas boschas.*—Maillard.—Not common. Sept. 18th, 1889, Oct. 9th, 1907, Oct. 21st, 1908.

198. *Anas obscura rubripes.*—Red-legged Black Duck.—Common. Since the issue of "Distribution and Migration of North American Ducks, Geese and Swans," U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, 1906, I have given some attention to this variety of the "black duck," and find that about one half the birds we kill here have the red legs, which to me seems to be the only difference between the two species. Nov. 19th, 1907, I saw several large flocks of black ducks migrating south. Have seen some stragglers later than that.

199. *Aix sponsa.*—Wood Duck.—Very rare. Have seen a straggler now and then. May 17th, 1895.

200. *Fuligula marila.*—Blue-bill.—Tolerably common in September and October. Often seen with golden-eye duck. Sept. 23rd, 1895.

201. *Somateria stellerii.*—Stellers Eider.—Rare. I sent the skin of this bird to Dr. Merriam for identification, and giving him the date which unfortunately I have either lost or mislaid. March, 1895?

202. *Erismatura rubida.*—Ruddy Duck.—Rare. May 8th, 1896.

203. *Mergus cucullatus.*—Hooded Merganser.—Rare. Sept. 4th, 1885. Sept. 10th, 1889.

204. *Tachypetes aquilus.*—Man-of-war Bird.—Only one specimen ever seen here, and that on August 13th, 1884. The bird seemed very shy and I could not get within range. The next day, August 14th, it was observed at Manicouagan, from the light ship by Captain Leblanc.

205. *Sterna hirundo.*—Common Tern.—Common during the migrations. Breeds further north. May 20th, 1884. Is an early date for them.

206. *Thalassogeron culminatus.*—Yellow-nosed Albatross.—Accidental. This bird was killed at Moisie, seventy miles east of Godbout, on the 20th of August, 1885. It was shot by Mr. Couillard Despres, a fisherman and acquaintance of mine. I saw the bird three or four days after he killed it. I advised him to send the skin to the Laval University Museum, Quebec, where it is now preserved. I enter this bird in my list as being of special interest, although not actually taken within the original limit given. Mr. Montague Chamberlain has published a short article on this specimen which he saw at Laval University Museum. See Auk *for Jan.* 1888 *p.* 107, and for July, 1888, p. 318.

207. *Procellaria pelagica.*—Stormy Petrel.—Not common. May 18th, 1885, October 6th, 1889.

208. *Puffinis major.*—Greater Shearwater.—Rare. August 11, 1896. Only one seen.

Note.—The dates given in the above list indicate when the birds were shot for identification and only these are entered. Where many specimens were secured or with the most common birds, the earliest or latest dates were entered in preference.

I have also shot here the following *Albino* birds:—

Red-throated Diver........................	One	specimen.
Ruffled Grouse............................	“	“
Long-tailed Duck.—*Harelda glacialis*...........	“	“
Dovekie.—*Mergulus alle*........................	“	“
Vesper Sparrow.—*Pooecetes gramineus*..........	“	“
One Surf Scooter.—*O. perspicillata*.............	“	“

The five first were sent to Dr. C. H. Merriam, and are all in the Smithsonian Collection, I believe. The last was sold to Mr. Wm. Couper, Taxidermist, of Montreal. Besides this I have seen here one albino eider and another scooter, probably of the species of O. Americana.

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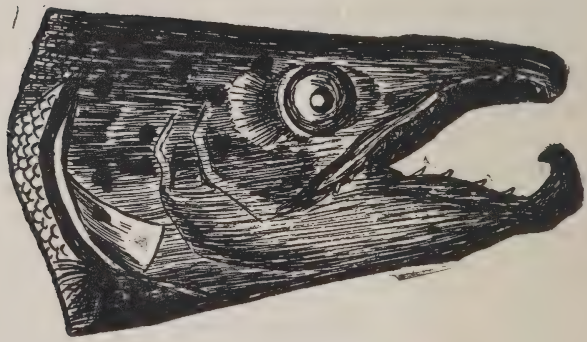
The *end* of the salmon spawning season finds many an old male salmon with a hooked lower jaw, similar to that from which the artist has made the following drawing, and so the *end* of the book finds a *Head* for a *Tail* piece.



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